

THE
AMERICAN REVIEW,

No. XXVIII.

FOR APRIL, 1850.

SOUTHERN VIEWS OF EMANCIPATION AND OF THE
SLAVE TRADE.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

If the conduct of the Northern and Southern extremes of the two factions in Congress is to be taken as an index of the state of feeling on the subject of slavery in the country at large, our hopes of a settlement of this pernicious and destructive controversy should be faint indeed. As it has arisen not so much from contrariety of interest as from opposition of sentiment,—the interests of the nation, strictly considered, being bound up in the welfare of the South,—the remedy to be applied should be sought in the sources of the disease. The disease is a controversy arising from speculative opinion and ambition; the remedy is in a modification of opinion by a suitable array of facts and arguments. These facts and these arguments must be furnished by moderate and discreet minded persons on *both* sides. We here present our readers with two articles; both of them by gentlemen practically familiar with the institution of slavery; and indeed, educated in the society under which that institution is tolerated. We have no apology to offer, if any were demanded by our Northern readers, for the introduction of these articles. For the peace and security of the country it is just, it is *necessary* that slaveholders should speak for themselves, and should, moreover, be heard, and their arguments deliberately weighed. It is not the custom in free

States to condemn unheard, either a man or an institution.

Our own opinions, in regard to the powers of Congress in legislating for the territory are well known, and have been sufficiently explained. In the first of the two articles which we submit to our readers it is argued, as it seems to ourselves, conclusively, that the State sovereignties not only have a perfect right, but ought to make stringent laws against the importation of slaves into their territories; and that the slave trade in the District of Columbia may, and ought to be, suppressed by the authority of the General Government. The author of that article is a large slaveholder in the State of Mississippi, and is by birth and education a Southern man. We have the best reason to believe that he speaks the sentiment of the majority in his own State. We are constrained, however, to differ from him, in the distinction which he makes between the propriety of the exercise of the power of Congress for the prevention of slavery in the territories. It seems to our own view an *unnecessary* distinction. Since slavery does not exist in New Mexico, California, and the Great Basin of Deseret, the *de facto* governments of those regions, whether lodged in Congress, or in the people of the territories, or in territorial organization, have, as it seems to us, an unquestionable right, as a *regulation of police*, just as the State sovereignties have that right for States, and

the general government for its District, to prohibit the introduction of slaves within their limits.

The objection of our author to the employment of legislative authority for the emancipation of slaves, is answered by the fact that precedent is already in favor of such employment; that State legislatures in the North have abolished slavery in their States, and their acts are held to be valid. Whether the Government in any State has or has not the power to establish or abolish, is a question to be settled by the spirit of that government, and by the common understanding.

California is now denied admission to the Union because she has incorporated a prohibition of slavery in her Constitution. Texas was admitted with a clause establishing slavery, so incorporated, and with a provision for the creation of two or more slave States out of her territory. The faction have chosen to forget this; their struggle is for power. The extreme Southern party, under the lead of Mr. Calhoun, have made the somewhat singular announcement, that unless the main political power of the country is lodged in their hands, they cannot remain in the Union. This announcement has, at least, the virtue of directness and simplicity; unless they have an equality or a majority in the Senate, they cannot stay in the Union; they must be able, at any moment, to block the wheels of legislation, to cut off the supplies, to create war or peace, to elect a President to their mind, to purchase and possess, and divide, new territories, to hold the patronage of the central

government—in a word, 400,000 citizens in the Southern States, or rather, to speak correctly, the minority of that 400,000, have declared that they must either govern or rebel; there is no alternative. It is an announcement unparalleled in modern history. Such, if we rightly understand it, is the position of the extreme Southern party. It is an aristocratic position; it does not commend itself to the favor or to the respect of the country.

This making the admission of California the test question, has betrayed the entire system and method of the opposition. There is simply a struggle for political predominance; that they will govern the Union or they will destroy it. Meantime, if we ever for a moment doubted its stability, we *now* hold the Union to be secure. We have ceased to apprehend its dissolution. The declaration of the ultimatum of the faction has destroyed at once its respectability and its power. A republican people who cannot submit themselves to the ordinary chances and contingencies—to the common movements of events in a Republic, have a dreary history before them. They are no longer fit for self-government who cannot abide by its necessities and its laws. It is, indeed, fortunate for them that they are not the sole citizens and masters of an empire, since, among themselves, and in their own divisions, the minority would have no alternative but war. With such a desperate resolution to rule or perish, how brief and how terrible a page would be theirs in the history of the decline and fall of great Republics.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

BY A MISSISSIPPIAN.

DIGRESSION and irrelevancy in the discussion of political issues are characteristic of American writers and speakers. In Congress, especially, debate is rarely confined to the question under consideration. Collateral points even, which, in an assembly collected of wisdom, true

taste would warn us to leave to inference mainly, fail to afford scope sufficiently ample. Matters totally disconnected with those at issue, are tortuously introduced to make up *the speech*. Hence, on a memorable occasion in the Senate, Mr. Webster found it necessary, in order to be properly

understood, to commence his celebrated speech on Foot's Resolution, in reply to Mr. Haynes, by requesting the Secretary to read the resolution under discussion. Everybody recollects the beautiful and appropriate figure of the mariner tossed about for days in the open seas without chart or compass, by which he illustrated the digression. This happened more than twenty years ago, when, it may be supposed, demagogic influences were less common than at this day. And, indeed, if a speaker were to rise in his seat, now-a-days, and deliver a speech of twenty or thirty minutes length, confined solely to the topic of debate, without once calling to his aid irrelevant party issues, he would be stigmatized by reporters and lobby members as empty-headed and stupid. Discursive and inappropriate discussion has grown so common, that it may now be regarded as a settled precedent in Congressional economy.

No more cogent illustration of the truth and justice of the above general remarks may be cited, than the history of the debates in Congress on the Wilmot Proviso. A discussion of the power of Congress to prohibit or regulate slavery in the Territories of the United States has opened, in the course of the debate, the entire question of slavery, in all its points, and placed it in every conceivable attitude. Prominent among these irrelevant issues is one of very startling moment, not because of its complexity or obscurity, but because of the petty and contemptible jealousy which pervades both sections of the Union concerning its permanent adjustment. It will, of course, be inferred that we allude to that of the powers of Congress over slaves and the subject of slavery within the District of Columbia. On this point, all candid and discriminating minds must admit that, in discussing the question, the South has claimed more than is just and constitutional, and that the North has chosen an ill time and showed an improper and intolerant spirit in asserting and claiming what is doubtless just and constitutional. We cannot think that true patriotism or devotion to right and justice, have had any influence with the majority in the introduction or discussion of this subject. The governing influences, in both cases, we fear, have been of a different and far less meritorious character. On the side of the

North it seems to be an ill-timed and unworthy attempt to wreak its prejudices upon an institution which, to say the least, is recognized, if not by name, at least *de facto*, and protected from invasion by the federal constitution. On the part of the South it has been an unwary and hazardous attempt to make political capital at home of a question that embodies elements of the most dangerous nature, as regards the welfare of the Union, and to feed a flame, of which the calmest and most moderate politician may stand in dread. But it has been our pride and pleasure to observe that, in both sections of the Union, the conservative national whig party, as a body, has asserted and maintained a course of conduct unquestionably conservative and national. By moderation and dignity, by wisdom and true patriotism, the party has well sustained its ancient and honorable character.

In a like spirit, it is trusted, and with a mind beset on eliciting and expressing the truth, we now proceed to present, in a condensed and summary shape, our views and opinions. The true opinion, as we conceive, may be best arrived at, by first propounding, and then endeavoring to answer two leading questions; which, it is believed embrace the entire matter of debate:

1st. *Has Congress the right, under the Constitution of the United States and deeds of cession from the States of Maryland and Virginia, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia?*

2d. *Has Congress the right or power, under the same instruments, to pass laws of a Municipal or Police character concerning slaves, and to regulate or prohibit the slave traffic in said District?*

The first of these questions we do not at all hesitate to answer in the negative, and shall state briefly the reason and grounds on which that answer may be founded.

The abolition of slavery in any State, District, or Territory, within the limits of the United States, cannot be a matter of legislation, because it involves rights of persons and of property which existed previously to the establishment of the government, and which not only constitute a principal element in the government of all, but are beyond the reach of legislative majorities. The legislature of a State ought not to decree the abolition of slavery. It

is a body of limited powers, limited and defined, too, by an instrument which is formed by the Sovereign power in convention. This Sovereign power is the people. The legislature would have no more right or authority, unwarranted or unempowered by any previous form of assent from the people, to pass a law modifying the entire social system, than it would have to pass a law establishing or abolishing the Christian or Jewish form of worship, or the tenures of land, or the right of self-defence, or the right to bequeath or to inherit. These are all inherent properties and elements of government, and belong, under our system, to that class of powers and natural rights which are of none the less force and effect because partly unwritten and undefined in the original compact, and which are removed beyond the reach of Assemblies whose powers are limited and differently intended. Slavery, as it exists in the separate States, is equally entitled to be thus classed. The power, therefore, abruptly to abolish such an institution, cannot belong to a state or national legislature. It is essentially a prerogative of the sovereignty of the people themselves. It is in the province of a convention of that power from which emanates the constitutions both of federal and state governments. A contrary action or decision, vesting such power either in Congress as regards the District of Columbia, or in any of our State legislatures, would be to create a ruinous instability in property in both instances. It would be committing the most cherished and sacred of all rights, namely, that of modifying the fundamental relationship of man to man, to a bare majority in Assemblies notoriously impulsive, and fluctuating in opinion, and always affected by local prejudices, and educational predilections. It would be placing individuals and entire communities at the mercy of partisans and fanatics, of opposite opinions, looking neither to justice or reason or to anything beyond their own ambitious aims and violent purposes.

The second question must be regarded by all candid and dispassionate persons in a widely different sense, inasmuch that it involves matters and issues of a very different character, and which are totally irrelevant to the first.

We hold that the powers of Congress as

concerns the subject of regulating slavery in the District of Columbia, are not at all analogous to the powers of the same body as applied to the Territories of the United States. Conceding the power in the one case does not and cannot necessarily embrace the other. In the first, the power is explicitly given and is clearly derivable from all the sources where it ever belonged in law. In the last it is not to be found in any bond, compact, or conveyance of any description, and must be left to vague inference, and ever remain an obscure and vexed question.

The power to regulate the slave traffic in any or in all its branches, (save one perhaps,) is a matter entirely of police, and belongs properly to legislative bodies in their capacity of police conservators. Even in our State legislatures a wide discretion is claimed and often exercised on this subject. But no one who takes the trouble to examine the Constitution of the United States, defining the special powers of Congress, or the deeds of cession from the States of Maryland and Virginia, can justly or successfully question the unlimited discretion of Congress concerning all police regulations of slavery within the District of Columbia. The ten miles square is ceded not to the United States, as are the territories, but to the "Congress and Government of the United States." Where territories have been relinquished by any of the States, or acquired by purchase, the conveyance has ever been to the United States and for their "benefit," and, in the first instance, a parenthesis has always been made "including" the State which thus cedes. Territories acquired by conquest are conveyed by treaty to the Government of the United States, and thus become the property alike of all the communities which form that government. In none of these cessions is Congress a specified party. But, on the other hand, "the Congress" is a joint and specified party with the "Government of the United States" in the ownership of the District of Columbia. Now, as all must very well understand, the Government of the United States is made up of three co-ordinate branches or departments, each separately defined, and charged with separate and distinct functions. Of these, Congress is only the legislative power—subject in its

action, within certain limits, to the check of both the Executive and Judicial departments. Yet "the Congress" is placed independent of, and as a joint and equal partner with the "Government of the United States" in the ownership of the District, and its majority is thus the "full and absolute" arbiter and conservator in all legislative functions, excepting only in so far as restrained by the provisos and stipulations of the original cession.

This proposition may impress some persons as being rather outré and metaphysical, if not erroneous. But we venture to conceive, that when measured by the sense and words of the deed of cession from Maryland and by the same in the Constitution of the United States, the fair and legitimate inference will be in favor of its entire correctness. To this end we deem it advisable to transcribe the said deed of cession in full, as well as the language of the Constitution, concerning the powers of Congress in the District of Columbia.

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Maryland: That all that part of the said territory called Columbia, (as described in the previous section) which lies within the limits of this State, shall be, and the same is hereby acknowledged to be forever ceded and relinquished to the Congress and Government of the United States in *full and exclusive right and exclusive jurisdiction*, as well of soil as of persons residing or to reside thereon, pursuant to the tenor and effect of the eighth section of the first article of the Constitution of the United States: Provided that nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to vest in the United States any right of property in the soil, as to effect the rights of individuals therein, otherwise than the same shall be transferred by such individuals to the United States."

The italics in the above are our own; and now, we say, let that grant be considered as it may, the close and candid reasoner will be forced to infer that Congress is a separate and distinct party in the transaction, independent of its co-ordinate connexion with the Government of the United States. The laws of Congressional majorities as has been already intimated, are subject both to be vetoed and over-ruled by the other two departments, but these last are motionless until Congress shall first have acted. Being, therefore, an independent partner, as well as a partner by virtue of

its co-ordinate connexion with the Government of the United States, and being also the active and motive branch of the Government, we safely conclude that Congress, thus doubly interested, is on rather more than an equality with the Government of the United States in the ownership of and jurisdiction over the District of Columbia, and is, in fact, the main arbiter and conservator of its destiny, civil and political. The difference between the two propositions thus submitted, is simply this, viz: that slavery being in existence as a domestic institution within the ten miles square when Congress *accepted* the deed of cession, the relation between master and slave was distinctly recognized; Congress is, therefore, fairly estopped from *abolishing* the institution without previously expressed assent from the people, or from passing any law to destroy the right of the owner in the property of his slave, as acknowledged by the acceptance. But, in the second place, the power so to regulate those relations as to abridge or prohibit the general and indiscriminate traffic in slaves, within the limits of the District, being essentially a matter of police and legislation, and being clothed with "full and absolute" power in *legislating* for said District, Congress has the undoubted right to interfere so as to modify or abolish such traffic, and that too without any appeal to the will or wishes of the State Governments.

But, continuing our argument on the second proposition, the powers of Congress within the limits of the federal district are yet more explicitly defined than in the deed of cession above recited. The eighth section of the first article of the Constitution of the United States declares: "That Congress shall have power to exercise *exclusive jurisdiction*, in *all cases whatsoever*, over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States, and by the *acceptance* of Congress, become the seat of Government of the United States.

It must be admitted, we think, that this, literally, is a sweeping clause. It could not well have been framed so as to convey larger powers. It is not even qualified. It can be limited only by bringing the powers thus sweepingly conferred to the test of established precedent, and natural or pre-existing rights. In the first in-

stance, the deed is "full and absolute;" in the second, the *acceptance* carries along with it, under the supreme law of the land, "exclusive jurisdiction in all cases whatsoever." It is, indeed, a clause in which the most biassed and fastidious stickler will find little to restrict the discretion of Congress in any matter of legislation; and that the slave traffic is a matter of legislation no intelligent reader will venture to deny. It has been claimed as such, certainly, by every government in which slavery has existed, ancient and modern. That of Rome, which gave to the master the power even of life and limb over his slave, always claimed and exercised exclusive control over the slave traffic. But it could not destroy, by simple legislative majority, the relation between master and slave, nor deprive the first of the labor and value of the last. Greece, as a Government, was anxious to rid the country of the slavery of the Helots, long before the body of the people were either prepared for, or willing to favor such ridance. The Government, therefore, claimed and exercised the undeniable right of all governments to abridge and prohibit the indiscriminate and unnatural traffic in the unfortunate beings whom she had enslaved, but it dared not, even in that early age, to infringe the right of property by destroying the relation itself. Russia, although a sombre and quiet despotism, where all legislative power is lodged with the Czar, would not venture, perhaps, by a peremptory ukase, to abolish serfdom within its limits; yet the slave traffic is entirely and most effectually prohibited, and the serfs go along with the land on which they were born, and all their local and family attachments are sacredly preserved. The rash and unjust exercise of the first power, even by the Autocrat of Russia, would kindle a flame of resentment that would spread quickly from the Don to the Vistula, and an insulted people would bring down vengeance on even that august head, which, they believe, wears its crown by divine right and will. In the exercise of the last power, however, which is conformable both to justice and custom, no opposition was encountered, and a general acquiescence evidenced its popularity.

Under our Government of sovereign

States and defined powers, Congress is entirely restricted from the exercise of this power, as concerns the States, but its power over the subject is "full and absolute," when applied to its "exclusive jurisdiction" over the District of Columbia. Neither Congress, nor State Legislatures, have the power to abolish slavery within their respective jurisdictions; but neither would be transcending their legitimate powers, as we humbly conceive, to pass such laws as could tend to prohibit indiscriminate traffic in slaves, without regard to number or social relations.

It must be borne in mind that slaves, both under the Federal and State Constitutions, as well as by the laws of each, are considered as being something more than mere property. That they are (*de facto*) property, no one will venture to gainsay; but they are a peculiar species of property. They are not at all regarded as irrational animals, or perishable live stock, as horses, or swine, or cattle. Some have been weak enough to urge and advocate this fallacious point, assuming, with singular hardihood and pertinacity, that which no person of ordinary information will sanction.

Slaves are regarded, both under the Constitution and the laws, as *persons* also, and, in some sense, as members of organized society, though certainly and properly excluded from the dignity of citizenship, and from civil privileges. They are regularly apportioned, in accordance with the Federal Constitution, (in the true spirit of that great American system of protection and encouragement, which reaches and covers every species of labor, a system long upheld, and ardently cherished by the conservative Whig party of the Union,) for full representation in the Congress of the United States. They are entitled to protection, under the law, in life and limb, and are, individually, amenable for any infractions of the criminal code. They are shielded, by the law, from all cruel and unusual punishments at the hands of bad masters. In all these is exhibited very clearly the wide distinctions between negroes transferable, by sale, from one master to another, and all other kinds of property. This view of the subject is very ably and elaborately expounded by Mr. Madison in No. 54 of the "Federalist."

He there expresses himself thus: "But we must deny the fact that slaves are considered merely as property, and in no respect whatever as persons. The true state of the case is, that they partake of both of these characters. . . . It is the character bestowed on them by the laws under which they live; and it will not be denied that these are the proper criterion. The slave is regarded by the law as a member of society, not as a part of the irrational creation; as a moral person, not as a mere article of property. The Federal Constitution, therefore, decides with great propriety on the case, when it views them in the mixed character of persons and of property."

This leaves a clear inference that an indiscriminate traffic in slaves is not to be regarded as beyond the reach of legal interference and restriction, or as the same with that of horses and cattle. Congress may not possess the power to abolish slave dealing in all its branches, but it does not follow from this that the right to regulate and restrict the trade is prohibited. On the other hand, it is clearly within the legitimate province of Congress to do so, provided no legislative steps are taken to infringe the rights of resident owners in the property of their slaves. Congress, however, under the deeds of cession, is restricted, on this subject, only as regards resident owners. In the case of transient persons and traders, an arbitrary and perverse stretch of power might easily give a different aspect to these relations.

We feel assured that no one will deny the power of Congress to prohibit a banking company from New York or Delaware from establishing a bank within the limits of the District, either by positive enactment to that effect, or by refusing them a corporate existence. How, then, can it be denied that the same body has the same sort of power to interdict a slave dealer from Maryland or Virginia from carrying on his odious traffic within the same limits? Or how, under the Constitution and law, can Congress be denied the authority and right to interfere even so far as to regulate or restrict the trade as between resident owners themselves? It must be remembered, that, unlike any other legislative assembly in the Union, Congress possesses here "full and absolute" power, and that

its "jurisdiction" within the District limits is not only independent and unqualified, but "exclusive in all cases whatsoever." There is nothing in the Federal Constitution to prohibit the abolition of the *institution* by Congress, beyond the right of all citizens to claim protection for his property. Still less is there to be found any clause or enactment denying the right to abridge and restrict the traffic. Neither are such prohibitory or restrictive clauses to be found in the deeds of cession, for in these, except only as relates to owners of "soil," the power of Congress is totally unlimited. It is even a question, in view of the broad and unqualified powers thus conferred on the Congress within the District limits both by the Constitution and the deeds, whether the right to prohibit the trade in *all* its features can be successfully confuted or denied? But thus far we do not pretend to go in this article.

But there are other views in which this subject may be argued. The ten miles square must be considered as belonging exclusively to the "Congress and Government of the United States," and not, as do the Territories, to the United States, over which Congress can only exercise trust powers. Against any improper or unequal, or discriminating, legislation by Congress as concerns the last, the States would have a right to protest. But as concerns legislation by Congress within the District, they are estopped. Resolutions, introduced before Congress, and intended to do away with the slave trade in the said District, are nothing to us of the South, in the capacity of States. We are unwilling to admit that our right of self-regulation can be thus endangered. We should as soon think of fearing the effects of the recent emancipation in the French West Indies: and we have about as much right to protest in the last case as in the first. On the contrary, we incline to believe that the interference by Congress with the slave trade in the District would result beneficially to the negro slave in the States. If the traffic was prohibited there, and those loathsome and disgusting depots of degraded and distressed humanity were effectually broken up within the District limits, it would force the Southern slaveholding States to protect themselves by adopting similar laws, or else their soil would be

flooded with an inundation of traders with their long, thick gangs of wretched creatures, hurried to market to avoid total losses. There is no telling what would be the consequences, if, in the event of such law passed by Congress, the slaveholding States should fail to adopt similar laws. The wanton cruelties and revolting barbarities of the British West Indies would speedily be re-enacted in a region where quiet, and content, and jolly cheerfulness prevail among white and black. The land would swarm with hordes of sullen and desperate creatures, torn suddenly from home and from family, and ready for any act of massacre, or for any kind of death. The whites, driven to fury by the fall of property, and by this repulsive innovation of their domestic arrangements, would soon grow discontented; the better and more polished portion would endeavor to leave the State; and anarchy more appalling than ever before exemplified, would then become the order of the day. But would the Southern States fail, in such event, to pass such laws? We hazard little in saying that they would not. They value their homes, their property, and their domestic association far too highly, thus unwarily to jeopardize the peace and security of all. In Mississippi, especially, opinion is even now rife for the passage of such laws; and had the emancipation question, lately submitted to the people of Kentucky, prevailed, a foreign negro (by which we mean those of other States and portions of the confederacy) had never set foot on our soil. It is a settled and cherished hope and desire with many in this State, that the slave traffic shall speedily terminate within its limits. Already has it been declared, by resolution of the Legislature, a public nuisance for traders to expose their gangs of chained human creatures within view of the capitol of a sovereign State. The negroes now owned in Mississippi are, in general, thoroughly domesticated and happy as a race, attached to home and their masters, and they are the most cheerful and light-hearted of human beings. There is no State of the South where they are so comfortably provided for, so well treated, and so amply protected by law. It is thought, moreover, that the natural increase of those now here, will be more than sufficient to

cultivate all our soil in a few years. Thus situated, we have little cause to invite or allure an influx of strangers and traders with their living herds. We have everything to lose, and nothing to gain, by such a course of conduct. If, then, such action by Congress, within a jurisdiction exclusively its own, should induce a like action on our part; should influence a movement which would lead to consequences thus beneficial to our interests and prepossessions, and which would have the effect of strengthening slavery as a strictly domestic institution in the States, and relieve it, at the same time, of its most repulsive and unwelcome feature, we would have little cause for complaint. On the contrary, we might very consistently contribute toward bringing about so agreeable a state of things.

To recur now to our original propositions, we must reiterate the opinion, that while the right to emancipate lies with the people in their collective body in convention,—a right they inherit from sources of power older than the Constitution or the laws, and consequently of unassailable and impregnable integrity as well as of superior magnitude,—slaves, like all other kinds of property, are subject, nevertheless, to legislation for regulation. It would be surely and strangely anomalous if they were not, especially in that feature which we have been more particularly employed in treating of.

Indeed, it may be further contended, that Congress has far more power, under the Constitution and deeds of cession, over the subject of slavery in the District of Columbia, than the Legislatures have in the various States. The States are sovereign, independent powers. The District of Columbia, on the other hand, is *not* sovereign or independent. Its inhabitants are isolated as regards their relations with the different States or sovereign communities which form the United States. They have no voice either in the election of the President, or of the Congress which govern them. They are passive subjects.

The people of a sovereign State possess privileges, and claim immunities which the people of the District do not enjoy. The State Legislatures are not arbitrary, irresponsible bodies. As regards the ten miles square, Congress is entirely an arbitrary, irresponsible body. Here, then, is a wide

and vital difference, the grounds of which can neither be controverted or denied.

But, more than all, the District of Columbia is the neutral ground betwixt the jarring and conflicting sections of the confederacy. As applied within its limits, the nature of the government undergoes a change, and presents a new face. Sovereign power, unchecked and undefined, is lodged elsewhere than in the *people*. An assembly composed of representatives from all other portions of the country, is its sole owner and supreme arbiter. Taxation and representation are here emphatically disallied. One can be imposed without the recognition or voice of the other; and the great principle which gave birth to American independence, and which has built up one of the most powerful empires under the sun, is thus signally repudiated and disregarded in a neutral territory, set apart for the residence of the supreme powers.

But, independently of this paradoxical fact, and being the neutral ground between North and South, every reason is afforded why all grounds of exception or offence to the opinions and prejudices of both sections should be peacefully removed. Congress can never abolish slavery in the District without abruptly transcending its legitimate powers. This should be satisfaction enough to us of the South.

The indiscriminate traffic in slaves, exposing them for sale in droves, without regard to family or attachments, and under the very eye of men unaccustomed to such sights, is odious in the extreme. It is a custom not only foreign to the tastes and prejudices of the Northern men, but is revolting as the most disgusting nuisance. It is a repulsive and unwelcome sight to all. It is generally regarded as an unseemly and objectionable spectacle on the neutral ground of a free republic, one half of which in the capacity of sovereign States, has abolished and repudiated all connexion with the institution, excepting only in so far as they are constitutionally bound to protect the rights, in this respect, of the slaveholding States. It is a custom barely tolerated even in the States where slavery exists as a domestic institution. In many of these,—Mississippi prominent among them—the introduction of slaves to vend in large droves is prohibited by statute, and made a penal offence. Why then

should we claim and contend for more in the District, which belongs to Congress, than is generally practised in our State Governments? Or why perversely deny a right to Congress so to regulate a traffic carried on within its “exclusive jurisdiction,” as to make the same less objectionable and odious to one half of its body? It is a right belonging unquestionably to the “Congress and Government of the United States,” and when they shall decide to act under that right, where will *we* find authority to prevent or successfully oppose them? We cannot call on the States, for they would be stopped at the outset, for want of formal and proper authority to interfere in a matter which both the Constitution and the law have removed beyond the reach of their control. No right of any sovereign State, no clause or portion of the great federal compact would be infringed by such action on the part of Congress, within a territory owing allegiance to it alone. The States, then, would be left without the shadow of complaint or aggrievance. We could not appeal to the General Government, for, besides being the offending party itself—if it be offence—it can only move in such case by the terms of the law, and that law will afford us no pretext for the call. The army and navy will not be at our disposal, for we could not make out a constitutional case of aggrievance, or frame a proper exhibit to claim them at the hands of the Executive. If we should attempt to bully or to threaten, Congress might silence us at once by producing the Constitution and deeds of cession, and by challenging us to show any cause for questioning the supremacy of the General Government within its proper sphere and within its “exclusive jurisdiction.” They might also plead our favorite doctrine of “hands off,” or the rapidly obtaining principle of “non-intervention.” They would tell us to let them alone in their “absolute and exclusive jurisdiction,” and then they in turn will forbear to interfere with ours. It will be time enough, we think, to resort to all these extreme remedies, and to others more extreme still, when Congress shall seek to disturb the institution in the States. Even then we are inclined to believe that remedies less harsh, less extreme, and less repulsive than force of arms, may be found to allay the tumult,

and afford redress. But in a case where we can establish no right, found no protest, and exhibit no authority to interfere; where, at the best, we would be so entirely excuseless and helpless, reason and mature reflection will tell us to pause and inquire before we take the final, fatal step. Otherwise we might chance to be placed in the perplexing situation of the American army before the broken gates of fallen Mexico,

or in the more ridiculous attitude of the French army before those of Rome. We might be found eager to inquire into the cause of the tumult after all the mischief had been done; or, what is worse still, we might be unable, when questioned by the opposing party, to state the grounds or the nature of our offence. J. B. C.

Longwood, Miss., Jan. 1850.

LETTER ON SLAVERY AS A DOMESTIC INSTITUTION.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

To the Editor of the American Review:

You are too old a politician and critic, Mr. Editor, not to have recognized how much of the uproar that daily distracts our ears is the expression of passions venting themselves on mistaken objects. Men set up their image, their Guy Fawkes or Old Noll, daub his features into a sufficiently close resemblance to some ideal horror of hideousness, and then with honest rage scatter the parted members of the scarecrow—straw, rags, and paint—to the four winds of heaven. And you have seen the multitude, after such an exploit, return complacently to their homes, not doubting that a labor worthy of Hercules had been achieved.

But this human propensity cannot appear to you, as it appears to some, a subject for laughter. Experience and philosophy tell you that there is no other class of questions half so likely to give occasion for dangerous feud as those which arise from defective vision. In proportion that a quarrel is causeless, is it bitter. It follows that whoever does anything to remove a misapprehension, is engaged in the discharge of duty. Pardon me, then, if on this occasion I somewhat exceed the limits of a familiar epistle. What I say, may have no novelty. To you, indeed, some of the facts I propose to mention may be so well known as scarcely to appear deserving of a formal statement; but, sir, remember that there are men less fortunate, whose position does not lift them beyond the reach of sectional prejudice. You will not

misunderstand me. I boast no remarkable extent of observation. What I have seen, it is possible for any others to see, who go near the object and view it with open eyes. Let me add—for I would scorn to make my testimony pass for more than it is worth—that I have looked upon slavery as a Southern man, yet I do believe (let who pleases cry "*credat Judæus*") that I have looked upon it without partiality.

Gentlemen at the North are in the habit of expressing surprise at the state of Southern sentiment. The charitable allude to the fact with sorrow—those of a harsh and polemic turn triumph thereupon.

But what if I deny that the South favors Slavery?

Immediately a torrent of questions is poured forth. Whence this opposition to the Proviso—to the abolishment of slavery at the seat of Government? Whence, in brief, this general sensitiveness which shrinks from the lightest touch, and vehemently repels any discussion trenching upon the obnoxious topic.

Let us first consider the fact—afterwards it will perhaps not be difficult to account for the need of a search to ascertain it. Those who are worst informed must be aware that at the time of the adoption of the Constitution no part of the country exhibited a warmer dislike of all avoidable restraint upon human liberty than that part lying south of Mason and Dixon's line. Virginia, before the revolution, had struggled to the utmost of her ability against the importation of the African bondman; she had pro-

tested to the British throne that "the introduction of slaves—a trade of great inhumanity—will, under its present encouragement, endanger the very existence of your Majesty's American dominions," and she had been excited by this cause as much as by any other, to throw off the yoke which rendered her attempts "to check so pernicious a commerce" unavailing. We have no reason to suppose that Virginia altered her opinions, or lost her interest in the matter upon becoming a free-agent. This point rests upon such a mass of historical evidence as to render reference and quotation quite superfluous.

It may be assumed, then, that fifty years ago the South was opposed to slavery? What could have brought about a retrogressive movement? Has this last half-century been one of silence and medieval darkness? Has nothing been said, nothing written, nothing thought upon the great questions of Ethics and Politics? If we suppose that Virginia and her neighboring sisters have been sunk in stupefaction, surely the steam-driven presses of the *North* have been at work day and night. Is it hinted that many of these books—the offspring of indiscreet zeal—may rather have disgusted than convinced? In candor I must acknowledge that they are not ill fitted to produce such an effect. A patient may be sickened by even a savory morsel, when it is obtruded in the dirty hands of an officious nurse.

Let us not stop here, however, in the enumeration of influences. Where have our Southern youth, who have been growing to manhood these fifty years, received their early discipline. In great proportion—until recently, I presume, almost universally—at Northern institutions. It is unreasonable to infer that at such schools they could learn bigotry and barbarism. Has Gamaliel become a teacher of heresy?

But the condition of the servant himself may afford a clue to the opinions of the master. We know that in the time of those revolutionary fathers, who preached so manfully and so eloquently for human rights, the body of the negro race were subjected to an austere government such as is not now experienced by one negro in a hundred. At this day, it is thought a duty to exercise a degree of care over their bodies and their souls. They are well-fed

and well-clad. Opportunities are afforded them to share the benefit of religious teaching. Attempts are made to impart to them the elementary branches of modern education. I, also, will venture to utter my belief, that if these attempts were successful* the course of instruction would not end with the elementary branches. When a slave is hired out, he is allowed (there are exceptions, but I am speaking of the prevalent practice) to select his master for the year. At the end of that term, and earlier if he be harshly treated, he may choose another. If for any cause he dislike his *owner* and is willing to take his chance of meeting a better one, he mentions his desire, and not unfrequently is indulged. Suppose, however, the master do not choose to part with him. The negro still has a resource. He runs away, not for the purpose of gaining freedom, for he often voluntarily limits his wanderings to a compass of half-a-dozen miles radius. He is discovered, nor does he look for any other issue. His master is compelled to seek a purchaser, and the fellow exults in the attainment of his aim.

During sickness, he is tenderly and oftentimes affectionately nursed. When well, he is not urged to exertions surpassing his strength. He has the Sabbath, and more holidays beside, than his master, probably, can afford to take. Ample leisure is allotted him for eating his meals and for repose. That with respect to all these particulars, there was a difference for the worse in ancient times, may be established to the satisfaction of any doubter by the report of those old negroes who have lived under both systems.

My Northern friend, perhaps, assents willingly to all this, and replies in a significant tone that it is easy to understand how the slaveholder can be humane and unex-

* It has been asserted that the secure maintenance of slavery renders necessary the ignorance of the slave. There seems little prospect of the question's ever being tested in this country. Those who have no disposition or no capacity to learn cannot well be taught. Our helots are not Mes-senians. Whatever wonder or grief may be felt at the existence of a race with such characteristics, I think the slaveholder may find a source of thankfulness in reflecting that he is not obliged to debar the human beings entrusted to his guardianship from the opportunity of mental improvement.

acting, since this is the means of increasing his disposable stock. "The husbandman," continues such a penetrating censor, "has discovered that warm shelter and an abundance of nourishing food bring his cattle into profitable condition, and you Southerners proceed upon the same principle!—you are sedulously breeding *your* cattle for the market." Allow me to assure the individual who speaks or thinks thus, that he is altogether in error. I can imagine the look of incredulity and scorn which this observation is likely to provoke. But, good Mr. Abhorrer, I do not require you to believe me implicitly, and *volens volens*!—all I ask is, that you should suppose, merely for a moment, that I am telling the truth. Knowing, as you do, that this charge against the South has been reiterated times without number, join to your knowledge the realization of the groundlessness of the charge. Viewed in this light what opinion must be entertained of it? "Ah," says the Northern gentleman, "I *cannot* realize that it is unfounded." No—you cannot—but the slave-holding Southerner can and does. He hears a reproach uttered, which, if true, would overwhelm him with confusion; he knows, and can appeal to his conscience for confirmation that it is false. Forced to observe his most earnest protestations pass unheeded, or answered with sneers, is it wonderful that he should become angry and sullen? His only refuge seems to be to retire within his castle and then to shut and double-bar the door.

I do not mean to adopt this natural and tempting, but, as I think, injudicious reserve. My testimony may be lightly esteemed, but such as it is, I will not withhold it. Born and bred in a slaveholding community, I affirm, that a slave-market, in the sense in which the term is taken in New England, does not, to my knowledge, exist at the South. I have disavowed any claim to an *universal* observation, but on this particular point at least, I may be received as a competent witness, since my information happens to be derived principally from that division of the Southern country which is supposed to be most obnoxious to the accusation of rearing slaves for the profit to result from a subsequent sale. There is indeed a continual sable stream flowing from the upper and longer settled portion of the South to newer re-

gions in a lower latitude; but usually the master and his family accompany the party of slaves. Landed possessions are sacrificed and the instinct of home-attachment stifled, in order that this tie, the strongest of all, may not be severed. It is not a mercenary spirit that so adjusts the balance, for the owner would realize a pecuniary gain by selling his slaves, for whom he could get a large price, and retaining his land, intrinsically more valuable, but for which in its present state, he receives only a very small price.

Masters, however, do sometimes dispose of their negroes: it is under the pressure of necessity. One servant may so misconduct himself that his example is injurious to others. Again, a reverse of fortune may occur (what region is unvisited by such reverses?) to compel a measure that inflicts a sore pang upon the head of the family as well as upon all the rest of its members.

But the corporal punishment which is resorted to, is said to be inconsistent with this alleged tenderness of feeling. Do those who make this objection, maintain that crime should be followed by no penalty? Ought the negro more than other men to be allowed to lie, and steal, and mal-treat his fellows with impunity? Or is fault found only with the *kind* of punishment. Most persons, probably, would agree in rejoicing if a sufficient and preferable substitute could be found, but in instances where many are to be controlled by a few, it seems impracticable to dispense with it altogether. "A sad business, then, is this of owning slaves." I admit it; truly, slave holding is a *misfortune*.

It would occupy too much space to enumerate all the grounds there are for inferring that the white population of the South is, in general, desirous of the safe abolishment of slavery. Perhaps, if the attempt were made, I should not receive a very patient hearing. But, in truth, nothing of the sort is incumbent on me.

I assert that some two-score years ago, such a sentiment prevailed. This, I think, none can be found bold enough to deny.

Public opinion does not change without cause, and, until an adequate cause is exhibited in this case, we have a right to hold that the alteration has not followed. Can it be proved either that the institution is no longer the same, or that the people

themselves have become less intelligent, less free, less humane?

But, if the old spirit exist, it is not so manifest as it once was. *It is not.* Here at last we find common ground to stand upon. Let us now consider the problem calmly, and its solution will not prove very difficult. To my mind, it appears susceptible of demonstration. What we want is simply to have the case given as it exists, and then to be permitted to apply to it acknowledged principles of human nature. If we could forget that we are considering a contemporaneous question, it would be all the better. Let us look at it as if it were a statement in Herodotus or an hypothetical fable propounded by Socrates on the rocks of Sunium.

No species of authority is submitted to readily, and as a matter of course. To support it there must be either an exertion of irresistible power, or a controlling moral influence. The latter is the more effective, and is usually called in aid even when the presence of the other seems to render it superfluous. Those who wear crowns and wield sceptres, endeavor also to throw around their persons a semi-sacred halo. England herself, who boasts a constitution as firm "as the proud Keep of Windsor and its coeval towers," does not scruple to acknowledge, in the maxim that her King can do no wrong, one of the best guarantees of her stability.

The more unnatural the relation between the governor and the governed, the greater the need of a strong force of some sort to preserve it. Once it was held that a father should have absolute power over the life and limb of his son, in order to keep him in subjection. Subsequently the world found that an authority less despotic would suffice. Since the connection between parent and child is the simplest and most natural of all, it stands in least want of extrinsic support. The State, which is a more artificial institution, has been compelled to assume the power which is not needed at the domestic hearth. Magistrates bear the sword, and have frequent occasion to show that they bear it not in vain.

But there is no relation more unnatural than that of master and slave. If the king, the parent, and the Commonwealth, require the aid of what, for want of a more strictly appropriate term, is called a moral

sanction, how much more certainly does the master require it. And the power of this moral influence is almost incredible. A Mississippian plantation is by no means an extreme example. Let one meditate on the social condition of ancient Attica. There, the serf was not inferior in physical development, nor strikingly so in intellectual capacity—there was there no broad, impassible separation of color.

The influence to which reference is made can do wonders where full scope is given. Yet is it a sensitive thing, and will not bear to be tampered with. Destroy it, and only a single alternative is left—that is severity—relentless severity. In the early period of American Slavery, authority was supported by the iron hand. The master has, by degrees, stripped himself of the stern coercive power with which he was invested. Once it was law in Virginia, that if a master or other person appointed by him, should, in the act of punishment, chance to kill his slave, he should be "acquitted of molestation." This statute, as well as others like it, has been repealed. The law is now nearly as regardful of the security of the black man as of the white, and public sentiment goes further than the law. A runaway slave who killed a white man attempting to arrest him, has received as charitable a construction from the community as the most dispassionate philanthopist could ask. It was held that the man not designing to commit the homicide was guiltless. This was favor which the common law would not have shown.

The slave looks up to his owner, frequently with affection, always with reverence. He acknowledges the authority because he sees nothing which shocks or contravenes it. The same principle renders the servant dutiful, and allows the master to be lenient. Let this subtle, impalpable influence be disturbed, and what follows? The startled master is like one awakened from a state of Arabian enchantment. Surrounding objects suddenly put on a strange and frightful hue. He has long ago cast away that stern material armor which was once his safe-guard. Yet is not his situation desperate, though it imposes on him a responsibility from which his nature shrinks. The sharp old weapons are not familiar to his hand, but they are still within reach. He must resume the temper

with which men used to greet Hawkins as he unloaded his cargoes on the strand of Hispaniola.

This crisis has not come—the harsher alternative is not yet in requisition. The possibility of the approach of that dark day is, however, foreseen. Convinced that a danger threatens, the Southern people esteem it their duty to be watchful. Hence that conduct apparently inconsistent with their former declared and still heart-felt sentiments. Truth they know is the same every where, but circumstances may exist potent enough to qualify the utterance of truth. We can speak words at Washington which would be treason at Westminster. Britons are not therefore serfs or feudal bondsmen, though we are in a happier position than they. That all men are born with the same absolute rights is as clear an abstract verity in Virginia as in Massachusetts. Yet the safety of the community forbids this article of political faith to be proclaimed at the one latitude in tones quite as loud as it may be at the other. If the soil of Massachusetts be esteemed the more fortunate on that account, this consideration, it is evident, is far from proving that the distinction does not exist. Comparisons of this kind, whether intentionally invidious, or advanced only by way of argument, are equally out of place. When of the former character, they are unchristian and inhuman, because insults to those who are laboring under an inevitable dispensation of Providence; when a logical aspect is put on, they are utterly futile—extreme instances of the fallacy of *Ignoratio elenchi*.

The slaveholder has a reason for caution. If this caution be carried somewhat to excess, the fact ought to excite neither surprise nor anger in the breast of any one who has studied the nature of man. Furthermore, is it not a legitimate inquiry how far those who stand at a distance from the scene are qualified to estimate the necessities which it involves? The Northern Statesman is tempted to judge a measure by no other standard than its mere irrelative justice. In other words, he is liable to the error of *private interpretation*—an error that exists not less really in politics than in theology—an error reprehended by Thucydides as well as by Peter.

Take for example, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. What at

first sight appears to the speculative observer more reasonable? How fit, in the nature of things, it is, that the Government of the freest nation on earth should have its seat on free ground! What hurt can it be to the South that the “area of liberty” should receive the trifling enlargement of two or three score of square miles? While so large a surface of the map is covered with States privileged to slavery, wherefore the outcry on account of a mere speck whose brief dimensions the eye can hardly recognize?

Yet, behold, what a stroke this seemingly innocent measure would be to that moral influence which, as we have seen, is the slaveholder’s chief reliance. Think of it as the establishment, in the heart of the South, of a place to which every discontented slave could turn his eyes—a sanctuary for refugees—a Whitefriars!

There may be men, however, on the free-soil side who have attained such a sublime apathy as to be quite indifferent to any perils which may menace the white population of the South. No consideration, arising from this view of the matter, is capable of placing the slightest restraint upon their inclination to carry abstract theory to the utmost length. Indeed all the sympathy of which they are capable, is enlisted in behalf of the negro; he is the most debased and least endowed with sensibility and judgment, and therefore should monopolize all the intellectual and moral superfluities of the outside world. What though the foundations of a social organization be upturned? What though the mild, yet mighty element which gives the master such easy control over the servant be annihilated? Selfishness says, ’tis naught to us: Pseudo-philanthropy says:—We ought not to regret that the slave will have an opportunity of struggling—even through blood and fire—to his freedom.

A person cherishing notions of this kind may regard them as very rational, and philosophic, and proper, yet he must perceive the absurdity of supposing that Southern men can ever adopt them. Nature has not constituted us destitute of the instincts of self-protection. The slaveholder’s family, too, is dear to him; nor will he forget the claims of posterity. Let all that is conceivable be attempted—let all that is conceivable be done, notwithstanding the whole, the

Negro will be quelled. This result must ensue, although to accomplish it the present gentle sway have to be abandoned for the lash and the chain, and all those other resources which at present exist only in history and in the imaginations of Messrs. Garrison & Co. Should such an exigency arise, the master's heart would suffer, but how grievous the calamity that must fall upon the slave!

There is no probability that matters will be brought to such a crisis—and why? The Southern community, become conscious of their position, will take pains to avert every thing capable of impairing that pervading invisible influence to which I have so often referred, as the power that upholds contentment and tranquil order. I have dwelt upon this principle, obvious as it is, because it seems to me impossible for any one, without an appreciation of it, to understand the phenomena of our situation. We know that our happiness, if not safety, depends on the preservation of this social adjustment. A lively sense of the means essential to their security may very easily excite men to lay aside for the time all other considerations. No matter how earnest our desire that every bondman be set free, we cannot contemplate with patience any measure which, though calculated to further that general emancipation, at the same time threatens our own and the negro's present and prospective welfare.

Those placed in circumstances which induce entire submission to a guide so exacting, and yet in the main so true, may not always bear in mind the dictates of dispassionate reason. Thus may Southerners have erred. Certain it is, at all events, that they have been misunderstood. In periods of excitement leaders are most likely to be chosen from the advocates of extremes. Such individuals have the advantage of presenting themselves off-hand, in tangible and definite positions. A rallying point which is conspicuous has at least one good quality. So strong is the temptation this way that I think the South deserves credit for not having yielded to it more than she has. Unseduced by example which it was difficult to resist, she has maintained, in heart, the integrity of her early faith. The evils of slavery are at this day felt by her more sensibly—because more rationally—than by the hottest Abo-

litionism. She has taken a guage of the burden, and recognizes all the difficulties that oppose its removal.

Mr. Calhoun is quoted against us. It is a pity that those who do so—the honest portion of them, I mean, for the dishonest will of course accept no information which would jeopard their arguments—'tis a pity they do not know in how small a degree Mr. Calhoun represents Southern opinion. There are many who do not unite with him in his other ingeniously-fantastic theories—there is a countless host who differ from his views of slavery.

The Northern inquirer, reluctant to relinquish a pre-conceived idea, will perhaps demand why it is that citizens of the South, having so orthodox a creed, fail to apply it to the regulation of their conduct. Why do you not join heart and hand in the efforts which we are anxious to make for the banishment of the post? Why do you listen to our appeals so coldly, and reject our interposition with so much warmth?

I could give an answer downright and conclusive, if not very complimentary. Your efforts are injudicious and tend rather to aggravate than to lighten our difficulties.

But something else may be said. A policy of reserve is essential to the South, and the reason has been explained, unless I have altogether wasted my words. The slave must have his eyes directed to his master, and, until the hour of liberation come, must behold no one else. If any refuse to recognize this necessity, they take away all basis of discussion.

Let it be stated as a third and distinct reason, that the course which has been pursued by the North has excited among us (mark me—I say not that such an effect was *designed*) an impression that those who should be our loyal brethren have been actuated by a degree of harshness and illiberality. I think I hear a bluff rejoinder—"You are quite too sensitive." Perhaps we are, but if so you should *bear* with this our infirmity. Persons abroad little understand how extensively this interpretation of your motives has prevailed throughout our community. To appreciate an argument requires mental training, but every man can be hurt by an insult. Social bodies more phlegmatic may exist, where the first impulse is not acted upon and time is taken for mature deliberation. Here it is other-

wise. The inhabitants of the land, the *People*, rich and poor, slaveholders and non-slaveholders, are roused at once when it is conceived that their personal honor has been treated with disrespect. Do some of our politicians seem to you to conduct themselves occasionally in a very strange manner? It is not genuine madness, be assured:—a *politician*, of whatever clime, never loses his wits. They know that the community which they represent is impulsive, and they make their own demeanor to conform. The Congressman who is thus acting a part may appear ridiculous, but do not thence infer that an excited People will prove a spectacle to provoke mirth. Their frenzy, if frenzy should seize them, will be of another sort. Orlando cannot become a buffoon.

One may safely suspect that Southerners are beginning to look rather shyly upon some of those who claim to be their leading men. Many of the phrases which have been passing current are found, when strictly examined, to contain a sense that I verily believe nine-tenths of the intelligent minds throughout the slaveholding region utterly reject. A disposition is reviving to avoid ultra ground as far as possible. Not a few already feel discontent at being presumed to hold opinions equally abhorrent to common sense and to philanthropy. But we occupy a dubious and unsettled station:—the path that must be chosen is not yet clearly distinguished. To be exposed to the misconstruction of those whose favorable opinion we would gladly acquire, is an uncongenial and irksome lot. Many a spirit pants to declare how unreserved is its devotion to the cardinal doctrines of freedom. Yet for all

this we dare not disregard our paramount duty. It is an unhappy condition of slavery, that master, as well as man, is forced to endure bonds.

Where there is so much feeling common to all members of a noble family, is it not a shame that estrangement should be in their midst—and this simply because Maine and Louisiana, New York and Virginia, cannot read each other's hearts! How and when is this equivocal state to cease? The solution of the question—a momentous question, surely—rests with the North. You are disembarassed of the restraints by which we are fettered:—it is in your power to pursue a straight-forward and kind and generous course. Will you do this? or will you labor to obstruct our way with new and more intricate toils?

I use language which presumes sympathy on the part of those to whom it is addressed. And well am I satisfied of the virtue, faith, and good intention, that flourish on a Northern soil. Add to this catalogue of qualities *charity*, and I for one will acknowledge the existence of a national character as near perfection as this world can ever be expected to show. To those head-strong and selfish men among you, who are so eager to exhibit their entire destitution of American spirit as well as of decency and Christianity, I have nothing to say. Their malice, vivacious though it be, could do no harm if the vast community from out of which they spring, would not suffer them to pass for its authorized exponents. In the name of reason, not less than of civil harmony, let North and South throw aside the masks that disfigure and disguise them.

TAMEN.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

SINCE the days when the celebrated novels of Sir Walter Scott were issued from the Edinburgh press, and heralded forth to the eager and admiring world as productions from the magic pen of the unknown "Author of Waverley," no work has created such high expectations or been read with such lively enthusiasm as that now before us. Indeed, it has been rather devoured than read, and seems to have been sought after, (if we may be pardoned the expression in connexion with so popular a book,) more with the desire to gratify an ephemeral curiosity than with a view to solid improvement. This species of *furor* is harmless and tolerable when produced by the pompous annunciation of a new novel from Bulwer or Alexandre Dumas; but it is very apt, if not quite sure, to prove fatal in the end and consequences, to the permanent popularity and esteem of a grave history—and more especially of a history of England. The impressions of fiction are pleasing, light, and transient, and even where a novel is deficient as to style and sound moral instruction, the interest of the story, if only tolerably sustained, will rescue it from harsh or condemnatory judgment. But it is far different with a work of history. Diffuseness of style, sparkling sentences, entertaining and brilliant episodes, occasional and tasteful metaphors, will do well in romance, and it is mainly in romance that such things are looked for by the refined lovers of literature. In a work of history these all, in our humble judgment, are both untasteful and sadly out of place, especially if the author's ambition is directed less to ephemeral popularity and to the desire for speedy profits, than to a lasting fame and lofty place among historians who will be read in after ages as reliable for authority and reference, as well as

for useful instruction. We shall be much deceived if the brilliant and gifted author of the work now before us, does not experience the truth of the above remarks before many years will have passed. We are much mistaken if Mr. Macaulay does not soon find that his hopes of greatest fame must rather be reposed on those splendid Selections and Miscellanies, recently collected and published from among his numerous contributions to the Edinburgh Review, than upon this work of greater labor and higher expectations. The first may challenge not admiration only, but the severest and harshest scrutiny also, as to beauty, novelty and terseness of style, acute and unequalled powers of criticism, splendor of description, correctness and vigor of judgment, and rare fertility and chasteness of imagination. Besides all this, the Miscellanies are replete with sound lessons of instruction in ethics, the sciences, and politics. They abound with nice and elaborate illustrations of human character in all its features, and of human nature in all its aspects. All of this description of writing that we find in his history, we shall find previously and better done in his Miscellanies. Nor is Mr. Macaulay at all singular in the notion, if, indeed, he has chosen to rest his reputation on the work which has cost him most time and labor, in preference to what he doubtless deems his lighter productions. Both Petrarch and Boccaccio were engaged for years in writing ponderous volumes of Latin on which to repose their fame, and through the medium of which they had fondly expected to be handed down to a remote posterity. Yet these works of labor are scarcely known, never or very rarely read, and are passing from all connexion or association with their names; whilst the Sonnets of the first, and

*Macaulay's History of England. New York: Harper and Brothers.

the enchanting Decameron of the last, written by both at intervals of leisure and as mere pastime, have attained to a world-wide fame, and, as specimens of elegant and pure Italian, have long been preserved as precious and priceless treasures of the literature of the fourteenth century. Machiavelli labored arduously and long at his history of Florence, a work which embodies vast learning and which contains many reflections that afford a clew to his real political sentiments and governmental notions, and by which he doubtless hoped to live in the memory of after generations. Yet it was in the gloom and sad seclusion of a prison that he produced that singular little volume,—singular both for its power of thought and atrocity of sentiment,—which has consigned him to an eternal fame of odium, and coupled his name with that of “the Prince” of demons. Even Sir Walter Scott thought seriously, near the close of his unparalleled career, of discarding his grandest productions as a basis on which to rest his permanent fame, and even boasted at the well known “Theatrical Fund dinner,” that a work was soon to see the light from the author of *Waverley*, that would throw all other productions from that celebrated and gifted source, completely into minority and secondary estimation. This work, thus singularly announced, was his life of *Napoléon Bonaparte*. Yet the contrary, as doubtless every sagacious hearer imagined when the declaration was made, has been the case. The biography, except for the beauty and power of its style, is generally regarded as imperfect in point of main facts, and as every way unworthy of its illustrious author; while the novels,—read now in every class of society with the same interest and enthusiasm as when, years ago, they flew from the press like lightning, to dazzle and charm a bewildered world—have been long set aside and marked for perpetual stereotype. Mr. Macaulay, then, has distinguished associates, if indeed, like them, he has been weak enough to suppose that the volumes before us, bearing though they do, the marks of untiring labor and diligent research, will be hailed by a succeeding generation in preference to his *Miscellanies*, as the enduring monument of his fame.

But, apart from considerations of this character, it is very certain that no book

of the present time has been welcomed from the press with such general laudation and eagerness, or read with such blinded avidity. So popular a miscellaneous writer has surely not appeared in the character of a historian since the days of Sir Walter Scott. And although we must candidly confess our disappointment in the work, yet its popularity is so great and the prestige of the author's name so overshadowing, that we feel it to be an act of presumption and temerity to offer even the *least* disparaging criticism. And if it be true that high expectation is almost always followed by disappointment, as Lord Jeffrey remarks, it is scarcely possible that any readers of Macaulay's history should not be disappointed. It is by no means our design in employing this remark to reflect upon the general merits of the production, or to depreciate its justly high fame, even were it in our feeble power to do so. On the contrary, we regard it as one of the most brilliant and entertaining histories we ever read, or expect ever to read. True, it contains little that is new in point of general facts—little that could not be learned from Hume, or Fox, or Burnett. But the minutize of those facts are spread out with taste, amplified, and explained in a manner that must interest even the most fastidious. The concise and discriminative review of English history, previous to the epoch on which he intends finally and principally to treat; the learned and methodical disquisitions on English Church history, the nice and finely drawn ‘delineations of party differences in the different ages; the bold portraiture of monarchs and statesmen and all descriptions of distinguished persons, either in politics or ecclesiastical history; the power and splendor of diction, the brilliancy of description, the flashes of withering sarcasm, the beautiful episodes, the occasional lovely pictures of domestic life, of love and of death scenes full of agreeable pathos and tender associations,—all these, and much else that might be justly added, form a whole of vivid and absorbing interest that could spring only from a mind of extraordinary vigor and versatility. But it is not like a history from the austere pen of Hallam, profoundly collated, tersely condensed, meditative, and perspicacious; bringing matters to the test of severe scrutiny rather than of superficial or critical re-

view. It does not impress with the force of the smooth, well-arranged, and methodical narrative of Robertson. We do not find in its pages the analysis, the profound philosophy, and rapid but digested condensation of Hume. Mr. Macaulay, therefore, must not expect, when the "hurly-burly's done," and when the buoyant emotions of curiosity, excited as well by the pompous heraldry of interested booksellers as by his own great literary reputation, shall give place to the calm and sober reflux of uncaptivated judgment, to sit unchallenged by the side of great historians. That time will surely come, and it is not, we incline to think, very distant. He who has so often wielded against other aspirants to a like high place the fierce weapons of criticism, must not think to be allowed to pass unassailed and unscrutinized.

Thus far, indeed, our author has swept critics and fault-finders from before him, and the public has sustained him. The only prominent critic who has inked his pen for the task of review, was so bitterly and unqualifiedly assaulted by editors and journalists, so bullied by Quixotic *litterateurs*, and so worried by personal attacks, that his effort may be said to have increased rather than diminished the popularity of the work. There were, however, two all-sufficient reasons why the merits of that criticism were disregarded. In the first place, it was put forth at an ill-chosen time. The whole literary world was in a blaze of excitement and silly enthusiasm. Had the excitement been of a rational character, or the enthusiasm been kindled by less *furiosus* elements, had the longings of rabid curiosity been in the least degree sated, the criticism might have been received and treated with more leniency. But a stronger reason against its favorable reception existed. It was known that it was from the pen of one hostile to Mr. Macaulay, and who owed him a grudge. This, of course, determined its fate. But the circumstances of the case are different now. The excitement and enthusiasm are fast subsiding. It may not, therefore, be deemed presumptuous to scan the merits and demerits of this great work, impartially and fairly.

The introductory chapter of this history is written after the true style of its author. No one who has read his *Miscellanies* could fail to tell that both must be from the same

gifted pen. It abounds with excellent ideas on the nature and consequences of early historical events, imparting at once useful information and suggesting whole trains of deep and improving reflection. Especially were we pleased with the author's suggestions concerning the ancient pilgrimages, the crusades, abbeys, and the spiritual supremacy arrogated by the Pope in the dark ages. From all these the author very clearly and justly deduces important and beneficial results on society and on governments. The pilgrimages caused rude and barbarous nations to become acquainted with the refinements and civilization of Italy and the oriental countries. The crusades unfolded the secret of the benefits to be derived from national combinations, or coalitions between different powers in a common cause. "It was better," as the author says, "that Christian nations should be roused and united for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, than that they should, one by one, be overwhelmed by the Mohammedan power." It is certain, we believe, that a superstitious zeal and a fanatical spirit saved the whole of Europe, on this occasion from the corrosive influences and intellectual darkness of Islamism. Political considerations merely, on the rough diplomacy of that early age, could never have brought about those immense and formidable combinations which diverted the arms of Saladin from conquests and invasions, and drove him to defend his own soil. It is equally certain that if priestcraft had not in that age been predominant, and literature nursed and cultivated in quiet cloisters, the world would not yet have witnessed the lapse of the dark ages. The sombre shadows would still have rested over mankind, and the lore of the early ages been unrescued from the womb of the past. The spiritual supremacy of the Pope was a species of mild patriarchal dominion which formed a strong bond of union between the nations of Christendom. A common code of international or public law—a fraternal tie—an enlarged benevolence, were among the happy consequences of this supremacy, generally denounced as arrogant and unrighteous in the sight of God and man. "Even in war," says the learned author, "the cruelty of the conqueror was not seldom mitigated by the recollection that he and his vanquished foe were all members of one great federation."

It is to the reception of the Anglo-Saxons into this religious federation, and to the consequent inter-communication between the Islanders and Italians, that Mr. Macaulay traces the first dawn of a permanent improvement in the civilization and literature of the English people.

A condensed and spirited history of the Norman character and conquest follows upon these reflections, and then the author travels by long and rapid strides to the reign of John of Anjou, the brother and successor of Richard Cœur de Lion. An event in this reign which has been generally represented by English historians as disastrous and disgraceful, is here demonstrated by the author as having been the basis of all the prosperity and glory of England. This event was the expulsion of the English monarch from Normandy by Philip Augustus of France. The Norman barons and nobles were now forced, from motives of interest, to confine themselves and their hordes of wealth to the island. They began to look on England as their country, amalgamated with the Saxons, made common cause with the Saxons against a bad and weak monarch, and then followed the memorable scenes at Runymede where the Magna Charta was extorted. Here, says Mr. Macaulay, commences the history of the English nation. Mr. Hallam also, in the first part of his "Constitutional History," appended to his Middle Ages, speaks of this event as having been the first effort towards a legal government. Yet the same author, in a previous chapter, ascribes the date of many of the leading and valued features of the English Constitution to a period earlier than the reign of Alfred the Great; and in another sentence, declares that there is no single date from which its duration is to be reckoned." Certain it is that the main features of the judicial system, and especially the right of trial by jury and the number of jurors, were in existence before the time of Alfred, were further improved by that wise monarch, and were at last confirmed and permanently defined in the Great Charter.

No reader of history, it is true, can well question the fact that it was at this period that "the English people first took place among the nations of the world;" but their authentic history, many of the noblest and most admired features of their great Con-

stitution, may be fairly traced to a period of time much earlier than the conquest. The Great Charter of liberty—the establishment of the House of Commons—the distribution of civil rights to all classes of free-men—the preservation of national independence under the ancient line of sovereigns, which some were rashly anxious to exchange for the dominion of France—the definition and limitation of the king's prerogative; all these, however, date their tangible origin and adoption from this period; and, in this sense, English history proper may also date its beginning from the same era.

At page 46, (Harper's edition) after asserting that it is doubtful whether England owes more to the Roman Catholic religion or to the Reformation, the author opens his account of the origin and character of the Church of England. Much that follows is tinctured with a good deal of that party asperity and bias which political feeling might very naturally engender in the bosom of a Whig historian when treating of this epoch. No one who reads these pages can fail to discern, at a glance, the political and religious sentiments of the distinguished historian. It is perhaps to be somewhat regretted that the author, in this instance, had not drawn a more salutary and substantial lesson from a complaint which he bitterly utters on a previous page, viz. "the drawback," which English history has received from being "poisoned with party strifes." The author, in the true and bigoted Presbyterian spirit, seeks to rob the church of all claims to that spiritual, apostolic origin which eminent and erudite divines have long labored to demonstrate as being her due. With a disputatious reference to some mere petty differences between her first established clergy, Mr. Macaulay abruptly narrows down and attributes the origin of the church to a motive of political necessity alone,—a political "compromise" between conflicting Protestants. He will find many, we imagine, to disagree with him on these points. It is an attack against the whole plan of spiritual economy inculcated and held by her ablest ministers. If Mr. Macaulay's premise and reasoning be true, a fatal blow is given to the high pretensions of the church. Episcopalians believe, and labor to prove, that the church proper existed in England long prior to the date of Henry VIII's apos-

tacy, and its subsequent permanent recognition and establishment under Elizabeth. It would be as well, they would contend, for Mr. Macaulay to assert that Christianity itself had no tangible or respectable existence until its adoption and legal establishment by the great Constantine; for what is most unquestionably true, until that period the Christian religion was held to be the lowest, most contemptible, and plebeian form of religion then practised in the world, and scarcely more than dared to show its face for fear of utter and helpless annihilation. The insignificance and political debasement of the early Anglican zealots, the Lollards and others who preceded them, are not to be used as an argument adverse to their holy, apostolic calling, if we believe with eminent divines of the present day. English bishops, say they, were known to have sat in the Council of Nice, a Council which was held long anterior to the date of Augustin's visit to the British Islands. They persuade us that the flame of the Church was burning stealthily but steadily through long ages of persecution until at last, by a concurrence of great events, divinely directed, it shot to its zenith amid the tempests of the Reformation. Right or wrong, therefore, the opinions and arguments of learned and accomplished prelates clash directly and fundamentally with those advanced by this great historian. In his character of reviewer, Mr. Macaulay had the full right to advance and maintain such opinions, and none could find fault with him. It was his individual opinion only, and carried no further weight than his personal influence and consideration were entitled to receive. But these opinions and views carried into an elaborate historical work, intended to be used as authority, and as a guide for opinion to future generations, is quite a different matter; and we much question if Mr. Macaulay will meet with tacit assent on the part of astute and proud divines of the communion of the English Church and its branches.

His character of Cranmer too, though true as to fact and history, must be viewed more as a caricature than a faithful portrait of that distinguished and unfortunate prelate. If governed by Mr. Macaulay alone, we would be seriously at a loss, in forming our relative estimate of character, whether to

plant our deepest abhorrence on Cranmer, the hypocritical villain, or Jeffreys, the open and shameless villain. Certain it is that no previous writer of English history, with whose works we are acquainted, has dealt half so harshly and severely with this most esteemed of all Protestant martyrs who expiated their faith in the flames of persecution. Indeed, from the author's frequent reference to Bossuet, a bitter and bigoted Roman Catholic writer, the reader might very well suppose, that, discarding all contemporaneous English authorities, Mr. Macaulay had assiduously drawn his character of the Archbishop from the jaundiced picture left by that biassed Frenchman. Even Hallam, who, when dissecting character, as our author himself says in his elegant review of the "Constitutional history," most generally draws on the "black cap," deals with remarkable caution and kindness when he comes to speak of Cranmer. He attributes his faults more to the effect of circumstances than of intention, though he insinuates that the Archbishop might have avoided placing himself in situations where those circumstances were almost sure to occur. "If," says Mr. Hallam in his Constitutional history, "casting away all prejudice on either side, we weigh the character of this prelate in an equal balance, he will appear far indeed removed from the turpitude imputed to him by his enemies, yet not entitled to extraordinary veneration." This is a mild, and, as we incline to believe, a just sentence. If Cranmer was entitled even to veneration at all, he cannot have been considered so bad a man by Mr. Hallam as he is represented to have been by Bossuet, with whom Mr. Macaulay mainly agrees in opinion. Mr. Hallam condemns, as all right thinking men must condemn, the execution, under Cranmer's management, of the woman convicted of heresy, and of a Dutchman who was found guilty of teaching Arianism. Yet these religious atrocities were the prevailing sin and shame of the age, and may be ascribed, in this instance, more to the weakness and intolerance of education, and to the influence of generally sanctioned custom, than to any rancorous or unusual malignity on the part of Cranmer.

A truly charitable and unbiassed mind will find much in the melancholy scenes of Cranmer's closing days to palliate, if not

to justify his alleged errors and weaknesses. He had been marked by Mary, and her vindictive advisers, as a victim, for whom death, speedy and without torture, was not deemed a sufficient punishment. His grave, unassuming piety, his anti-Catholic counsels to Henry the Eighth, the reverence with which he was regarded by the Protestant world, his equally notorious opposition to Mary's succession, his exalted position in the Church, and his abhorrence of papal supremacy, were all taken into account in that barbarous reckoning which possessed the bosom of the fierce and implacable queen, and prompted her to visit such awful and appalling vengeance on the eldest Patriarch of the Church of England. With this view, Cranmer, in the first place, was committed to the Tower for treason, in September, 1553, a short time after Mary's accession to the throne. In the month following he was convicted of this crime for his share in Lady Jane's proclamation. An inhuman motive soon prompted Mary to pardon him; and then began the first scene in that bloody drama. It was resolved to take his life for *heresy*, the more to satiate revenge, and to signalize his execution. With this view he was cited to appear before the Pope at Rome, and although a close and guarded prisoner in England, was promptly condemned for his non-appearance as contumacious. His first punishment was degradation at the hands of one who was nearer akin, in his nature, to fiends than to men—Bishop Bonner. Then Mary began with her blandishments and unholy cajoleries. His total infamy and dishonor, before death, was the object of these deceits. Cranmer was visited and entertained by Catholic dignitaries, was treated with marked courtesy and hospitality by the queen's servants, was tempted by every allurement of hope, was courted to his doom by every seductive art. High expectations of preferment were flatteringly held out to him, and then, by way of awful contrast, and to confirm the work of flattery by arousing his fears, the warrant for his execution was shown to him. Cranmer, overcome by a natural fondness for life, and appalled by the prospect of the tortures which awaited him, unwarily fell into the snare. He signed his recantation of the Protestant faith, and subscribed to that of papal supremacy,

and of the real presence. Then the monsters of the queen's vengeance mockingly laughed in his face, and were unable to conceal their fiendish exultation. Cranmer at once saw through the plan, and divined his fate. But he resolved to thwart their unholy schemes, and to turn his recent apostasy and his awful death to the benefit of his beloved Church. When it was believed that he was about to make a public confession of his conversion to popery, and when the church to which he was carried was filled with crowds of anxious and exultant Catholics, Cranmer surprised his audience by solemnly abjuring his recent recantation, by confessing humbly his weakness, and by declaring his firm resolve to meet death as a martyr to the Protestant religion. He was immediately hurried to the flames, and died heroically.

This, surely, cannot be the man, allowing for all his human and natural weaknesses of character, whom Mr. Macaulay bitterly stigmatizes as "saintly in his professions, unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward, and a time-server in action," and as one every way qualified to bring about a coalition of church and state, where religion was to be sacrificed to policy! This same man is eulogized by David Hume, the most learned and accomplished of all English historians, "as a man of merit; as possessed of learning and capacity, and adorned with candor, sincerity, and beneficence, and all those virtues which were fitted to render him useful and amiable in society." Sir James Mackintosh goes even further than Hume, and no one can doubt that these two were possessed of quite as many facts, and full as much information, concerning Cranmer's character, as Mr. Macaulay. We are told by Mackintosh, when speaking of the primate, that "courage survived a public avowal of dishonor, the hardest test to which that virtue can be exposed; and if he *once* fatally failed in fortitude, he, in his last moments, atoned for his failure by a magnanimity equal to his transgression." The united testimony of these distinguished and impartial historians, united on points which contravene materially that of our author, though, doubtless, collated from the same sources, should serve to qualify, to some extent at least, in the reader's mind, the distorted

and uninviting portraiture of this venerable prelate's character, as given by Macaulay, with such bitter emphasis. We do not doubt that Cranmer was faulty in many particulars, and deeply so; but it is going further than history would seem fairly to warrant to characterize him as base, crafty, hypocritical and perfidious.

We come next to one of the most interesting divisions of the first chapter, and, indeed, of the whole volume. It is ground on which Mr. Macaulay may tread fearlessly, for he has elsewhere evinced that he is thoroughly master of the whole subject. We mean the reign of the first Charles, "a period," says the author, "when began that hazardous game, on which were staked the destinies of the English people." It is truly delightful to travel along with the author through this portion of his task. You see, at every stage, the unmistakable impress of the great mind, with whose thoughts you have grown familiar in the *Miscellanies*. Every scene of the preliminary drama of the rebellion, is brought vividly before the mind's eye, and every part and feature of each scene, even to the minutest details, are as vividly arrayed. No one can rise from the perusal of this account of that interesting period without a feeling of conscious improvement and instruction, without feeling that he has become much better acquainted with the causes and character of a contest which exercised such mighty influence on the English Government. The dawn of the coming strife—the contests between king and parliament, growing gradually fiercer as we turn each page—the towering energy and unbridled ambition of the one, often so mortifyingly humbled; the mild and adroit opposition of the last, untiring, undivertible proof, alike against bullying and cajolery, and at last strengthening into open and formidable resistance;—the rush and confusion of civil war;—the impetuosity of the gallant cavalier;—the calculating, irresistible strategy, the cautious ambition, the vaulting aspirations of Cromwell, never revealed till developed by the consequences, yet never miscalculated or misdirected;—the trial, execution, and heroic fortitude of the unfortunate Charles, are all pictured with startling effect, and treated in a way which tells all who read that a master's hand is guiding them through

the mazes of a period in the world's history, where small minds should never intrude for other purpose than to inquire.

We cannot find that our author anywhere condemns the execution of the king as an act of *injustice*, or moral *turpitude*, on the part of his grim slayers. Yet we must venture to say that we have always viewed it as such in the most aggravated form, at the same time that we fully admit the faults and crimes of Charles. We can never be brought to believe that subjects have the right to inflict, in cold blood, and under a mock form of trial, the last penalty of the offended law, or rather, as in all instances of this character, of no law at all, on the person of their constitutional and legitimate monarch. Yet we do not, by any means, subscribe to the doctrine of passive obedience. We object only to the *character* of the remedy. The punishment of James the Second was quite as efficacious, as to consequences, as the more revolting punishment which overtook his hapless brother. One is justifiable and proper, and the undoubted right of every free people; the last is odious, unwarranted, and wholly inexcusable, in point of justice and sound morality. It cannot be defended even on the grounds of necessity, policy, or example. The banishment or imprisonment of Charles would have been sufficient security to the new government, as was evidenced both in the case of Charles the Second, and of James the Second; and as the office of king was about to be abolished, it was needless on the score of example.

Mr. Macaulay, however, in a most beautiful and powerful passage, demonstrates the execution of Charles to have been, if not a crime, at least that which Fouché pronounced as worse than crime, a political blunder. His public execution, his fortitude, his christian meekness and courage in view of death, his adroit protest against the forms and authority of his condemnation, his public appeal in favor of the ancient and venerated laws of the realm, threw all advantages against his enemies, and clothed him in the apparel of a martyr. "From that day," says our author, "began a reaction in favor of monarchy and of the exiled house, a reaction which never ceased till the throne had again been set up in all its old dignity."

The succeeding pages, descriptive mainly of the Protectorate of Oliver, though written with great power of argument, and perspicuity and splendor of style, betray again the evident *penchant* of the learned author to lay hold on every thing which may be wielded, even through the august medium of history, in favor of the principles and political tenets of that party to which he is so prominently attached. The English people may well be proud of the government of the great Protector, but, to the eye of Mr. Macaulay, it seems to afford peculiar charms. The praises which he has taken care to "*dole*" (begging his pardon for using a phraseology which we humbly think he has fairly ridden down in these volumes,) so sparingly out to the monarchs and statesmen at whom he has been previously glancing, ingeniously lavished on this cold-hearted, unprincipled, though gifted usurper, with showery profusion. Not that there is aught of elaborated eulogy or fulsome panegyric. Every body acquainted with his writings must know that Mr. Macaulay does not at all belong to this class of authors. He possesses too much of taste and stern unbending independence for such a task. He appears greatly to prefer the office of judge to that of advocate, of censor to that of flatterer. But he seems now to forget, or to be too willing to pass over the crimes and odious qualities of the regicide in the high admiration which he evidently feels for the lofty genius and bold character of the Protector of England's proud Commonwealth. At the same time he cannot refrain from an occasional tilt with his favorite weapons of sarcastic, crushing ridicule against the sanctimonious pretensions and drawing hypocrisy of this arch politician and intriguer. Whilst we hear much of the glory and greatness of the Protectorate—its formidable power—its prominent umpirage in Europe—the dread it inspired abroad—the respect it extorted at home; we are reminded now and then of the author's fondness for "old Mortality," or "Woodstock," by a sly thrust at corporal preachers, versed in Scripture, leading the devotions of backsliding colonels and majors; at canting, sour-faced hucksterers who cover a thirst for blood under the garb of righteousness and godly pretensions, and

at the contemptible, ludicrous picture of Lord Oliver's Barebones Parliament.

But it is very easy to perceive from a perusal of this portion of the history, when taken in connexion with other productions from the same gifted pen, that Mr. Macaulay is not only a Roundhead in sympathy and political prejudices, but that, of all great men who have ever stamped undying influence upon the world, Cromwell occupies the first and highest place in his estimation. Whether this exalted opinion of one so generally hated by all readers of history, is induced by an undisguised detestation of Charles and his party, or by an excusable pride in the glory which Cromwell threw around English character, or by community of political and religious predilections, we shall not venture to say. Certain it is, however, that while our author ranks him inferior to Cæsar only in taste and polite accomplishments, he places him far ahead of Napoleon in native strength of mind, and in all the cardinal qualities (invention only excepted) which form the characters of truly great men. We do not find this comparison in the pages which now lie open before us; but we find it in pages far more brilliantly written, brilliant as these are, and where it is evident Mr. Macaulay spent his principal force of thought and power of composition. Indeed the character of Cromwell is far more forcibly drawn in the admirable review of Hallam's Constitutional History by this author, than in the more labored work of his English history. It is from the review that we derive our opinion, mainly, of the author's antipathies and predilections. Indeed, the recollection of these previously expressed, and, doubtless, more candid sentiments, prepared us to examine this portion of the history closely and cautiously. We wished to guard against unwary temptations by a brilliant author, who might carry into a work of history the bias of early and cherished prejudices, and the influences of that jesuitical acerbity of thought which kindles so easily in the mind of a partizan reviewer. We now find that we did not act unwisely. The same course of thought and the same one-sided, prepossessed judgment which we easily discover in the reviewer, we find existing in all their original force in the mind of the histori-

an, only somewhat retrenched, perhaps, and attempered more to the graver character he now assumes. The Cromwell of the review, so feelingly and eloquently eulogized, is eminently the Cromwell of the history. The only discernible shade of difference is, that, in the last, the scope of the reflector through which the reader looks, although one and the same in both cases, is sensibly and prudently diminished.

We were not a little startled on finding that Mr. Macaulay, by a kind of specious negative insinuation rather than by direct assertion, attempts to persuade his readers of a fact which we have never hesitated to disbelieve. This is that Cromwell at one time had serious notions of interfering to save the King from murder by his infuriated partizans—infuriated, too, by Oliver's own artful teachings and profound intrigues. Our author even goes farther, in another place, and endeavors to leave the inference that Cromwell, if he had been left alone, would have desired to restore the Stuarts. The two passages from which we take these impressions are the following: "Cromwell had to determine whether he would put to hazard the attachment of his party, the attachment of his army, his own greatness, nay, his own life, in an attempt which would probably have been vain, to save a Prince whom no engagement could bind. With many struggles and misgivings, and probably not without many prayers, the decision was made—Charles was left to his fate."—(*p.* 119.) Again, a few pages afterward, we meet with the following in describing the dilemma in which Oliver found himself placed after he had slain his sovereign: "The course afterward taken by Monk was not open to Cromwell. The memory of one terrible day separated the great regicide forever from the house of Stuart."—(*p.* 124, *vol.* 1.)

Now, in the first place, Mr. Macaulay will find it difficult to persuade most of his readers that this crafty usurper ever put up a sincere prayer after he had begun his public career, or after the first faint sparks of his lurking ambition had begun to kindle and burn. Measuring the rise and the stealthy, deeply-planned progress of this amazing career by its still more amazing consequences, no one can fail to perceive that from the very first outbreak of civil

war, the designs of Cromwell were directed to nothing less than supreme power. His own mysterious and politic conduct on all important occasions, the assiduous court which he managed always to pay to the army while training and inuring it to the strictest discipline, his fierce and unrelenting mode of carrying on the war, together with the concurrent opinions of all previous writers of English history, leave this clearly to be deduced.

In the second place, it is quite discernible, we think, that Mr. Macaulay, in his great zeal to throw every palliative circumstance around the character of his great favorite, has been led to adopt this opinion from contemporaneous journals and memoirs of interested witnesses, many of whom are referred to and quoted by Mr. Hallam. Ministers, officers, and associates, (who mainly compose this class of writers,) who survived Oliver, and who lived after the restoration, would be very naturally inclined to interpolate everything of this character in their account of a period which was abhorrent to the reigning family—and the friends of the Protector had too long possession of the public archives and documents, and were too wily and sagacious to have neglected such an opportunity of preparing for a reverse or reaction. If, a century or two hence, a historian of the French Consulate and Empire were to build up the character of Napoleon from materials of this description alone, and to discard those more vigorous tests of *deeds* which the Saviour of mankind himself inculcated as the true standard of judgment, and to which selfish man must be brought if we would ascertain his true nature—who of that generation could question the patriotism or purity of a single act of his public life? We choose, therefore, to put aside all evidence of this character in making up an opinion of Cromwell, and to trust to it no further than it can be legitimately reconciled to his deeds. By those deeds and their intrinsic merits must we alone seek to measure the great Protector. The feats of personal prowess performed on the field of Marston Moor, the consummate generalship so conspicuously displayed at the decisive battle of Naseby, the haughty expulsion of the Long Parliament, was no more done by Oliver to save Charles' life or to restore the Stuart dy-

nasty than was the fiery charge of Napoleon at Arcola, or the dispersion of the French deputies at St. Cloud hazarded with the view of restoring the Bourbons. Covetousness of supreme power, ambition to rise on the ruins of government, were the governing influence and chief motive with both the stern Englishman and adroit Corsican.

The concluding pages of the first chapter abound with the vigorous and spirited description characteristic of this writer. They are read with the intense interest which is created when one is drawing nigh to the *denouement* of a novel like *Kenilworth* or *Woodstock*. Like the novelist, our author holds his readers in a delightful suspense when dwelling upon the feigned irresolution of Monk; and we almost forget, in our admiration of the singular power with which the exciting scenes are brought to their conclusion, that the catastrophe has been familiar to us from childhood. Fancy pictures with a vividness that amounts almost to reality, the eager suspense in each countenance, when first the tidings of Monk's advance were announced in London. Then appears the whole gorgeous panorama of which all England was the scene. Hill and vale, field and forest, teem with multitudes flocking, with open arms, to welcome the hardy legions of the Scottish army. Cavaliers and roundheads, monarchists and republicans, churchmen and regicides, make up this enthusiastic and strange assemblage—all united against one artful and dangerous faction. Every eye is now anxiously turned on the cold-blooded, taciturn, inscrutable general, on whose decision rests the destiny of England. At length he summons that convention which invited the long exiled and friendless monarch to the home and inheritance of his ancestors. Then are seen the flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes of the down-trodden, persecuted cavaliers, whose lips, after long years of tortuous silence, are now at last unsealed—and the excited reader almost finds himself listening to catch the wild strains which ascend heavenward, as thousands of glad voices mingle in chanting one of those pensive lays which were treasured secretly during the iron sway of "old Noll," and rude snatches of which Sir Walter Scott so aptly puts into

the mouth of his unique character of Roger Wildrake:—

"Though, for a time, we see Whitehall,
With cobwebs hung around the wall,
Yet heaven shall make amends for all,
When the king enjoys his own again."

Then opens the beautiful picture which closes all, and which our author so briefly but brilliantly describes. We see again that exciting scene which so charmed us in the closing pages of *Woodstock*. Clouds of dust in the distance, blazing rockets streaming against the brighter rays of the sun, tell us that the restored wanderer is approaching. "Onward come, pursuivant and trumpet; onward come, plumes and cloth of gold, and waving standards displayed, and swords gleaming to the sun; and, at length, heading a group of the noblest in England, and supported by his royal brothers on either side, onward comes King Charles."* He is seen to pass amid smiles of welcome, and tears of joy, and exultant acclamation. But what sullen, sour, staid faces are those which, amidst this general joy, alone venture to frown at the monarch's approach? Let the answer be given in the matchless language of our author. "On Blackheath the army was drawn up to welcome the sovereign. He smiled, bowed, and extended his hand graciously to the lips of the colonels and majors. But all his courtesy was vain. The countenances of the soldiers were sad and lowering, and, had they given way to their feelings, the festive pageant of which they reluctantly made a part would have had a mournful and bloody end."

We have long thought that this splendid scene, on which both "the great Unknown" and "the great Known" have bestowed their inimitable powers of description, must have been one of the most exciting and joyous spectacles that the world has ever witnessed; and this declaration, we trust, will find us some allowance with the reader who may chance to judge us austere for thus long dwelling upon it.

Having, at the end of the first chapter, safely "lodged the restored wanderer in the palace of his ancestors," Mr. Macaulay opens his second with a wholesome and as-

* *Woodstock*—page 283, vol. 2.

tute, though rather uninteresting disquisition on the condition of the English government at the era of the Restoration. He condemns the inconsistency and bad policy of allowing the exiled family to return without exacting new and reliable securities against mal-administration, though he inclines to disagree with the majority of historians in representing the Restoration as a disastrous event. He seems to think, and justly no doubt, that this event, all unqualified as it was, delivered the English people from the domination of a soldiery that equalled the Pretorian bands of Rome in capriciousness and ferocity. The crisis which followed the deposition of the weak successor of Cromwell was, indeed, one of imminent danger to the integrity of the ancient and venerated constitutional government of England. A fanatical and intolerant faction had seized the reins, and supreme power was on the verge of passing into hands which would soon have demolished all the cherished landmarks of constitutional liberty, and substituted instead a rule more galling, more repulsive, and far more precarious than that even of the Rump Parliament which had been indignantly kicked out of doors by Cromwell. Then or never, therefore, was the time for all lovers of rational liberty to harmonize and unite, adjourning, as Mr. Macaulay says, all factious differences until a more convenient season. Monarchy was found to be far preferable to anarchy. The body of the English people acted with characteristic judgment and good sense; dissenting politicians and religionists united for the common-weal, and the fruit of that union was the speedy and timely restoration of the exiled monarch.

This chapter is truly a history; differing thus from the first, which is more in the style of a review. It is a succinct and neatly arranged narrative of facts, interspersed with less of that digressive and continuous essaying which we find in the preceding, with fewer of the romantic and entertaining episodes which abound in those that follow, and with very little indeed of that proneness to tiresome biographical detail which disfigures the entire work. If the whole had been written in the style and method of the present chapter, the book might truly have been less brilliant, less entertaining, and less rapidly sought after

by the multitude. But, at the same time, there can be little doubt, we think, that it would more surely have outlived this mere ephemeral and superficial popularity, and be finally stored away with such authors as Hallam, as Robertson, and as Clarendon, as a work to be consulted hereafter, more for solid instruction and authority than for entertainment merely.

During the earlier years of Charles the Second's reign, England may be said to have been in a state of transmutation. During the reign of the Puritans all kinds of public and private amusements were sedulously and harshly discouraged. The whole country was a vast religious camp-ground for the operations of drawling snufflers like "Tribulation Wholesome," or "Zeal-of-the-land Busy," like "Praise God Barebones," or "Boanerges Stormheaven." The cottages were filled with prototypes of "douce David Deans,"—the palaces with sycophantic minions of Pym and Harrison. The public squares, the village-greens, and cross-roads were nowhere made merry by Punch and Judy, or May-day festivities. Drawling sermons, tortuous prayers, and nasal psalmody in "linked sweetness long drawn out," had supplanted all such abominations and sacrifices to the beast and to Baal. The nose of Ichabod Crane would have been rarely valued in an age which produced Ludowick Muggleton, and other fervent "sons of grace," like himself. Such was the social condition of England when the "merry monarch" came home to his inheritance with Wilmot and Villiers, and their accompanying trains of bastards and prostitutes, and pasquinaders and buffoons. The transition was sudden—startling—bewildering; but, in one sense it was complete. It was like exchanging on the moment, the sombre gloom of a prayer-meeting conducted by saints and psalm-singers, for the gorgeous brilliancy and entrancing scenes of an opera saloon. In a short time, too short, it seemed, to be otherwise than a pleasing vision of the night, the churches which had long been closed to the established form of worship were again opened, and nave, and arch, and gallery, whose echoes had long been silent, once more resounded with those loved and melodious strains which the solemn organ hymned forth to celebrate this joyous exit of intolerance and persecution. The down-trodden and proscribed

drama was speedily resuscitated, and the play-houses were crowded nightly with blazing devotees of fashion and pleasure. The glittering pageantry of Whitehall dazzled eyes which had long been accustomed to view with awe the grave and stately pomp of Cromwell's court. The voluptuous charms and winning graces of Eleanor Gwynn and Louise de Quéroaulle shone with a lustre in the saloons and drawing-rooms that called up lively images of Versailles and Marly, and which dimmed the vision of those who could scarcely credit that *these* were the successors of Mrs. Ireton and her staid sister. Armed troopers and godly expounders of the Word were no longer jostled in the ante-rooms of the presence-chamber. Ambassadors, and nobles in their robes of State, lords of the bed-chamber in their flowing, splendid vestments, gaudily attired pages in waiting, and liveried lacqueys had now taken the place of these; while, in the presence-chamber itself, was seen a showy, easy mannered and accomplished personage, affording, in every respect, a singular contrast to the grave deportment and mean appearance of his grim predecessor. In fact, it was everywhere evident that the domination of the saints, both socially and politically, was forever done. Nor is it to be taken for granted that all even of this class mourned the downfall and overthrow of the sombre and cheerless reign. Many humble cottagers and peasants who had conformed to the prevailing habits doubtless for peace and security, rejoiced when the time came that they might safely indulge once again in fond Christmas festivals, and week-day convivialities; and wild country squires, and rude jockeys and sportsmen hailed the return of that liberty which relieved their halls of crop-eared lecturers and exhorters, and allowed them again to bear-bait and horse-race. Some who, in the days of the Protectorate, had been most fervent and vociferous in amens and ejaculations during worship, afterwards took petty bribes to pimp for Buckingham, and introduce favored rivals of the king to the boudoir of Barbara Palmer. Indeed, if the divine standard of secret thought and forced compliance to right be erected by which to judge, we should doubt most seriously whether the moral condition of England was at a lower ebb after the Restoration,

than during the saintly dominion of Cromwell.

We were pained, however, to find on page 169 of this chapter, more evidence of that bitter spirit which influences our author in his opposition to the Episcopal form of religion. Not satisfied with denouncing the prevailing immorality of libertinism, both in the political and social world, Mr. Macaulay indirectly, and by insinuation, seeks to lay some of the blame on the Church of England. We are prepared to admit that her clergy were too intent on religious vengeance against Puritans, and too eager in extorting amends for the pillage and deprivations they had suffered from their stern persecutors. But the pure morality of the liturgy, the whole admirable economy of the Church, stand forth in noble vindication of slurs which a historian, whose duty is rather to instruct than to proselyte, should be cautious in throwing out. Yet our author does not hesitate to use the language of the following sentences. "The ribaldry of Etherege and Wycherley was, in the presence, and under the sanction of the head of the Church, publicly recited by female lips in female ears, while the author of the Pilgrims Progress languished in a dungeon for the crime of proclaiming the Gospel to the poor. It is an unquestionable, and a most instructive fact, that the years during which the political power of the Anglican hierarchy was in the zenith, were precisely the years during which national virtue was at the lowest ebb."—(p. 169, vol. 1.)

It is impossible to mistake the intention of the author in these sentences, or to avoid the inference so unfavorable and unjust to the integrity of the Church of England. Does Mr. Macaulay mean to say that the Church was scandalized in the person and by the vices of the monarch, or that she is responsible for the same? And yet it would seem that such are the points of allusion, inasmuch as "the head of the Church" allowed and countenanced ribaldrous indecencies. Under the statute of Henry the Eighth the king "is reputed to be the only supreme head in earth of the Church of England." This important relation of the king to the Church is attributable to the connexion in England between Church and State, and is of a legal or governmental character exclusively. In this

capacity he has the right to nominate to vacant bishoprics, to convene, prorogue, restrain, and dissolve all ecclesiastical convocations. He alone receives a resignation from the chief dignitary of the Church, the Archbishop of Canterbury; and to him lies the ultimate appeal in Chancery, from the sentence of every ecclesiastical judge. This is the sum and substance of Blackstone's interpretation of this connexion of the king, as the supreme head, with the Church. But, in no case, is the king named as guardian of the spiritualities of the Church. "During the vacancy of any see in his province," says the great commentator, in speaking of the Archbishop of Canterbury, "he is guardian of the spiritualities thereof, as the king is of the temporalities." Under this view of the subject we think Mr. Macaulay's readers have the right to complain of his disingenuousness in this instance. It certainly is unfair to arraign the Church for the immoralities of a king who is only her supreme temporal head by virtue of his sovereign prerogative, and who is the recipient and never the dispenser of her spiritual benefits. The expression, altogether, is less worthy of an impartial historian than of a disputatious and biassed controversialist, and forms an exception to the general tone of the chapter.

The latter part of this first sentence, quoted above, can only be characterized, we are bound to say, as demagogical, and as being strangely out of place in a grave work of history. Nor is this all. It does not strictly convey the truth, nor does it leave the truth to be inferred. At the time of Bunyan's most unjust confinement he was not "the author of the Pilgrim's Progress," and it is more than probable that had he never "languished in a dungeon," that beautiful and treasured allegory would never have been given to an admiring world. During the civil war Bunyan had borne arms in the Parliament army, and imbibed all their austere notions of religious duty and severity of life, as his after career proves. Having inflicted upon himself a series of mental tortures which would have terrified a monk or a friar, he turned preacher, and, in open defiance of the law, began to proclaim tenets and doctrines which were deemed mischievous, and as being too nearly allied to the dangerous inculcations which had led to the fierce

persecutions of the commonwealth to be publicly allowed; and for this contumacy and opposition to government, and *not* "for proclaiming the Gospel to the poor," was John Bunyan thrown into prison, and left to drag out a miserable confinement of twelve years, narrowly escaping the transportation to which he had been condemned. It did not matter in the eye of the law, nor do we presume that it was inquired into on his trial, whether his hearers were men of wealth, or *poor* men; the sentence, in either case, would have been the same. It was during this long and painful imprisonment that Bunyan conceived ideas of authorship; and then it was, in the depths of a dungeon more sombre and solitary than the valley of the Shadow of Death through which Christian is made to pass in his road to the Delectable Mountains, that he indited that wonderful book which has made him the delight of nurseries and firesides, of the palace and of the cottage, and which has given immortality to the name of a tinker's son. It may not be without its purpose, that we add to this narration the fact that Bunyan was, at last, released from prison through the influence and intercessions of one of that "Anglican hierarchy," which Mr. Macaulay so sweepingly disparages in the page before us.

We are unable to perceive anything else than the ebullition of strong prejudice in the "unquestionable and instructive fact" which the author states in the last sentence quoted. Apart from this, we cannot discern its force and meaning. We cannot discern its pertinence to the *history* at all. But, admitting the fact, we deny the truth of the inference intended to be deduced. The fact may be true, and yet not detract, in the least, from the spiritual integrity or moral pretensions of the Church. If the legal re-establishment of the "Anglican hierarchy," after years of persecution and proscription, is to be termed the "zenith of its political power," we do not perceive why this should connect the same with the profligacy of the age, or make the Church responsible for the "low ebb of national virtue," immediately after the Restoration. Political power may be conferred and confirmed in a day, and from the date of the enactment. Spiritual influence is the work of time, of labor, and of unremitting diligence. At a time when all England was

wildly engaged in celebrating the joyous Carnival which had, in this instance, succeeded a tortuous and long Lent, was delicious with excitement, and mad with delight at escape from Puritan dominion, it might not have been safe or politic, it certainly would have been no easy task, for the Church stringently to have interfered so soon after her own restoration, and to have impressed her pure morality and admirable precepts on a giddy population.

We have very great veneration for the ancient and venerable Church of England, as well as for its more faultless branch in the United States, and, American though we are, would most sincerely lament its downfall as politically connected with the government. We believe that separation would prove fatal, or, in other and plainer words, that the destruction of the one would be the inevitable destruction of the other. Much of England's national glory and all of England's happiness is attributable to her admirable and cherished social attachments and associations, and these last are closely interwoven with her Established Church. We can appreciate and understand our author when he speaks of Cavaliers, who, indisposed to "shape their lives according to her precepts, would yet fight knee-deep in blood for her Cathedrals and palaces, for every line of her rubric, and every thread of her vestments." She is intimately connected with all the associations of love, with all the tender relations of marriage, and with all the fond endearments of home and of family. She is a bond of union between hostile factions in the state. Even civil war and ruthless proscription could not eradicate her influence, or destroy the stronghold she has on the affections, the associations, and social prejudices of a majority of the English people. It is, indeed, "an unquestionable and a most instructive fact," that since her legal existence and connexion with the state, no hostile foot has trodden her soil, even if we make an exception of the descent of William the Third which was invited and connived at by the whole nation, and in which Englishmen were the prime movers. We have no desire to see these strong ties severed, or this fortunate union of Church and State broken, in a country where is centred the peace and prosperity of two great continents. We fully believe

Mr. Macaulay when he says, "that a civil war of a week on English ground would now produce disasters which would be felt from the Hoangho to the Missouri, and of which the traces would be discernible at the distance of a century."—(p. 32.) And it is for these reasons, and these alone, that we regret that a writer of this author's great influence and celebrity, should partially convert a work of history to the purposes of depreciating an institution, and disparaging an establishment, in the most vital of its claims to honor and reverence, on the perpetuity of which, as we humbly conceive, depends the welfare of the English government, and, in that, the peace and prosperity of the whole world.

But the same people who, in this age of profligacy and immorality, were entertained with the lewd productions of Congreve and Wycherley, were also sufficiently impressed with the interests of civil liberty and private rights to project and extort the great act of Habeas Corpus, the day of the sanction of which our author justly denominates "a great era in English history." This key to the dormant and inactive immunities contained in the Great Charter was reluctantly given over to the English people by their jealous monarch. Our author tells us (page 232,) "that the king would gladly have refused his assent to this measure, but he was about to appeal from his Parliament to his people on the question of the succession, and he could not venture, at so critical a moment, to reject a bill which was in the highest degree popular." So materially, we thus perceive, do the most treasured rights of mankind depend on the caprice or policy of selfish rulers.

In this chapter we are treated to concise and spirited accounts of the Popish Plot, the Rye-house Plot, the perjuries of Titus Oates so sickeningly bloody in consequences, and the treasons of Monmouth, Charles' bastard son by Lucy Walters, who was married by his father to the heiress of the noble Scotch house of Buccleuch, a house from which collaterally descended, in long after years, the "mighty wizard of the North," the great "Author of Waverley." The important and romantic interest which belongs to the life of this unfortunate nobleman, together with the melancholy fate which overtook him in the

reign of his cruel uncle, authorize Mr. Macaulay in dwelling on his birth, parentage, and early court life and military achievements, which he does in a manner at once the most entertaining and instructive. We are next introduced successively to three of the most noted political characters, which figure in English history. These are the younger Hyde, Godolphin, and Lord Halifax, whose name has been commemorated, in divers ways, as well in these United States as in England. Mr. Macaulay has given a description of this distinguished and influential statesman, (the most so of his time,) which, while it raises our previous estimate of his consummate abilities, rather depreciates our opinion of the consistency and inflexibility of his character as a statesman and minister. And we might extend this remark to most of those great men whose portraits make up the general contents of this volume and part of the next. It is a characteristic of Mr. Macaulay, as a historian as well as reviewer, to deal rather with the dark than the bright side of human character. He goes mostly upon the levelling principle, and before he has done with a character of history, the reader scarcely knows whether to admire or to detest; and between the two issues, generally leaves both for a feeling of contempt. We shall give examples of this propensity of our author before these desultory remarks are brought to a conclusion.

The ludicrous account of the Dutch war excites our contempt, at the same time that it moves us to laughter; and the language in which this dark story of Charles' reign is told, shows in a manner the most emphatic, our author's utter detestation of "that feeble tyrant," trembling in his luxurious palace at the sound of De Ruyter's canons. "Then it was," says our author, "that tardy justice was done to the memory of Oliver. Everywhere it was remembered how, when he ruled, all foreign powers had trembled at the name of England; how the States-General, now so haughty, had crouched at his feet, and how, when it was known that he was no more, Amsterdam was lighted up as for a great deliverance, and children ran along the canals shouting for joy that the devil was dead." (p. 179). And, indeed, at no period of her history had the chivalry of

England been at an ebb so low, or her resources so little understood or at command. Buckingham and Rochester could flirt with women, and venture a tilt at swords with jealous gallants or outraged husbands and fathers; but they did not relish the sterner game of meeting armed Dutchmen in battle. The few gallant spirits around the person of the king were disgusted with these insolent favorites, and shrank from encouraging a contest in which such minions and parasites might exert an influence at once to be deprecated and dreaded. The position of England in the European system during this entire reign was far from being important, if it was not even despicable. Indeed, she was almost regarded as the mere vassal of France, as her monarch certainly was the stipendiary of France's king. And yet it was during this same feeble reign, as we learn further on, that sprung the first germ "of that great and renowned army, which has in the present century marched triumphant into Madrid and Paris, into Canton and Candahar." To this army England owes all of her glory and all of her greatness. Commercial houses whose operations extend from the Thames to the Ganges, and from the Exchange of London to the bazaars of Pekin and Benares, would never have reached beyond the European or American Continents, if even so far, if the military spirit and strength of the nation had been less fostered and cultivated. Even so late as the present century, England might have shared, at the hands of the French Conqueror, the fate of Prussia and of Austria, but for this energetic and formidable development of her martial power. It can scarcely be doubted, that if victory had declared for Napoleon on the field of Waterloo, England would have been crushed, or, at least, severely and vitally crippled. And yet the civil liberties of England, are not at all endangered by her grand military system. Experience has abundantly shown that the arm of government generally deemed the most dangerous to free constitutions and free systems elsewhere, is in this country skillfully converted into an efficient and powerful arm of defence to both. England was never truly great commercially and politically, until her regular standing army was regularly established and appointed. Here, in our judgment, may be found the best

means of solving the enigma which for two centuries has puzzled mankind. It was not until then that her policy expanded and ripened, not until then that her enterprising citizens found that great wealth and great glory might be made to travel hand in hand, and that both must be found elsewhere than within the narrow limits of their own island. From that moment, through all disasters and reverses consequent on long and bloody wars, all classes of society began to improve, and her commerce began to spread and to prosper. Since then, it is true, England has scarcely seen a whole year of uninterrupted peace with the whole world, but, in the meantime, she has scarcely experienced even the slightest retrogression. Trite maxims of ethics may do to inculcate as the basis of all proper government in some countries; England has staked her destinies on pursuing the more practical system of politics.

The strong faith of Mr. Macaulay in his own plan of writing history, as laid down in his essay on "history," and given to the world years since through the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, is abundantly shown in the third chapter of the first volume now before us. The whole tenor and nature evince his desire to come up to his own standard. The conformity of the history to the model erected in the essay, in point of long and occasional prosy detail, in point of anecdote and memoir, in point of biographical narration, and in point of minute statistical inquiry, is admirable and eminently successful. The same ideas are advanced in his pleasing review of Mackintosh's history of James the Second—"a history of England"—he there says, after having gone through his imaginary plan, "written in this manner, would be the most fascinating book of the age. It would be more in request at the circulating libraries than the last novel."

A fleeting shadow of this coming event to be realized so gratifyingly in his own case, doubtless prompted this remark. If Mr. Macaulay's ambition was directed solely to attain the name of having written a history most intensely "fascinating," and which would outstrip competition with works of fiction in the race of demand at the book depots, he has every reason to be satisfied, for his history has been even

more sought after than any of the "last novels." But with all becoming deference to so august a judgment, we still think that history should be written mainly with a view to something else than these "charms" so peculiarly fancied by Mr. Macaulay. With all his staid and severe narrative, and "majestic etiquette" of method and style, we must say that we tire less soon of Henry Hallam than of T. Babington Macaulay, with all his flowing redundancy of narrative, his rare accomplishment of style, and his total disregard of those "conventional decencies" of historical compilation which he denounces as "absurd."

The chapter under consideration may be useful to the masses of the curious, and to such as are fond of minute statistical research, especially in England, but we must hazard the confession that its great length its scrupulous, undeviating particularity, even in the nicest points, and its barrenness of general historical interest, wearied us sadly before we saw its end. The cause of this may be, and we are bound to consider was, less in the distinguished author's want of taste, than in our own want of the proper appreciative faculties, but so it was, any way, and the confession must pass for what it is worth. We surely wished that the author had sought less to avoid an error which he so unsparingly condemns in other writers when, in the essay on history, he speaks of the most characteristic and interesting circumstances being omitted or softened down, because too trivial for the majesty of history. After preparing to read grave, condensed history as that "philosophy which teaches by example," we cannot find much of interest in lengthened descriptions of the size of great towns in such and such a century; of how milliners, toy-men, and jewellers came down from London and opened bazaars under the trees which surrounded the watering towns of Cheltenham, of Bath, of Brighton and of Tunbridge; and of how fiddlers played, and morris dancers capriole "over the elastic turf of the bowling green" of fine genial evenings. We do not look for such things in a work which has just absorbed our interest in recounting the more solid scenes of Cromwell's career, and of grave contests between monarchs and their parliaments. In Miss Pardoe's Court of Louis the Fourteenth, and in Mrs. Jameson's Beauties of

the Court of Charles the Second, we delight to read of these pleasing interludes and romantic indulgences; but, after conducting us to the very eve of that stirring epoch on which he has promised his readers more particularly to dwell, the ardent admirers of Mr. Macaulay (in the list of which we regard ourselves) must pardon us for saying that the author wearied us by this long account of what we conscientiously look on as "too trivial for the majesty of history." The polite literature of this brilliant literary age does not long arrest the attention of Mr. Macaulay. A few pages of pithy, forcible review make up all that we hear of it, while science and physics are alluded to only with distant reverence. Both are themes eminently worthy of the historian's attention, but our author had treated of them too fully elsewhere to patiently pause and go minutely over old ground.

The change in the character and spirit of literature at this period is mainly to be ascribed to those essential differences which marked the seventeenth century from the preceding. With the substitution of living for the dead languages, new tastes had been introduced and were grown popular. The sixteenth century teemed with scholars of profound erudition; but, in the latter part of the seventeenth the new philosophy began to obtain. As the great writer, from whom we derive these reflections, remarks, "men were less learned, but more able:" more subtle understanding and more exquisite discernment had been diffused through the republic of letters. At the era of the Restoration every species of taste had grown more sprightly, and from this the literature of that period took tone and character. Literary ambition and interest were then mainly absorbed in the drama, and to this department the change in taste had also penetrated. In France the racy and brilliant productions of Molière and Regnard had supplanted those of the grave Corneille, and more exquisite and refined Racine. In England, as was quite natural at such a time, the austere and proscriptive antipathy which had banished all sources of amusement during the reign of the saints, broke up effectually the continuity of those works of elder dramatists which had given tone before to sentiment, and made way, after the Restoration, for a lighter more frivolous, and more meretricious

species of dramatic entertainment. One extreme in any department of policy adopted by one party, is sure to lead to the adoption of the opposite extreme by another party, in retaliation, if from no other higher motive. Such was the case in this instance, and it was under this new order of things that the genius of a Congreve, a Dryden, an Etherege, and a Wycherley, rose to the culminating point, and attained to such enviable ascendancy. To the more entertaining and lively peculiarities of style in these writers over the old school, was added another attraction which lent superior lustre and fascination to dramatic amusements. This was the introduction on the stage of female performers, who had never been admitted under the ancient *regime*. To this bold but adroit innovation on established custom, the theatre-loving world is indebted for its long subsequent acquaintance with the brilliant histrionic talents and accomplishments of Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil. In view of the many attractions of this fruitful theme, and of our admiration of Mr. Macaulay as a writer, we have sincerely wished that he had chosen to retrench other portions of the chapter before us, and dwelt more at length on its description. The few pages, however, which he devotes to its consideration are captivating beyond all parallel. We only regret that we cannot transcribe largely for the benefit of readers who have not met with the history, if, indeed, there be such. We may add that these few pages form the only oasis in the whole barren waste of this chapter, in point, at least, of true historical interest.

To quote, then, the full language of Junius—we now "turn with pleasure from this barren waste, where no verdure quickens," and where no interest fastens, and open at a page which more than compensates for all of dryness that may have been encountered in the preceding chapter, and which kindles at once to the most intense and vivid pitch. We glide lingeringly over the successive paragraphs, and almost sigh when the brilliant though melancholy scene is closed. It will be understood, of course, by those who have read this book, that we allude to the author's graphic and succinct account of the dying hours of king Charles the Second. All the personages of the mournful drama, all the scenes and their singular changes, appear at once be-

fore the eye, traced and drawn out with remarkable clearness and power. Barbara and Louise, and Hortensia, the queenly and voluptuous Duchess of Mazarin, niece of the great Cardinal, were all there, radiant with robes and gems, lustrous in all the glories of matchless personal charms. We see the timid, mild-mannered queen, abashed before the superior beauties of the king's frail sultanas, venturing nervously to the bedside of her distressed husband, fearful, even in that awful extremity, of indifference and repulse. There, too, for the first time distinctly, we behold the grim lineaments of the stern James, striving with bastards and prostitutes in kindly attentions to his departing brother. Then comes the trials and struggles of Charles with the Protestant clergymen—their efforts to console and absolve—his strange apathy and indifference. At length the solemn hour approaches, the secret has been unravelled by the devoted Louise; and, by that secret staircase which has so often been used by Chiffinch to introduce frail damsels to his master's bedchamber, a Priest of the Roman Catholic Church is ushered into the room. Then the dying monarch raises himself from his pillow, receives meekly the last solemn sacrament, and preserving to the last, that "exquisite urbanity so often found potent to charm away the resentments of a justly incensed nation," thanks his attendants for their attentions and kindnesses, apologises for the length of time he had been dying, and then resigning himself to the stroke, passes away without a struggle.

This is the mere abstract of pages which might furnish to a poet ample material for a tragic drama. No scene was ever more splendidly or graphically described; no living moving scene was ever more clearly realized, or ever afforded more intense and absorbing delight. Innovation, bold and broad though it be, upon the conventional, established form of writing history to introduce so lengthy and minute a picture of a monarch's death-bed, we yet cannot be so untasteful as to find fault with that which has afforded us such exquisite enjoyment.

Immediately on the heels of this follows the account of the proclamation of James the second as king, and then comes that hollow-hearted speech to the Council, so profuse in satisfactory promises which were afterwards

so shamelessly falsified. From this point the thread of legitimate historical narrative is taken up and pursued, with very few exceptions, to the end of the volume, with unexceptionable tenacity. With the odious retaliatory measures of religious persecution which disgraced the reign of this cold-blooded monarch; the tortures of the perjurer Oates; the cruel treatment of the Scotch Covenanters; the contumelious secret negotiations with France; and the assiduously pursued, crafty, mad-minded effort to crush the Established Church, in order to restore the supremacy of that of Rome, we have little or nothing to do in following up the object of these remarks. The chapter contains much of biographical delineation. Sir George Jeffreys and the brutal qualities of character and disposition so witheringly attributed to him, fill the reader with sensations of unmitigated disgust and loathing; while John Churchill, the future illustrious Duke of Marlborough, is described in that characteristic manner which, as we have before said, leaves us in doubt whether to abhor or to admire a man who filled the world with his fame. The account of his early life really inspires contempt, and causes a regretful and unpleasant train of emotions when we connect the same with earlier and more grateful impressions of the victor of Blenheim and Ramillies, the proud conqueror of Villars and a brilliant array of brother Marshals; the Captain-General of a coalition which embodied such commanders as Eugene and Peterborough. We give Mr. Macaulay full credit for candor and accuracy, but we cannot thank him, in view of these agreeable associations, for spoiling, with a dash of his cutting propensity, so interesting and exciting a connection of historical inquiry. There is something unmeasurably disgusting,—especially, as we should think, to a proud Englishman—when we connect the hero of such mighty battle-fields, the active agent of so mighty a coalition, with the mean, low-minded, despicable, and petty miser and sharper of the history; with the kept minion of Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, from whose adulterous bed he was once forced ignominiously to fly at the king's sudden approach, or with the cringing recipient of a heavy purse of guineas from the haughty paramour, for having accomplished, so successfully, a feat

at once so witheringly ridiculous and full of hazard. We should as little feel obliged to an American historian who, in giving the account of Washington's early manhood, should choose to represent the Father of his country in the midst of his slave quarters engaged in flogging a refractory negro tied naked to the stake. Such scenes in connection with the world's venerated heroes should never find a place in history which, we are told, is philosophy teaching by example. We can tolerate, in such a memoir as that of the Duchess of Abrantes, the story of Napoleon, as "Puss in boots," quarrelling with pert young girls, and of his playing, while Chief Consul, at childish games of leap-frog and prisoner's base, during his recreations at Malmaison. But how would such a page as this appear in Thier's history of the Consulate and Empire, where this same man is shown to us as the stern arbiter of the Duke D'Enghein's fate, as the victor of Marengo and Austerlitz, and as the haughty Dictator of prostrate kingdoms and empires? As little did we expect to derive from the volumes before us impressions of contempt for the character of the greatest Commander ever born in England, and the loftiest ornament of her history. As Mr. Macaulay is the first, so we trust he will be the last of historians who seek to combine with the gravity and decorum of legitimate history gossiping memoir and scandalous anecdote.

We come now to that portion of these volumes which has, doubtless, startled all American readers. In tracing the character of William Penn, the venerated Patriarch of one of our greatest States, our author has opened a chapter of his life which we confess is new to us, and, we imagine, to a great many others who have preceded and may succeed us in reading this work. It is somewhat to be wondered at, that a man whose shining virtues and spotless benevolence of character have won for him heretofore the admiration and eulogium of historians, and whose name has been handed down through generations, even, of wild, untaught savages as the choicest model of his kind, should come in for so immoderate a share of our author's keen sarcasm and pungent exacerbation. Even Voltaire, the most critical and supercilious of modern authors, and not famous for universal leniency and tolerance, yet ascribes to

this good man qualities of heart and of character that alone would have made him immortal.—(*Dict. Phil., Art. Quakers.*) Yet Mr. Macaulay would have his readers to believe that William Penn would have been delighted to take air passage from London to Paris to have witnessed the tortures of Damiens. He would have them believe that he was miserly and extortionate, cringing, time-serving, and hard-hearted, to an extent that begets abhorrence. Penn, again, belongs to that class of persons alluded to some pages back, whom Mr. Macaulay first exalts, then abases; praises in one breath, in the next damns; and then leaves his readers to doubt and to contemn. This propensity reminds us of an anecdote, familiar in Mississippi, of a certain juror who was called on to try an issue between two suitors as to the right of property in a calf. The plaintiff's lawyer states his case and our juror at once conceives a verdict in his favor. The defendant's lawyer next explains the nature of his claim, and our juror yields his first impressions. Finally, the Judge sums up the testimony, and expounds the law, and, in this charge so mixes up the points in dispute, that our juror finds himself completely riddled, and protests that he cannot say who *does* own the calf. But,—asking the pardon of our author's admirers for this liberty—we must introduce one or two extracts from the work to convey these impressions the more properly, and to exemplify the justice of these remarks. After devoting nearly an entire column to the praises of William Penn, our author (*p. 471, vol. 1.*) says: "his enthusiasm for one great principle sometimes impelled him to violate other great principles which he ought to have held sacred. Nor was his integrity altogether proof against the temptations to which it was exposed, in that splendid and polite, but deeply corrupted society, with which he now mingled. The whole Court was in a ferment with intrigues of gallantry, and intrigues of ambition. The integrity of Penn had stood firm against obloquy and persecutions; but now, attacked by royal smiles, by female blandishments, by the insinuating eloquence and delicate flattery of veteran diplomatists and courtiers, his resolution began to give way. It would be well if he had been guilty of nothing worse than such compliances with the fashions of

the world. Unhappily it cannot be concealed that he bore a chief part in some transactions, condemned, not merely by the rigid code of the society to which he belonged, but by the general sense of all honest men."

Now these involve a charge of the deepest corruption, sensuality, and hypocrisy. The courtier Penn, intriguing with frail, pretty women, seduced from honesty by flattery, easily cajoled and easily bribed, and the grave, benevolent-hearted, scrupulous patriarch Penn, treating with, and winning the confidence of rude sons of the wilderness, ruling a colony by the law of justice and morality alone, and then spurning to obtain royal favor by abjuring the customs of his society, are two dissimilar characters which we cannot reconcile. The one is despicable, the other venerable. We do not mean at all to impeach the authority of Mr. Macaulay, but we must see the proofs before we can be brought to believe in their identity of person. In this we are fortified and sustained both by the general voice of history and the solemn denial of Mr. Penn himself, when charged as guilty by his enemies of the court. The mere fact that such charges were made in Penn's lifetime cannot be taken as proof of their truth. Any man who occupies an envied position is liable to be vitally impugned by his contemporaries. The charge of "bargain and intrigue" to obtain the office of Secretary of State under John Quincy Adams, has been levelled by unscrupulous enemies against Henry Clay for more than a quarter of a century; yet no decent historian would venture to allude to it otherwise than in the stern language of reprobation. Even Walter Scott suffered in public opinion when it was found that, in his life of Napoleon, he had condescended to dignify with historical notice petty scandals against his illustrious subject. We will hazard the assertion that proofs just as strong going to show that Henry Clay was basely bribed, that Napoleon caused Pichegru and Captain Wright to be strangled in prison, and that he whispered proposals of incest in the ear of the Princess Borghese, (both of which are alluded to by Sir Walter Scott, though qualified with the expression of his disbelief in their truth,) can be brought up by active, low-minded enemies, as any that can be arrayed to

show that Penn intrigued with the court beauties of James the Second, and was bribed through his "vanity," as Mr. Macaulay intimates, to abet foul corruptions repulsive to "the general sense of all honest men." Yet no one ever candidly believed the first, everybody rejects the second; and we may safely add that no historian has ever before taken such pains to prove up the third.

During the reign of terror and bloody assizes under James the Second, a company of young girls who had borne a banner in honor of Monmouth's entry into Taunton, were suddenly arraigned and imprisoned, at the instigation of the queen's maids of honor, in order to wring heavy sums in their ransom from the pockets of wealthy parents and friends. The maids made several attempts to engage gentlemen to undertake this task of unworthy extortion, but met with indignant rebuffs and scornful answers. At length they applied to William Penn. "Penn," says Mr. Macaulay, "accepted the commission;" and then the author adds, significantly, "yet it should seem that a little of the pertinacious scrupulosity which he had often shown about taking off his hat would not have been altogether out of place on this occasion."—(p. 607.) The sarcastic tone of this sentence cannot be misunderstood, and betrays sufficient evidence of biased judgment to induce us to take Mr. Macaulay's character of Penn with many qualifications and allowances. The invidious—at least unnecessary—allusion, in another place, to the fact that Penn rode post haste from Tyburn, where he had just seen a man kick his life away under the gibbet, in order that he might not miss the show of seeing a woman burned in London, strengthens our impressions in this particular. Now we infer from the general character of Penn that a high and noble humanity of sentiment prompted him to both these acts—so liable to be used as the means of blackening his fame. Never before having met with either in any defined form, (never with the last,) we cannot venture to contradict or defend further. Mr. Macaulay himself thinks that this was the "probable" motive of Penn on both these occasions. If we thought for a moment that such was not *certain*, our veneration for the name and memory of Penn

would be speedily turned into a feeling of unmitigated abhorrence and detestation.

The first volume of this history closes amidst scenes of melancholy and blood, appalling and sickening to an extreme that inspires disrelish for perusal. The awful scene of Monmouth's execution; the bloody assizes; the hanging, drawing, quartering and transportation of the hapless victims of revenge; rotting skulls grinning at every cross-road; the noisome atmosphere; harrowing scenes of domestic affliction and suffering—all told in the peculiar graphic and forcible style of this author, make up a total of disgusting facts unparalleled in the world's history, and which haunt one's reflections for days after reading of them.

We shall not extend these remarks to the second volume, at this time; our only remaining task is, therefore, to condense and sum up our impressions of the general tone and character of the first.

Upon the whole, then, we are inclined to regard this work more as a terse, well-digested, and brilliant essay on the history of England, than, what it purports to be, a history proper of England. It is altogether a new visitor to the circles of the literary world both as to manner and method of telling history, and, in this sense, has attracted, as was naturally to be expected, unparalleled admiration. But like all preternaturally bright bodies in another sphere of attraction, it partakes more of the meteoric than of the fixed or intransitive nature, and, we are inclined to believe, will be pronounced in the end rather splendid miscellany than unadulterated history. But it has served its purpose. Mr. Macaulay has allured many to a branch of reading which has generally been considered forbidding and uninviting, and his brilliant, captivating style has induced and held many to a task who might have been repelled by the austere gravity of Hallam, or the pithy sententiousness and severe condensation of Hume. He has smothered the harsh frown and wrinkled brow of English history, and wreathed her face with winning smiles, and in this has achieved a pleasing revolution in the taste and character of the literary world. Whilst, therefore, he may not inspire the distant, reverential awe associated with Hallam or Robertson, his pages will always be opened with that agreeable anticipation

of healthy and rational entertainment which possesses a reader of *Kenilworth* or *Ivanhoe*. Nor do we consider such comparison with these last wonderful productions at all disparaging to the claims of this history. Sir Walter Scott has, it is true, created many of his grandest scenes, and clothed them with a garb and face of startling reality. Mr. Macaulay has thrown around real and authenticated scenes of history all the dazzling attractions of fanciful conception. This peculiarity constitutes the principal charm of his history—a peculiarity and novelty of feature that must ever secure to it, independent of glaring innovations and bold episodings, a welcome place in all private libraries. It bears no resemblance to the historical works of the authors we have named. To compare Mr. Macaulay's history to that of any of these, would be like comparing a luminous mezzotint or rich, variegated enamel, to the more grand but at the same time more subdued paintings of Rubens or Corregio.

When it was made known to the world that Daguerre had published his celebrated discovery—that a process had been invented by means of which life-like representations of person and of landscape could be taken by the agency of light only, reflected through the camera obscura, that the images thus produced were so clearly expressed that silk might be distinguished from satin and marble from plaster, every body predicted that the easel and the brush would be abolished, and that the art of painting would be effectually superseded by this more speedy and wonderful method. And for a time it seemed that this prediction would be verified. Painters looked sad, and began to throw aside canvas and pallet, and to purchase cameras and copper plates. Curiosity ran wild. Old pictures and family portraits became objects of jest and ridicule, and for a moment the splendid galleries of Florence and of Rome were forgotten and neglected. But it was only for a moment that the daguerrean process held this supremacy. While all yet admire the genius of the discoverer and the strange and novel splendors of the discovery, while the magic operation still continues to dazzle and to puzzle beholders, it is yet evident that it is placed subordinate to the grander and more enduring achievements of the pencil. In making the ap-

plication of this apologue, (if we may thus speak,) we mean only to express our convictions that historical works of this class and description, brilliant though they may be, and sparkingly as they may be welcomed, will be consigned to a like subordinate station when compared with the labors of the elder and greater race of historians. We do not even mean to say it is our belief that Mr. Macaulay will meet this fate. There are many reasons to believe that he will not. His vast genius, his profound learning, his literary accomplishments, the fame with which he has filled the two hemispheres as a miscellaneous writer and reviewer, added to the fact that he is the author as well as leader of this style of

writing history, may, and most probably will, effectually preserve him from the fate of less gifted or less fortunate imitators and successors.

But it is time these remarks should be brought to a close. We shall reserve much that we had intended to say, in this connexion, for some future continuation of a task which was undertaken less to criticise, than to endeavor to show that even the greatest writers, when moving in a sphere of authorship different from that in which we have been most accustomed and delighted to hold converse with them, are very apt sometimes to disappoint high expectations.

J. B. C.

Longwood, Miss. Feb. 1850.

EVERSTONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANDERPORT RECORDS."

(Continued from page 286.)

CHAPTER VII.

MANY weeks had not gone by when Somers learned from an authentic source, that a person named Joshua Evans had been met at a small town in a neighboring county, travelling at his leisure towards Redland. The lawyer was instantly on the alert, and proceeded first to Munny's store, which he had come to look upon as the centre of information. Joshua had not been there, however: yet the people told him that a family of Evans' lived some eight miles to the westward.

"Let me know the way," said Somers.

"There are two roads," replied Sam Munny, deliberately.

"The shortest, then."

"That," returned the other, "goes by the Long Mill, and so on, up Starving Branch—but there are eleven chances out of a dozen that you miss it."

"Well," said Somers, "if that's the case, describe the other route."

"It leads by Mr. Newlove's house, and then along to Bartlet's, which is only a few hundred yards from the place you are going to. This road is very easy to find."

"And you advise me to take it, do you?"

"Why, Mr. Somers, it is certainly about two miles the longest, but I have lived long enough to have learned that the farthest way round, is oftentimes the quickest travelled."

"My experience is the same, Mr. Munny, and the longest road shall in this instance, at least, be my choice."

As the lawyer passed in front of Sylvester Newlove's residence, his good horse finding a level piece of road, broke into a gallop. The rider, in turning his head for one instant towards the enclosed field on the right, caught a glimpse of a man running towards the road, as if to intercept him. His first impulse was to stop. Then the recollection of the preciousness of time induced him to hurry on.

Bartlet's house was reached, and afterwards the Evans' settlement: but no Joshua could he there see or hear of. Digesting his disappointment as best he might, in a stomach which would have been more pleased by a substantial dinner, the indefatigable lawyer turned his horse's head eastward and homeward.

At Mr. Newlove's gate, he found Absalom Handsucker waiting for him.

"Mr. Somers!—I've got you now. But you went by in wonderful quick time this morning. I most trotted my legs off in trying to catch you."

"Well, Absalom, what's to pay?"

"Nothing so very great," replied the manager; "I only want to know whether you saw anything of a pocket-handkerchief between Munny's and here."

"No, I did not."

"I wouldn't make so much fuss about the article if it weren't *silk*. I paid ten shillings for it—that is York shillings, you understand. It was as good as ever, for I only used it when I went visiting and to meeting, and so forth. I thought I felt my

coat-tail flop light all of a sudden as I was riding through that big stretch of woods. I should have stopped, but Jack was so skippery and scamperry that I didn't care to get off. It was very late, too—somewhere after midnight."

"That was a fine hour, indeed," said Somers, "for a young man to be out scouring the country! I fear you are getting into bad habits down South here."

Absalom blushed and chuckled at once as he answered, "I rather guess the Shawngo Mountains, if it could tell tales, would say that I didn't have to come here to learn how to find my way by starlight. Yet I'd have got off earlier from Mr. Safety's last night, but for that man Evans' coming."

"What did you say? Evans? Is it Joshua Evans?"

"Yes, sir, I think he gave that for his first name."

"Is he at Safety's now?"

"I suppose so," answered Absalom; "he seemed to make himself very much at home there, at any rate."

"If I had only known of this three hours ago!" ejaculated Somers. "But no matter—I must make the more haste now."

"Oh look here, Mr. Somers!" bawled Absalom after him.

The horseman turned his head.

"Don't forget to pick up that handkerchief, if you see it!"

"Is Mr. Joshua Evans here," said Somers to Mrs. Safety who came to the door as he rapped upon a bar-post with the heavy end of his whip.

"He went away about an hour and a half ago," replied the dame.

"Where has he gone?"

"I do not know; somebody called and took him off."

"Who was it, madam, that called?"

"I did not see the person's face, sir."

"Is Mr. Safety at home?"

"No."

"Will Evans be back here this evening?"

"How should I know, sir?" said Mrs. Safety, with some asperity. "I cannot be expected to interest myself in the movements of such as he. I don't begrudge the man his food and lodging—every way-

faring person is entitled to that much, but of course no Evans can have any further claim upon a Safety. This is all the information I can give you—will you come in, sir?"

Somers moved slowly away, convinced of the futility of putting more questions to Mrs. Safety. In front of a cabin a little distance off, he noticed a negro sitting on a drawing-bench and apparently engaged in dressing shingles. "That fellow," thought the lawyer, "may prove more communicative than his mistress chooses to be."

Riding up to the man, he said—

"Can you tell me which way Mr. Evans went?"

"I can't say to a certainty, sir," answered the negro, picking up another shingle, "but as they passed along here, I heard old Master Jack speak something about Hardwater Run."

"It was Mr. Astiville that accompanied him, then?"

"Yes, sir. And Mr. Josh Evans got on his horse and rode with him through the gap yonder, and, I 'spose, forded the Run and went up the other side."

"They did not pass by Mr. Everlyn's?"

"No, sir; if they had wanted to go there, they'd have fotched a course right over the hill, you know, and would'nt have had anything to cross but the Lower Branch."

Somers had good cause to fear that his errand was spoiled and the mischief done, yet he determined to follow up the trail of which he had at last caught sight. It was something to satisfy curiosity, even though no useful information could be gained. Naomi had assured him that Joshua Evans was aware of the situation of the cornerstone; Astiville had protested that he himself was ignorant of this; could it be that he had now taken Evans with him in order to learn the place and to be able to make way with the stone? It was matter for thought.

Having forded the Run below the junction, Somers turned to the left and went up the bank of the stream, riding all the way, of course, on what was incontestably Mr. Astiville's land. Occasionally on passing over a sandy place, he observed the fresh tracks of two horses which had preceded him in the same direction. On he went till he had gone beyond any possible site of the disputed corner. The hoof-

marks which had hitherto encouraged him no longer greeted his eager vision. It occurred to his mind that the men whom he sought must somewhere have struck across to the Lower Branch, and he himself, without wasting time in a vain effort to trace them through the woods, bore off in a direct line for the other stream.

But while Somers was riding southward, Astiville and Evans were returning across the same ridge a few hundred yards below. And just about the moment when he reined his horse by the Lower Branch, they reached the edge of the Upper one. Let us leave the lawyer to ride east and west and to perplex himself at his leisure, whilst we watch their movements.

Joshua Evans, suffering his horse to stretch the bridle, and nibble such spires of grass as could be found within the compass of a few feet, turned his face towards his companion and said:

"It is most unaccountable. I thought I should recognize the corner without the least difficulty. The stone was the largest and most distinctly marked of the whole six, the grave too, when I last saw it was greatly sunken. Yet neither stone nor grave is now visible on the one fork or the other."

"Yet," replied Astiville, "you say it is your opinion that the corner stood on this, the Upper Branch."

"Yes, I feel a conviction next to certainty that it did. What can have become of the stone I cannot imagine."

"Nor can I," rejoined Astiville, "It has now been a considerable time since I first attempted to trace out this line, and I assure you, Joshua, that neither then, nor any day since, have I been able to find the corner or any signs of it. If in this uncertainty I thought it justifiable to claim all the land that the law would give, can you blame me? I did not wish to deceive Everlyn; I told him how the case stood. Assuming the risk—he has made extensive clearings, and erected a fine house at great expense. I could not but grieve to see all this taken away and he himself in advanced age reduced to poverty. You will hear, then, without wonder that I am determined, for his sake as well as my own, to relinquish no right nor shadow of claim, until it is wrested from me by a decision of the court."

"I think you act fair enough," responded Evans, "you can't be expected to take

care of the rights of strangers—it's their own look out."

Astiville, who had brought his man to the point he wished, continued, "You can understand, Joshua, why it is I am unwilling that Dick Somers should get you into Court."

"Yet what if he did?" said Evans, "I am satisfied from this morning's search that I can't swear to the Corner."

"Ay, Joshua, but do you not see that he will ask you on which Branch you *think* it stands?"

"And that would be a hard question to get over," answered Evans. "Sworn to tell the whole truth, I should have no choice but either to say the North Branch or"—

"Or to perjure yourself—is not that it, Joshua?"

"Yes," said the man; "it's a rough word and means an ugly thing. To tell you the plain sense of the matter, Mr. Astiville, I'm no ways anxious to get into any such scrape, and what's more, nothing could persuade me to it."

Astiville answered, laughing, "You are very wise in that determination, Joshua, and you may rely upon it that I myself would hesitate a very long time before rendering myself liable to the penalties of a suborner. No, no, we must avoid having occasion to think of such a thing. Is there any very important business requiring you to remain about here?"

"None. I took a sudden notion to come in and see Redland once more. Accordingly I'm here. I have been in the county not quite forty-eight hours, and haven't yet found anything so special as to make me wish to stay longer. They say the country has been improving in the last few years, and perhaps this is true, but it had been going down hill so fast before, that a long while will be needed to fetch it back to the state it was in when I left it. I don't mind where I make my home, so I can get good water to drink and clear air to breathe."

"It is but reasonable to suppose," said Astiville, "that you must be put to some inconvenience by leaving so speedily, and as your departure is prompted by good-will to me, it is but fair that I should recompense you for all loss incurred. Suppose I give you fifty dollars down, and send you a hundred after you have been away six months, will that suit you?"

"Perfectly."

"Yet it is necessary," added the other, "that you should go immediately. Somers will begin a search, I have no doubt, the instant he hears of your being in the county. Indeed, it is exceedingly fortunate that he did not catch you before I did. The same negro by whom I was accidentally informed of your having come to Alonzo Safety's, told me also that Somers passed by Munny's store this morning. Keep out of his way, will you? He's a keen fellow and may have a subpoena served in a trice."

"No fear," replied Evans, "I'll be on the watch, and what's still more to the purpose, I'll be on the go. The fellow must have the scent of a blood-hound that tracks Josh Evans."

"Here then we part," said Astiville; "it is as well that we should not be seen in company more than can be helped. I wish you a safe journey and good luck at the end of it."

With this he handed three or four bank-notes to Evans, who, after quietly depositing them in his pocket-book, went to pass the night at Alonzo Safety's.

Astiville crossed the stream and chose a winding course which brought him at length to the summit of the hill, near the habitation of Cain, the solitary. He dismounted, secured his horse by the bridle to a tree, and entered the cabin.

Cain was sitting in a musing attitude at the edge of the hearth, on which a few coals were glowing in readiness to receive the fresh-skinned rabbit that lay upon the table close by. He arose at the noise of footsteps, and perceiving the visitant, said,

"Is it you?"

"Ay, Henry, how do you do this evening?"

"Why ask me that?" said Cain impatiently. "Reserve such empty inquiries for the world. These formal civilities may be received with satisfaction by others, but they lacerate my heart. Do you ask how am I? Surely you are not ignorant that although suns may rise and set and clouds gather and disperse, sameness is *my* portion. You may have a headache one day, an ague the next, and be well the following;—bless Heaven for the variety! My life admits of no change, it is one unvarying void.—No! Would that it were so. I am plunged to the bottom of an abyss full of hor-

ror, the waters come over me, I am tied, hand and foot, and cannot rise!"

Astiville suffered a few moments to elapse in silence, and then observed in a calm indifferent tone, "that's not a very fat rabbit you have there, Henry."

"No, it is not," replied Cain, "but you should have seen one I caught day before yesterday. It was a dainty fit for a prince. I need to have something nice since the frost killed my tomatoes. Yes, John, I haven't a single one—my favorite vegetable too."

"That is surprising," said Astiville; "the frost was not near so bad at Greywood. If you wish, I can send you some tomatoes from there."

"No—I cannot take them," answered Cain; "you know, I'm determined to eat nothing but what is the fruit of my own labor. If it is a duty to sustain life, let that duty be as rugged and difficult of performance as possible. And should the Almighty deprive me of the power of making my own subsistence, the event will bring only joy. I shall hail it as the signal that I am permitted to close my eyes upon these horrid scenes."

"Henry, do not let your mind brood thus upon what is passed. Live and be contented with life for the sake of another if not for your own. Am I not entitled to so much regard from you?"

"Yes, John," said Cain; "you treat me far better than I deserve. Of all men you have most reason to loathe my sight—and yet your eyes are not averted. You do not shun me as one accursed; you even come willingly into my presence, and offer consolation and the hope of pardon. I thank you; your's is true charity—it is *Christian* heroism; for human nature, unassisted, could not attain to such a height of fortitude. Stricken of God, and only not abominated by mankind because unknown, I have sought this wilderness, whose sole inhabitants, the beast and the bird, fly from before me. They, poor creatures, only recognize me for a man, and expect no injury greater than all men are fit to render them. You, John, know what I am, you feel the horror of my guilt as no one else can feel it—still you approach me, and by the might of compassion, you control very nature and forbid your museles to exhibit those shudders which agitate your inward breast."

Astiville replied, soothingly, "If you have erred, you have suffered. Do not torment yourself further. The sacrifices which you have made, prove your penitence—this retirement proves it, and surely neither the law of God, nor that of man can require more. It is sufficient that you deny yourself all pleasure; do not assume unrequired pangs. But let us think of something else. I want you to point out to me, Henry, the precise situation of the patent corner on the Run. Come, lead me to the spot."

"I cannot," said Cain.

"And will you deny me so small a favor, Henry? Is this the fruit of that gratitude and regard, which you just now so earnestly professed?"

Cain answered: "I will not, I will not suffer any human being to accompany me there. Let that spot be covered and hid. Let no eyes look upon it, but those, which, like mine, can penetrate the sand and the sod, and view all that earth attempts to conceal in her bosom. I dare not take you with me. Whenever I approach that fatal place, the man of blood stirs within, the felon hand again is raised to deal the blow,—oh, in those moments, may Heaven send no victim across my path!"

"This is frenzy," said Astiville. "Call reason to your aid, and lead me to the corner."

"Frenzy, say you? Ay, surely, it *is* frenzy, and shall you be exposed to its insane violence? And what right have you, or any other man, to look on that which the Ruler of the elements has hidden? What claim has the ignorance of innocence upon sin's knowledge? No! I will perish, sooner than uncover that stone to the sight of any mortal."

Astiville rejoined: "Yet it is necessary that I should know the corner. I cannot otherwise establish the bounds of the patent. A portion of the inheritance may even be usurped by others."

"What of that?" exclaimed Cain.

"Better that the whole should be lost—better that land and forest, and Greywood itself, should be swallowed up, than that corner, so fatal to the race of Astiville, should be brought to light. It is at once my punishment and my privilege to visit that spot, and indulge in the meditations which it excites."

Astiville's desire to find the corner-stone

was not extinguished, but he thought to gratify it in a different way. He took leave of the recluse, and rode off briskly. Scarcely, however, was he out of sight of the cabin, than he dismounted, and returned stealthily on foot. Crouching within a thicket, which commanded a view of the little garden, he waited patiently for the time when Cain should walk forth to the edge of the Hardwater. After the hands on Astiville's watch had marked the lapse of a full hour, he observed the tall white-haired figure emerge from the cabin-door, and descend the hill. The watcher followed, and, as he got near the bottom, quickened his step, in order to distinguish, with more certainty, the place where Cain should stop, which place, he doubted not, must be the site of the corner. As he was creeping rapidly along, with his eyes fixed upon the person in whose footstep he was following, his toe caught in a beech-root, which extended itself across the path. Before he could recover himself, he stumbled, and fell. Cain heard the noise, and, turning with a startled expression, beheld his disconcerted pursuer rising from the ground.

"Can I have no peace?" exclaimed Cain. "Must I be dogged and watched in this way, and by you? Has it come to this, that I may not endure my penance uninterrupted?"

"Do not be angry, Henry," said Astiville.

"It is not anger which I feel," replied the other, "but sorrow:—and not on my own account, but yours. That accursed head-stone is hidden, and Heaven grant that it may remain so. And must I betray the spot, which can bring only misfortune and ruin to every Astiville who visits it? No—a merciful Providence cannot require that horrid office of me. It is pardonable to cut short a life, which cannot be protracted, without bringing destruction upon those whom I ought to save. I am thankful that this day has come. I can now behold the term of my agony. Yes, I see my way clear, I have endured all that life has of wretchedness, and am now permitted to try what death holds in reserve. The ends of Justice, also, will thus be best accomplished; life for life is the demand of nature, and of God."

"Henry, Henry," said Astiville, exhibiting the signs of real emotion, "do not

indulge in those wild and wicked thoughts. I promise, solemnly, to watch you no more. Go, and meditate where you please, without apprehension of any witness. Be satisfied with this assurance, and do no violence to yourself."

"I will think of it," answered Cain, gravely, and then, with his usual long strides, hastened back to the cabin.

Joshua Evans, in the meantime, had returned to Alonzo Safety's. Early in the morning he gratified his portly hostess by the assurance that he would probably have no occasion to trespass again upon her hospitality. As the traveller rode slowly along the front of Munny's store, he noticed a tall man, with long and hoary locks, standing by the counter, and receiving from the hand of the clerk, a small glass vial.

"I should know that face," thought Evans, "yet the hair is different. Pshaw—I must be mistaken. How silly to think of such a thing."

"Can you tell me the name of that long-bodied man?" he inquired of a negro, who was loitering in the road.

"Its Mr. Cain," was the answer.

"I knew it couldn't be him," muttered Evans, passing on. Yet, in spite of his efforts, he could not shake off the impression which the sudden sight of those long, sharp features had left upon his mind. His horse had walked several hundred yards, when, as if sympathizing with the rider's wavering purpose, he stopped short.

"I would give anything," said Evans, to himself, "for five minutes talk with that man. I have a great mind now to turn about, and go to him."

The impulse was not yielded to, and by evening Joshua Evans was many miles beyond the limits of Redland.

As for Richard Somers, whom we left wandering through the woods between the two branches of the Hardwater, he did not

desist from his search, until the approach of evening threatened to add darkness to the other vexatious difficulties which combined to baffle all his skill and patience. He then went to lodge with Mr. Newlove. While sitting there in front of the cheerful fire, which the frosty air of autumn made acceptable, he happened to allude to the subject of the grave at the Fourth Corner. At this, Absalom Handsucker intimated it was in his power to throw some light upon the matter. "Mrs. Safety," said he, "told me all about it. It seems, however, that the Astivilles have been very particular to keep the story shut up, and Mrs. Safety,—she's some relation to the Astivilles,—said she gave it to me in confidence, and didn't want that I should talk of it to others."

"Had Mr. John Astiville anything to do with the affair?" inquired Somers.

"No, sir, of course not—at least, he's no more concerned in it than his father was before him. You know the grave was made a long time ago."

It was never easy for Absalom to refrain from telling a story, which, he was sure, would be listened to with interest, and, before bed-time, he had disclosed all that Mrs. Safety had entrusted to his discretion.

The lawyer was greatly chagrined at this overthrow of the hypothesis which he had built up of so many plausible circumstances. He saw, with indescribable mortification, that Astiville was entirely guiltless of the villainy which he had charged upon him. Yet he felt more of anger than of humiliation. Notwithstanding all evidence, he would not believe that Astiville, whose meanness and purse-proud insolence were equally his dislike, had not been engaged in sins of a darker hue. Whether Somers retired to his chamber that night in charity with all men, may be doubted.

CHAPTER VIII.

If the lawyer felt discomposure, in reviewing the incidents of the day, the slumbers of his antagonist were also disturbed by uneasy reflections. Astiville could not forget the purpose of self-destruction, which had been darkly hinted by Cain. Selfishness whispered to the rich man, as his head sank upon a pillow of down, that the act of suicide, if committed, would rather promote than oppose his interests. "Why should I grieve, when he manifests a purpose to do that which it is best for me that he should do? And have I not ever generously endeavored to dissuade him? No more can be done;—let fate decide the matter. Does he live? I shall not wish him dead. Does he destroy himself? I will be resigned to the dispensation of Providence—and not only resigned, but content, for, so long as Henry lives, I cannot be free from anxiety."

But conscience would not be lulled. From the moment when he threw himself upon his bed, till the distant cock saluted the dawn, Astiville enjoyed no rest. When he arose, he tried to calm himself with the thought that all was now over. "What has been done, has happened without my will or desire—nay, I resisted it with all my might. I argued, I entreated, and if my efforts were vain, surely the fault is his own, not mine."

Astiville's ear was startled by his unuttered words. Echo seemed to repeat them over and over again. Then the severe internal monitor, whom no sophistry can silence, took them for a text: "He to be blamed, and not you? Does not the lie stick in your throat, and strangle you? You told him that suicide is wrong—was that a sufficient discharge of duty? You should have thrown yourself at his feet, begging, protesting, weeping;—and never have ceased to plead until he had relented, and promised to spare a life which should be dearer than your own."

Breakfast had passed, the dinner-hour approached;—Astiville could preserve the semblance of tranquillity no longer. He called for his horse, mounted, and was soon

lost from view in the wide forest, which extended from the edge of the lawn to the forks of the Hardwater. As he proceeded he urged his blooded bay faster and faster; but no sooner was the log-chimney of the cabin distinguished through the trees, than the gallop at once subsided to a walk. The horseman displayed not then the impetuous haste of the courier, who flies to arrest an execution, but the reluctant, dragging face of a culprit, about to confront the witness and the judge. Riding up close to the low fence in the rear, he was able, without dismounting, to observe through the aperture, which served as the window of the rude hut, nearly everything within. That instant's fearful glance revealed to him Cain stretched at length upon the floor, his long, snowy hair hanging in disorder about his rigid features. But there was a living human form bending over the corpse. In that person the spectator recognized his own son, Howard. Even more shocked at this sight than at the other, Astiville turned hastily away, and dared not again draw bridle, till his steed, panting and bathed in sweat, recoiled from the iron gate of Greywood.

Howard Astiville had gone out that morning, with gun and pointer, in search of game. A flock of pheasants, pursued from thicket to thicket, led the eager sportsman to the little clearing which surrounded Cain's cabin. Howard, aware, by report, of the unsocial character of the inmate, had never before intruded upon him, but he now felt a sudden inclination to learn something of a hermit's mode of house-keeping. His surprise at seeing the old man prostrate on the floor, was changed into horror, when he read the label, "Laudanum," of the partially emptied vial, which stood on the table. Raising the body in his arms, he was rejoiced to find that life was not extinct. He knew of nothing else which he could do but to await in intense anxiety the result of unassisted nature's struggle against the narcotic. Finally, the would-be suicide opened his eyes, and made a languid attempt to

stand upon his feet. Howard contributed his support. Cain, after a bewildered glance around the apartment, tottered to the table, and, seizing the uncorked vessel of laudanum, raised it to his lips. Howard sprang forward, wrested the vial from his grasp, and threw it, with its contents, into the fire.

Cain burst into a rage. "Who are you," he exclaimed. "Who is it that dares interfere between me and my purpose?"

"Howard Astiville."

"Howard Astiville? Yes, I might have recognized you by the coarse hair, black as the raven's wing. Young man, I could tell you of that, which, once understood, would prevent any disposition, in future, to rescue me from my fate. Are you so young as not to know that there are those who do not deserve to live?"

"I know *this*," replied Howard, "that the Creator has given no man authority to be his own judge and executioner. If it be that you have committed crime, and wish to undergo the penalty, there are Courts to which the sword of justice is confided—look to them."

"Yet," said Cain, "what if my offence is one which no earthly tribunal will punish?"

"Then wait," returned Howard, "till the great Judge of all shall, in his good pleasure, summon you to attend his bar."

"Hear me further, young man. When a wrong is done, those injured must desire the punishment of the wrong-doer—ought they not to be gratified? When they cry vengeance, vengeance on the guilty, shall their reasonable demand be baulked? Is it just, that because the law of man is impotent, they should be compelled to wait for the tardy interposition of the decree of Heaven?"

Howard answered: "Vengeance does not belong to man. It little becomes those who sin continually against their Maker, to be harsh and unforgiving to each other. If the persons you have offended are capable of contemplating, with pleasure, your self-murder, they forfeit, by their want of charity, all title to atonement."

"You talk with Christian mildness," retorted Cain, jeeringly. "These are fine sentiments, indeed, to come from an Asti-

ville, of all others—from a member of that hot and hasty race, whose custom it ever has been to exact the severest amends for a very small injury. You preach forgiveness and long-suffering with fluent diction; suppose I were to tell you that it is you and yours that I have wronged? What say you now? Is poison too bad for the wretch who has done harm to an Astiville?"

"I can pardon you," said Howard.

"Hold! Before you utter forgiveness, would it not be well to learn the crime? Pardon!—'tis a word easily uttered. But whom can you pardon? The rival who impedes your advancement?—the knave who picks your pocket?—or the slanderer, who defames and villifies you? Pshaw! why do I speak of such things? Yonder stands your dog—no doubt you cherish and admire him; he is your companion, perhaps, your friend, and faithful follower. Suppose, now, I snatch that fowling-piece—I, who have never drawn trigger these thirty years—and cause your dog to welter in blood before your eyes. That would be a little thing;—for, what is a *dog*, that you should resent his destruction? Yet would you pardon me?"

Howard made no answer.

Cain's lip curled contemptuously. He took up young Astiville's gun, which leaned against the wall, and said: "I am strongly tempted to try you, but let the brute live—he is not human." After a brief pause he added, "This is a handsomely finished gun—I presume you value it very highly?"

"I do—for it is a present from a very dear friend, and the giver is now dead."

Cain immediately beat the gun violently against the chimney. One barrel exploded, filling the room with smoke, but he did not desist till the stock was shattered into fragments. Then he threw what remained upon the floor, and looked at Howard, saying: "*Pardon me.*"

The young man's cheek, which had paled a little at the discharge of the loaded barrel, was now flushed with passion. His breast heaved, and his clenched hand was half extended.

Cain smiled. "I thought the Astiville had not changed his nature. Behold how meek, how patient, how forgiving!"

Howard, unable to restrain his wrath,

bounded upon the man, seized his collar, and heaved him to and fro.

"That is the right temper," said Cain, calmly, "I would have your eye flash just so; but act as well as look. Take up that iron rod and dash out my brains. I do not wish to be a suicide, and would rather die by your hand than my own."

Ashamed and confounded, Howard relinquished his hold.

"And this," continued Cain, is the youth who prates like a woman about the duty of forgiveness! If you burst into a rage for such a trifle, what will you not do when informed of that other and greater offence?"

"I know what I ought to do," replied Howard, "yet, I may come far short of duty. Tempt me not. It is better that I should remain in ignorance. Conceal the knowledge of what you have done within your own breast, and I will try to forgive you. Since this hour has shown me my weakness, I dare not promise more."

"Now you speak well," said Cain; "saints and angels may glory in their meekness, but what is humanity save a compound of impotence and passion? Where is the man who can declare before-hand his conduct in the moment of sharp and sudden provocation? Young man, accustom yourself early to moderate trials, lest some great one overtake you and prove irresistible. In your daily meditations anticipate wrongs and insults, and think how patiently you ought to act if any of them should really occur. Take an exemplification, and this may serve as a case for you first to practice upon. Your father once had a brother—suppose that uncle, whom you never saw, received his death-blow from my hand—what would you think of the deed and of the being who committed it?"

Howard, at this observation, looked up inquiringly at Cain, in whose countenance he read a strange expression which he knew not how to interpret. The recluse continued, in a light, careless tone:

"That would not be a matter to harbor resentment for, would it? The thing must have happened many years ago, and an uncle is not so very near a relative. Surely you would not hate me half so much for that, as for breaking your fowling-piece just now!"

"What am I to understand," said

Howard, sternly, "are you in truth guilty of such an act as your words imply. Yet I never before heard that my uncle met foul play. You are jesting with me."

"Yes, you hit the thing precisely. Jestings? Of course. Do not I always appear a very merry fellow?"

Howard was puzzled, as was evident from his silence and from his embarrassed look.

Cain resumed. "I am stating an hypothesis—exercise your powers of meek forbearance upon it. Tell me now the result of the experiment. Could you pardon the murderer of your uncle?"

Howard remained silent.

"Or would you wish to see him become in despair the murderer of himself? Would you allow him poison, and rejoice to see him drink it? Would you furnish him with the knife and the cord, and teach him their use?"

"Tell me!" exclaimed Howard, "am I to believe you the wretch you describe?"

What is it to the purpose," replied the other, "whether the case presented be feigned or real? It is *your temper* I am testing; my own guilt or innocence concerns us now not at all. Have you charity enough to enable you to forgive a man who had slain your father's brother? Speak out—own yourself to be, as I suppose, full of malice and bitter resentment."

"Not so," said Howard, "I could pardon even one whose hands had been imbued in the blood of an uncle. Declare to me now whether you are thus guilty."

"Perhaps I am, perhaps not—choose which opinion you may, be sure at least of this, that you cannot regard me with greater horror than I deserve. Yet amidst your detestation, leave some room for pity. So help me Heaven, I did not *mean* what I did—one moment's ungovernable anger—but how dare I attempt justification? A grievous sin, it was, to indulge that anger, and God inflicted a righteous punishment when he abandoned me, a helpless prey to my furious passions, and gave them power to lead me whither I would not. You cannot conceive, Howard Astiville—no man who has not *felt* the intolerable torment, can conceive, what I have suffered from that day to this. Oh, how fearful may be the consequences of one hasty impulse—I have seen the assertion in books, that ex-

istence, though in extreme misery, is preferable to annihilation—it is a lie, as all men will some day be convinced. If I but saw a possibility of soul and body being reduced to the nothing from which they sprang, I could run through flames to reach that blessed oblivion. But alas! each year that rolls over me only adds to the burden of my sorrows.”

Cain sat down and clasped his hands over his eyes, whilst his whole body shook convulsively. Howard could not look upon such distress unmoved. Addressing the man in a soothing and sympathetic tone, he said:

“If the act on account of which you endure this remorse was not intended, alleviate your grief—there is a ground of hope.”

“You speak of what you know not,” replied Cain. “Did I declare the whole of my crime, no tongue on earth would have power to falter back words of comfort.”

“Still,” returned Howard, “the sad deed which you lament was the result of sudden passion—is it not so?”

Cain bowed his head.

The other continued: “Nature has made us all liable to violent bursts of passion.”

“True!” exclaimed the self-accuser; “and all are guilty when they fail to bridle wrath. Yes, all are guilty when they feel the *spirit* of murder. Condemn every man you meet, condemn the tottering infant that shakes his puny fist in anger, condemn your own heart—but do not dare to justify *me*.”

Cain rose and paced up and down the uneven floor of the hovel. Occasionally he would stop and muse with folded arms. After these brief pauses, he walked more furiously, and cast around him a wild and piercing glance. At length he halted abruptly in front of Howard, and spoke.

“Do not I appear like a frantic and distracted man?”

Howard making no answer, he continued, “I sometimes think I am. I wish with all my heart I were so. Yet you are without bias and can judge better; do I not seem deranged?”

Still receiving no reply from Howard, he added in an elevated and fierce tone,—
“Come—let’s have no hesitation. You

must acknowledge it—I am mad, am I not? Speak! or I’ll tear the words out of you. What other proof do you require? Must I throttle the fellow to induce conviction? Do you presume to deny that I am out of my senses?”

“No—I do not deny it,” said Howard, naturally somewhat alarmed by his vehemence.

“I knew you would say so!” cried Cain triumphantly, “Crazy people are not responsible for their conduct—are they? So, if I kill myself, who shall say it is a sin? I have heard that all suicides are insane. At any rate there can be no doubt about *me*. Ay, everybody will admit that it is not Henry—pshaw, what was I saying?—that it is not the man who once did a very wicked thing, and paid for it afterwards by a life-long agony—that it is not I, a rational being, who pour laudanum down my throat or leap into the swollen Hardwater—no it is not I, but a maniac frenzy that restores this body to the dust from which it came, and sends this soul into the presence of Him who gave it! The Coroner will come and institute a careful investigation. He and his jury will pronounce a righteous and merciful judgment, declaring that insanity is the only culprit, and will absolve me, the poor sufferer.”

“You may deceive your fallible fellow-creatures,” answered Howard, “but remember, wretched man, that there is one whom you cannot deceive. The decision of a jury of inquest will have no weight with the Searcher of Hearts.”

Cain seemed moved by the observation. “Your lips,” he said, “only repeat what something within me is continually whispering. Is it then so—will I be required to answer for my own life as well as that of—of him, I mean, who fell with a mortal wound on the edge of yonder Run? I care not—my guilt cannot be increased, nor my condition rendered worse. Yes, let me die, let time be over, let me delay no longer to begin eternity.”

“Oh, think better of it,” said Howard, “pause, hesitate, ponder. Consider that as the tree falleth, so it shall lie. It is a fearful thing to destroy the last hope.”

“I have no hope—despair has been my master these thirty years. I cannot recall the past.”

“No,” resumed Howard, “but you

can pray pardon for it. Do not deprive yourself of the opportunity of prayer."

"Prayer?" echoed Cain; "why mock me with the word?"

Howard, after a little hesitation, answered earnestly, "I am a weak and unworthy counsellor, sir; with shame and sorrow I acknowledge my incompetency to point out to you that path which alone leads to true and lasting consolation; yet, plain reason tells me—and it must tell you—that one crime can never be a warrant for committing another. No matter how far you may be plunged in sin, there is a still deeper gulf below. And there is a second truth no less certain. To the guilt is proportioned the suffering. You are undergoing a degree of pain now."

"Say not so smoothly *pain!*" interrupted the other, "I endure agony!"

"Well, then," resumed Howard, "I warn you that this agony, intense as you feel it to be, is capable of aggravation. Let not your own reckless conduct draw upon you that awful increase of woe!"

Cain was silent for a while, compressing his lips tightly. When he spoke, it was in a changed and troubled voice.

"Enough. Take up your broken gun, and leave me."

The young man answered, firmly, "I will not quit this room till you promise me to make no further attempt upon your life."

"How," exclaimed Cain, "am I your slave, to submit to the terms which you choose to impose. Begone out of my sight—begone, I say, lest I do you a mischief!"

Howard, unterrified by his loud voice and furious gestures, stood, and bent on him a calm, commanding gaze.

"Pshaw!" said Cain, retorting his glance with eyes that flashed scorn; "am I a child or madman to be quelled by a look? Do you pretend to lord it over me in my own dwelling, to prescribe what I must do, and what refrain from doing? You shall learn, boy, that I am not one to submit tamely to such an assumption of authority. Did your father send you here? He should have known better."

"No one sent me—accident, or rather Providence, was my only conductor; but now that I am here, I will not depart till you give me the assurance I require."

"You will follow up your bold command with threats, I presume," said Cain.

"No, sir," replied Howard, altering his manner, "I utter not a command; I only entreat and supplicate. It is in your power to bestow on me an inestimable boon, of which I can retain the recollection as long as I live. Though unhappy yourself, do not refuse to confer happiness upon another."

"What is it you ask of me?"

"To spare your life, sir."

"And how can such a boon, if granted, benefit you?"

"Can you not understand," replied Howard, "what a privilege it is to believe oneself instrumental in preventing a human soul from committing an unpardonable sin? Oh, sir, I implore you to forego forever the purpose which has this morning been frustrated. Life is short to the youngest; you are old, and how small a thing it is which I pray of you—merely to live out the days which God has assigned for your stay on earth. Without your daring and impious interposition, death will come very soon—may you not have occasion hereafter to say too soon!"

"What am I to you?" said Cain.

"A man! There needs no other justification of my interest in your welfare; and you are bound to acknowledge the same tie of relationship. Be, then, as ready to confer a blessing on me, as I am to confer a blessing on you. I argue not that you should refrain from suicide on your own account, but I beseech it as a favor to myself. Shall I go on my knees to beg the bestowment of this easy gift?"

"But have you forgotten, Howard Astiville, that I have injured you? If this shattered fowling-piece, the memento of your departed friend, be nothing, think of the old yet greater wrong which I have not the fortitude to describe plainly."

"I remember all," cried Howard, eagerly, "and I demand that you repair those former wrongs by making the promise which I seek. If I forgive all that you have done, will you persist in denying me one small favor?"

Cain, overcome by the youth's importunity, finally gave the promise which was required. Howard, about to depart, picked up such portions of his gun as were worth

preserving. When he was through, Cain, who had looked on gravely, said:

"Whilst you have been conferring a service upon me this morning, I trust a lesson has been impressed on your own heart. Let that broken gun remind you that there are elements within your bosom, which, if let loose, will scatter havoc around, and bring ruin on yourself. Youth is ever a period of danger, and your case is attended with an additional and peculiar peril. You inherit a stormy temperament which it will require your utmost might to control. The admonition now given, you will not hastily reject, for it comes from one who has felt passion, and suffered from it. Watch unceasingly; the dread trial will meet you at a time when you expect it not. Think that a single instant may suffice to entail unending sorrow."

"Forewarned is forearmed," answered Howard, affecting cheerfulness.

Cain shook his head, and rejoined, "I trust it may prove so, but I cannot read the lines of your countenance without a feeling of apprehension. Farewell, and may you be assisted by a power mightier than your own."

Howard had hardly climbed the fence, before Cain followed and overtook him.

"Stop, I wish to give you a charge. Tell no one what has occurred this morning; be silent even to your father. Another thing: come not here again—I am best alone. Now go; but once more let me urge you to watch the demon, Temper."

After uttering these words, the recluse turned his back abruptly, and retired within his hut. Howard walked home, and on the way had much to occupy his thoughts. He entered the house as the family were sitting at the dinner table, and took his seat among them without remark. During the meal, the father more than once glanced uneasily towards the son, but asked no question respecting his morning's employment. Astiville was something of an epicure, yet none of the viands which his wife offered him that day could tempt his appetite. When the cloth was removed, he pushed away the wine-glass placed before him by the servant, and rose

from the table. Howard soon after followed.

Astiville took up a newspaper, but in vain endeavored to fix his mind on its columns. Lifting his eyes, at length, he perceived that he had no companion in the drawing-room except his son.

"You went gunning this morning, I believe, Howard?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you find anything in your walk worthy of note?"

"No, sir; nothing to speak of," replied Howard, embarrassed by the recollection of Cain's injunction of secrecy.

Astiville inquired no further. He dared not speak, lest some of his troubled thoughts which agitated his mind should betray themselves.

After a few minutes of profound silence, Howard rose and remarked that he would ride over to Everstone.

"To Everstone!" echoed Astiville, suddenly and sharply; "which way will you go?"

"Along the wagon road, of course, sir, by the stone bridge."

"I asked," returned the father, trying to recover himself, "because I have a little business with Nathan Brewer, and did not know but you might perform it for me, if you took the upper route."

"Brewer's house is not at all in my way to Everstone," said Howard in some surprise; "but what is the business, sir? I can postpone my visit to the Everlyn's to another day."

"No matter," said Astiville. "On second thought, I would rather see Brewer myself. He is probably getting out timber in the woods near my line, which made me think you might possibly pass not a great way from him. But you would not be apt to find the man, so you may as well keep the road you first intended."

Mr. Astiville went to look for Brewer, by taking the most direct course to Cain's cabin. That riches are oftentimes a curse, is a trite saying, and not for twenty times John Astiville's great possessions would any wise man have been willing to undergo what was undergone by him in the brief interval between his morning's and his afternoon's ride.

CHAPTER IX.

HOWARD, who had a far lighter heart to carry, was quickly at Everstone. After a pleasant talk, terminated by the entrance of tea and other evening refreshments, he heard the blast of horns, almost drowned in the loud shouts of negro voices. Sidney sprang up and looked through the window.

"You must know," said Everlyn to Howard, "that this young lady takes a remarkable interest in farming matters—witness the animation with which she hails the corn-shucking."

"You will not be surprised at me, Mr. Astiville, when you learn that it is ten years since I last saw a shucking. How briskly the colored folks are flocking together from all sides, and how merrily they sing!"

Howard also went to the window. The sun had just gone down amidst the haze of the Indian summer, while the moon, rising over the eastern tree-tops, compensated well for his departure. The air, dry and balmy, was of that happy temperature which does not chill the blood though it tempts the limbs to exercise. Sidney donned her bonnet, and, accompanied by the visitor, went to gratify curiosity by a nearer view of the shuckers. The corn was collected at the stack yard, distant in a direct line something less than half a mile. There was a path which wound around the hill and led to the spot after a graceful circuit. This path the young couple followed.

"I do believe," said Howard, as the swelling chorus of the corn-song was reverberated from hill to hill, "that the negro is the happiest being on earth."

"That they enjoy life, is certain," replied Sidney, "but to constitute perfect happiness, should not the intellectual part of our nature be expanded and gratified?"

"Ah, what *can* gratify the yearnings of the soul when once awakened? Better the torpor of ignorance than a restlessness that allows no repose. The negro lives on from day to day with no thought nor care for the morrow; all the wants he is capable of feeling are satisfied; he is free from pain, he is free from desire, and consequently is happy. He seems to occupy the

fortunate mean in the material creation.

The stone and the clod do not suffer; but, inert, senseless, lifeless, they exist without enjoying existence. The lamb that gambols over the field, now plucking a tender spire of grass, then skipping to receive a caress from the bleating ewe, I verily believe is favored with an actual, positive, pleasure. But this creature's happiness is not unalloyed. No dog can pass by, that the sight does not cause its whole tender frame to quiver with apprehension. Does a sportsman fire his gun near the flock? The weapon is not pointed at the lamb, yet the poor creature runs hither and thither, and, in short, undergoes a thousand deaths before it meets the butcher's knife. The negro, however, more highly favored by Providence, frolics as gaily as the lamb, and, unlike the lamb, has nothing to dread. He labors, indeed, but not with his mind; and bodily exercise is the most grateful of animal pleasures."

"You commence at the bottom of creation," answered Sidney, "and as you ascend discern at each stage, an increase of happiness; if you went higher, would you not find the same law still to prevail? Surely, you yourself would not change situations with the merriest fellow that exhibits his white teeth in the moonlight above us."

"No," returned Howard; "nor would Croesus have exchanged places with the peasant whom the oracle declared the happiest man in Lydia. Education has made me aware of faculties of which the blackey is unconscious. His ignorance is literally his bliss, for an increase of knowledge always causes an increase of desire. For instance, how can I read about men who have distinguished themselves in science, in literature, or in affairs of state, without longing to equal and surpass them? In the dreamy enthusiasm of boyhood, I doubted not to become some day a Newton or a Cicero, just as in an earlier period I hoped to attain to the physical prowess of a Cœur de Leon. Since then, as I become daily more and more capable of appreciating the characters of the men whose names are emblazoned in history, I am

compelled to despair more and more of ever revalling their excellence. I am subjected to the torment of Tantalus, and there is no escape from it; the eyes of the mind once opened can never be closed. It is very easy to *learn*, but what more impossible than to forget? I am thrust involuntarily into a contest which I cannot now avoid. Winner in it I can scarcely hope to be, yet defeat is shame."

"To judge from your words," said Sidney, smiling, "one would be ready to suppose you the most miserable of beings."

"Do not draw that inference," replied the young man, "I have no right to any privilege of woe. I am now in a state of suspense which I dare say will not last: probably I shall soon find my level:—whether my part be to float on the flat surface of mediocrity, or, as I still would fain hope, to attain the rank of the flying-fish that sometimes soars in air, though at other times it is forced to hide amidst the pebbles of the bottom. Yet I wish there was some seer to declare the result beforehand, so that I might learn the station appointed for me, by some process less mortifying than the failure to maintain a higher one."

Sidney remarked that it had been stated that a man may make himself what he pleases.

"If those that tell us that," said Howard, "be themselves men of little note, their declaration is entitled to small respect; and as for the really great, they can speak for themselves but not for others."

"Yet strenuous effort," rejoined Sidney, "though it should fail to reach the highest aim, is better than a listless waiting on Time."

"I admit it. This cowardly sloth in which I am now sunk, I am myself ashamed of. It is a reproach to the Creator to shun the laborious probation which is the common allotment of all mankind. Yes, it is indeed time that I was up and doing."

"Excuse me," said Sidney. "I am very far from intending any application of my remark to yourself. Certainly you are hardly so advanced in years as to be obnoxious to any serious blame for not having yet performed as much as it usually requires a life-time to accomplish."

"You are a lenient censor, Cousin Sidney,"—(It must be noted, by the way, that Howard in the course of a diligent study of

his ancestral tree, had discovered that Sidney's grandmother was the half-sister of his own great uncle; whence his claim to use the affectionate style of relationship.) "Do not palliate my fault. If I am young enough to deserve pardon for not having yet accomplished some memorable action, I ought at least to be earnestly busy in fitting myself to act. But here is the sad difficulty. I am no Admirable Crichton to embrace the whole circle of the sciences, nor do I feel the impulse of an instinct directing me to any career congenial to my disposition, and not above my strength."

"What think you of the Law?" inquired Sidney.

"I heartily despise it, and besides, the qualities which are its essential requisites, are precisely those in which I am most deficient—cunning, duplicity, and cold-blooded indifference. No—I'd as soon be a soldier of fortune, and cut throats for the highest bidder!"

Before the young lady was able to think of another suggestion, they had turned the corner of the fodder-house and come in full view of the dusky assembly. On both sides of a long pile of unshucked ears of corn they stood, or rather capered, for their feet moved quite as nimbly as their fingers, though less profitably to the master of the land. Mr. Everlyn's servants formed of course a small proportion of the party: there were boys and men at work who had come, without hope of fee except a participation in the frolic, and a share of the substantial supper at the close—distances varying from two miles to ten. All were shouting with full play of lung, and at the highest pitch of voice. Yet was there regularity in the discord. The same words were for the most part used by every individual, and at intervals the familiar chorus burst forth to which each voice contributed its utmost power, and which rose and swelled on the air, till it startled the owls in the depths of the forest. But who shall attempt to describe the indescribable *corn-song*? Pindar, in his wildest flights, never imagined lyrical achievements approaching the daring extravagance of these efforts of the Africo-American Muse. Trochees, Iambi and Anapests appear in a kaieidoscopical variety of collocation; while Diamters and Alexandrines are thrown in startling contrast. Sometimes we are

greeted by the severe majesty of blank-verse ; anon, the song condescends to put on the trammels of rhyme. We hear not only brief and fervid odes, but long epics whose recitation wears out the night ; and we are fortunate in being able to state a fact in regard to the origin of these latter prodigious compositions, which is capable of casting much light upon a critical question of no little importance. Close your mouths henceforward, ye clamorous opposers of Hedelin and Heyne ! The Iliad, that noblest compound of rhapsodies, never could have sprung from one unaided author, for no single Homer is found adequate to compose so much as a corn-song. Verse after verse is added by the inspiration of innumerable successive poets. In some future day, a Pisistratus will doubtless arise to combine and arrange the precious fragments in one grand, symmetrical, immortal, whole.

As Sidney and Howard stopped to listen, the melodious choir were singing lines something like the following :—

Old Bob Hateful he was a devil,
Sartain and sure, sartain and sure !
" Water ! Water !"---hear him bellow,
" Just from the spring so fresh and cold ;"
But none did he git, for all he cried " hello !"
Fire's what's for him---that rarscal old !
And where the fire is the hottest,
There may he choke---choke---choke !
For old Bob Hateful, he was a devil
Sartain and sure, sartain and sure !

When the last dying note of the chorus had floated away in the distance, there was a dead silence around the corn-pile. In fact, before the two or three previous lines were sung, the white visitors had been discovered by a portion of the assemblage, who immediately dropped their voices.

" Whe---ew !" said an old fellow whose curly grey locks glistened in the moon-beam, " Hush boys---hush boys !"

" Who's that ?" asked one of those a little further off.

Priam—for the first speaker was no other than Mr. Newlove's lately engaged servant—answered in a low impressive tone, " Don't you see ? It's *Master Howard Astiville*. Let's strike up something else quick boys ;—it makes no odds what."

On the instant the negroes at one side of the corn-heap dashed into that spasmodic melody which accompanies the words—

" Pickin' up de cotton ; pickin' up de cotton !
Heigho---Heigho !
Pickin' up de cotton, &c.

The other division of the assembly sang " with taste" the pathetic strain

" An' thar I spied an old grey goose,
A-smilin' at the gander."

Had it been broad day, Sidney would have been able to perceive that her companion's face was flushed with anger. Too much absorbed, however, in observing the novel and picturesque scene before her, to divide her attention with aught else, she looked not at Howard nor addressed to him any remark for a space of some minutes. Curiosity being at length amply gratified, the lady and gentleman left the yard. Sidney then thought to inquire of Howard whether he could account for the sudden change of the song at their approach.

" And do you not know ?" said Young Astiville, turning towards her.

" Really," she answered, " I cannot imagine the reason. If they intended to compliment us, I think they displayed little judgment, for the first song certainly appeared to have much more character than any that succeeded it."

" Haven't you heard of the grave at the fourth corner ?"

" Yes, something, I remember that Mr. Somers"—here she hesitated.

" You refer to that evening when he uttered such audacious insolence in your parlor. Let me know precisely what it was he said, for neither father nor mother will tell me."

Sidney noticed his kindling ire and was unwilling to supply it with fuel. " It is not well," she answered to recur to an incident so unpleasant, and which, I have no doubt, has since been regretted by all parties who were engaged in it."

" If I had been present that evening," said Howard, " Richard Somers should not have escaped so easily. Let him never repeat the infamous slanders he spoke then, or dearly shall he rue the hour. But you shall learn the foundation upon which his frantic malice built I know 'not what impudent accusation. Robert Astiville, as you have probably heard, was the first of our family that settled in this State. He took up a body of land adjoining one which had been patented some score of years previous by Roland Compton. It chanced, as he was engaged with a chain and compass in running out his lines, that

he found himself oppressed with thirst near the fourth corner-stone of Compton, which was to constitute his own corner also. Sitting down to rest himself there, he dispatched a black man named Giles, his own slave, with a vessel to bring water from some spring, for, it being mid-summer, the Hard-water Run at whose edge he had arrived, was too warm and nauseous to be drank of. The negro, after an interval of time which doubtless appeared very long to the parched and weary company at the Corner, returned. He brought the bucket—so tradition says—upon his head. In lifting it down, the unfortunate man, whether accidentally or through design, slipped his hold, the bucket fell, and the water was spilled upon the ground. My ancestor, under the influence of the sudden irritation, raised the iron measuring chain which lay coiled at his feet, and struck the slave violently on the head. The blow was mortal.”

An exclamation escaped Sidney's lips.

“My ancestor,” continued Howard, “was a man of strong passions—in this respect, I fear, too much like his descendants—he was excited by a disappointment greater than any one can conceive who has not endured the agony of thirst; and more than all in striking Giles he meant nothing further than a moderate chastisement for his carelessness or perhaps wilful and sulky disobedience. Then let us not judge Robert Astiville too harshly. Deeply must he have repented the homicide into which an ungovernable temper had betrayed him.”

“And was Giles buried by the corner-stone?”

“Yes, so it is said; and the negroes (who are strongly affected by such circumstances) have invested the spot with many superstitious and ghostly fancies. To this cause is in a great measure to be attributed the difficulty of at this day discovering the exact locality.”

“Then,” observed Sidney, musing, “you think that the corner which we thought was found near the sulphur spring, must be given up.”

“I fear it must, indeed,” replied Howard, “yet it ought to be remembered that this story of the grave is a mere tradition and has no positive evidence to support it. At any rate, however, there is nothing to shake our confidence in the Lower

Branch, being the division line between the patents.”

“Yet you have not told me why the blacks interrupted their singing upon our arrival just now.”

“What?” said Howard. “Did you not hear them speak of a certain Bob Hateful—”

“And was that your—”

“My great grandfather's father you mean? Yes, such is the epithet with which the negro vocabulary has honored him. The poet who, about a century ago, composed that elegant elegiac, made the line run, ‘Old Bob Astiville,’ but the living Astiville's having, very naturally, no desire that their name should be handed down to posterity in such a fashion, remonstrated, and so energetically, that the sable songsters expunged it and substituted another. They have also sense enough to know that the song, albeit thus modified, cannot be particularly agreeable to any member of the Astiville family. Hence their disorder this evening upon discovering whom they had for a listener.”

“I do not wonder,” said Sidney, “that your family should prefer having so painful an incident in their history forgotten.”

“And forgotten it would have been long ago,” rejoined Howard, “but for the perverse memory of the negroes. Nor are they content with the tragedy as it really occurred. Each generation seems to consider it a duty to embellish the tradition with added circumstances of horror. According to the belief now current, Robert Astiville was not merely a man of impetuous temper, but a perfect demon—a rival in hard-hearted cruelty to Apollyon himself.”

“Did Giles leave any descendants?” inquired Sidney.

“Yes. There is one old woman in particular who I know is descended from him. Her name is *Naomi*. Though now free, she once belonged to my father, and it was from her mouth that I first heard the tale of her ancestor's death. I was not more than ten or twelve years old, and as you may suppose, the account delivered by her with bitter emphasis, made a profound impression upon my mind. I remember that the old woman, to account for the sudden fit of passion of which Giles was the victim, assured me that there was an evil spirit who haunted our race, occasionally taking full

possession of some member of it, and leading him into all sorts of atrocious acts. And she referred me for confirmation of the doctrine to those passages in the New Testament which speak of persons who were possessed with devils. With an upraised finger and gleaming eye, she added, that it was very probable that this fiendish attendant of the Astiville family would some day enter into *me*. Of course, a child of the tender age of which I was, could not hear these frightful tales without shuddering. My parents perceiving the terror which oppressed me, and after some investigation discovering the cause, were very angry. The consequence was, that the old hag was whipped, and I fear that she regards me, though only an involuntary agent in her punishment, with as rancorous a detestation as she does the memory of old 'Bob Hateful himself.' "

Sidney and Howard strolled along in silence for a little distance. At length the latter remarked :

"There's an old negro, named Priam—and, by the way, I saw him at the shucking yonder—who is Naomi's husband. He is at present hired to Sylvester Newlove, and he it was, probably, or his wife, who gave Somers the information about the Grave, which was used to such effect in Court. I will not pretend to reproach Somers for anything he said before the jury;—there he only acted according to his trade. But what I *do* blame him for is, that he should afterwards have so shamefully garbled and distorted his negro tradition, for the purpose of lowering my father in Mr. Everlyn's opinion, and in yours. *That* was a trick of mean, despicable malice, to which I would not have thought that even Richard Somers would descend."

Sidney was struck by this observation. In a quick voice she said : "Can it be that Mr. Somers understood the matter as you have explained it?"

"Surely! How can it be else? The account which I have given you is the negro account, and it is the one which Somers must have received. Or, if any other tale was told him, it certainly could not have been more unfavorable to our family. This is the darkest one that has ever been propagated. But, giving him the credit of ignorance, what can you imagine more

unjustifiable than to parade a hasty suspicion as truth, and to endeavor to affix it as an indelible stigma upon the name of a gentleman? His being a lawyer makes his conduct appear all the worse. Accustomed throughout his whole life to sift and weigh evidence, it is impossible that he could have failed to observe how entirely groundless was the charge which he took upon himself to utter."

"It was, indeed, very wrong," murmured Sidney.

"And now," rejoined Howard, vehemently, "Tell me what has been the effect of the calumny. You know exactly what Somers said that evening—I do not. If you are unwilling to inform me what the imputations were which he cast forth so recklessly let me hear, at least, whether they produced the result intended. A parent's honor is as dear to me as my own. If you see cause to believe my father a villain, you are welcome to esteem Howard Astiville ten times more a villain!"

"Trust me," replied the young lady, "I never had reason to entertain the slightest doubt of your father's integrity. Let the assertions which Mr. Somers uttered, in a moment of irritation, sink into oblivion. They are already as if never spoken—except so far as the recollection of them affects Mr. Somers' own reputation."

Sidney stopped, confused and blushing; for these last words had escaped her unintentionally. They expressed rather a painful conviction, than an opinion which she desired other persons to adopt.

Howard took up the word immediately. "Somers ought, in truth, to be ashamed of his conduct—but, I presume, his only care is to make himself agreeable to Miss Newlove?"

Sidney felt her embarrassment increase, but it was necessary to give some reply. So, after the pause of a few seconds, she said : "I hope, however, that Miss Newlove cannot possess so exacting a disposition as to require, from her advocate, the forfeiture of his honor."

"I should have been inclined to believe so too," returned Howard. "I had a good look at the young lady a few days since, and, really, if she were not a New Yorker's daughter, one might conjecture her to be quite an amiable sort of person."

Of course no less partial spectator than Richard Somers, would reckon her very beautiful;—still there's something engaging about her. Spenser has a couplet, which, I think, describes pretty well the impression likely to be made on one who saw her for the first time. The poet, in mentioning some plain, unpretending damsel, says:

'Yet was she fair, and in her countenance
Dwelt simple truth, in seemly fashion.'

"Very pretty lines, indeed," said Sidney, "and I am sure that any one who deserves to have them applied to her, need not complain that Dame Nature has been niggardly in the bestowment of charms."

"Miss Emma Newlove is well enough," answered the gentleman, "though a little too meek, and quiet, and die-away for my notion."

"Why, I thought you had never conversed with her, Mr. Astiville?"

"So I have not—I only infer the character from the face. My opinion may be wrong. Perhaps, with all that mild sincere look, she is, in reality, a termagant and a scold. If this be the case, I trust that Somers is the man who is destined to become her husband—no fate can be too bad for him."

"But suppose she is of a temper altogether different?"

"Why, then," added Howard, "may she have the good sense to choose a husband somewhere else than in Redland. She ought to know that there are ladies here, too fair to be rivalled by Yankee beauty, and sufficiently numerous to engross the entire devotion of all the sons of the South. Stay!—let me think better of it. Yes, we'll be generous, the little puritan maidens shall have leave to gather the crumbs. Let them take the lawyer, and welcome! It will be a happy riddance to you, Cousin Sidney, will it not? But why waste time in making provision for Miss Newlove? She is sufficiently old to help herself. Though philanthropy is a good thing, I don't see that we ought to be particularly solicitous respecting this young lady. For my own part, my thoughts are not disposed to wander so far. You tell me that Somers' falsehoods have made no impression on your mind."

"What falsehoods?" asked Sidney, suddenly.

"I might answer," said Howard, after the fashion of echo—"What falsehoods?" Why, any and all;—for it is to be presumed that every word that drops from his lips involves a deceit. Yet I care little what estimation is placed upon his assertions, except when they touch my father's good name."

"Assertions which do that," said Sidney, "must meet disbelief and rebuke, let them proceed from whom they may. Your father's high integrity is not to be doubted, even upon testimony so respectable as that of Mr. Somers."

"I am grateful," uttered Howard, bending his head. "We stand cleared from one imputation; but how is it with regard to old Naomi's ban? Do you believe that there is indeed a curse overhanging every one who is so unfortunate as to be descended from Robert, the master of Giles?"

"If I did entertain such a belief," said Sidney, "it would only be a ground for sympathy and fellow-being. You know Everstone lies under a doom. But let us keep a bold heart, and destiny may do its worst."

"I have need, in truth, Cousin Sidney, to summon all my powers. Think what a fiend it is that haunts me—not a tempter who seeks to beguile me to my ruin, but an irresistible despot, who will never condescend to address his victim in any language but that of stern command. Imagine him tossing me about at his own will and pleasure. See me writhing as hopelessly as Laocoon, enveloped in the folds of the serpent. Am I not to be pitied? Perhaps, however, there is a way to exorcise and banish the fiend. If you, Cousin Sidney, were gifted with the power to relieve me from this horrible fate, would you not exert it?"

"Certainly. It would be inhuman to refuse; but, unfortunately, I am no Merlin."

"Oh," resumed Howard, "I ask not the forbidden aid of sorcery. The fiend is too mighty to be thus conquered. He can be driven out only by a power, of a nature directly opposite to his own. He is dark, loathsome, devilish. I must, then, look to one who is pure, benign, and lovely. And if the being who possesses these qualities, in their extent, will not assist me, I must abandon all hope. What say you now, Cousin Sidney?"

"I have to reply that I still think your safety depends upon yourself alone. But, since you make such an angel of me, I must, in return for the compliment, render all the service I can. Evil spirits were expelled, in ancient times, by the influence of music. We are nearly at the house, I perceive, and the piano is in tolerable tune. I will play to you, until the unwelcome

demon, if he have any ears to stun, shall be ready to cry 'mercy.' "

"Thanks, my gentle David," said Howard, leading his companion towards the steps.

"And do *you*, great King Saul, be on your good behavior. Cast no javelins at my head—I beseech you."

To be Continued.

BROWNING'S POEMS.

IF Mr. Browning be the poet of a transition state, this may explain one of his worst faults, namely, his occasional obscurity or unintelligibility. If he stands in the twilight of a coming day, it is not strange that familiar shapes emerge indistinctly, here and there, and assume unrecognizable forms, while the new revelations, which shall brighten with glory in the rising sun, still glimmer mystically from the shadows that enshroud them. But whatever be the explanation—and the true one is, perhaps, the indolence or the perversity of the author,—the fact is obvious, and must ever stand in the way of his popularity. There is a cunning mediocrity, which wins admiration by affecting obscurity, and which by enwrapping its paltry truism in a glimmering fog, plays upon its readers the brilliant imposture of making them transfer the excellencies, which they imagine, to words which they do not comprehend. There are in Browning whole pages, which, could we believe him infected with Charlatanism, we should attribute to this cause. But, in point of fact, we believe that he oftener obscures true merit than creates a halo around a sham; and, that the defect results rather from want of labor than from want of ability. He does not dwell upon his conceptions, until they assume that clear and determinate shape, which compels a definite expression. In justice to him, however, it must be said that his later productions are great improvements upon his earlier in this respect.

But if one cause of his obscurity is his imperfect expression, another cause is the abstruse and recondite nature of many of his thoughts. He is guilty of that kind of thinking popularly styled transcendental. Now, with many, this of itself is as bad as the unpardonable blasphemy, and will suffice to shut him out from all mercy, human or divine; while with others, like charity,

it will cover the whole multitude of his sins. Without siding with either class, we believe that much of the poetry and of the prose, which is called transcendental, is replete with refined appreciations of both spiritual and sensuous beauty, for which we look in vain elsewhere; that it has widened our sympathies with nature by shedding upon the forms of sense the hues of the spirit; that it has analyzed more perfectly those mysterious visitings of feeling and thought, which cast such elusive flickerings of light and shadow upon the soul, and has woven into tissue, beautiful as morning mists and aerial as gossamer, the fine affinities which connect us with the world of spirits. These things are within the legitimate province of poetry—but hardly fitted for the drama, because the drama supposes the mind too much absorbed in action to indulge in anything so fine-spun and visionary—but when you come to pure Kantian metaphysics, to speculations upon the essence and the properties of mind and spirit and the absolute nature of things, and other kindred themes, to attempt to extract poetry from them, is like the alchemist's attempt to make gold out of iron, or the Yankee's to squeeze milk out of a turnip. The fact is, almost all the great truths which lend a coloring to the affections, passions, and practical life of men, and which are consequently poetical—are simple and intelligible. Belief in divine Providence, and the immortality of the soul, the solemn raptures of devotion, the retributive terrors of conscience, the ennobling fascinations of love, the strength and purity of domestic affection, the aspiring and the grovelling propensities of man, and the beautiful effects of natural scenery, are themes to which the simplest heart gives cordial response and are inexhaustibly rich in poetry. It is the poet's chief mission to create media, through which these shall be

naturally and vividly expressed. And here he can find full exercise for originality and invention; for whereas truth in itself is one, it yet can shine through a thousand forms and speak in a thousand tones. The poet must select that form, which shall embody without obscuring it, and these tones which shall mingle the least of earthly discord with the music of its voice. He must leave to philosophers the annunciation of new laws and principles, whilst they require argument to support them; or if he would sometimes with Wordsworth and Coleridge, travel far into the twilight regions of consciousness, let him adopt the didactic and lyric, and not the dramatic form of composition.

The first and most ambitious, but to us the least satisfactory, of these plays, is *Paracelsus*. It is no drama, unless five separate talks upon the same subject, detailing the plans and experiences of a man in the pursuit of one object, without a particle of action, can constitute a drama. The first scene, headed, "*Paracelsus aspires*," shows him with his two friends, Festus and Michal, on the eve of departing on his wandering in quest of knowledge. They talk over his plans and hopes, scattering thickly, here and there, hints of his past career and of the strange promptings which induced him to dare to *know*, to know as Festus says, "the secret of the world, of man and man's true purpose, path and fate," a knowledge which is to find "its own reward in itself only, not an alien end to blend therewith." In his proud self-reliance, he scorns the services of humbler men. He says:

"If I can serve mankind

'Tis well—but there our intercourse must end;
I never will be served by those I serve."

The theme, then, which is proposed is the aim "to know for knowing's sake," and the sacrifice of all affections to this end. Festus thus grandly describes Paracelsus.

"Tis no wish of mine,

You should abjure the lofty claims you make,
Although I can no longer seek, indeed,
To overlook the truth, that there will be
A monstrous spectacle upon the earth,
Beneath the pleasant sun among the trees,—
A being knowing not what love is. Hear me!
You are endowed with faculties, which bear
Annexed to them as 'twere a dispensation
To summon meaner spirits to do their will
And gather round them at their need; inspiring

Such with a love themselves can never feel,
Passionless mid their passionate votaries.
I know not if you joy in this or no,
Or even dream that common men can live
On objects you prize lightly; but which make
Their heart's treasure. The affections seem
Beauteous at most to you, which we must taste
Or die; and this strange quality accords,
I know not how, with you; sits well upon
That luminous brow, though in another it scowls
An eating brand—a shame."

His after-fate, it is true, belies these wonderful attributes, but the above is, probably, the conception which the author wishes us to form of his hero. All the interlocutors of the play except Michal—Heaven bless her loving and truthful heart—are gifted with an inordinate loquacity. When they open their mouths, one, two, three, or four pages of words tumble out, sometimes, very little to the enlightenment of the reader, and, always, very little to the furtherance of dramatic effect. This is an historical characteristic of Paracelsus, he having given one of his names (*Bombastus*) to a species of eloquence, common before the Fourth of July and just before election, and which it was hardly necessary for Mr. Browning to have taken any particular pains to immortalize. Thus, many words are spent in discussing his plan of acquiring knowledge, which seems to have been merely to roam abroad, at random, gathering by observation the truth scattered up and down the world. Festus makes some very sensible objections, but is finally convinced, by the enthusiastic, mystical, and eloquently obscure replies of Paracelsus, that, with a person of his genius, they can have no application. He sees his way, "as the bird her trackless way," and, in the end, convinces Festus and Michal that he shall succeed in his enterprize, and departs. We next meet him after the lapse of nine years in Constantinople. Baffled in his object and sick at heart, he has consulted a conjuror to obtain some clue to the truth, which he cannot wring from nature. While soliloquizing over disappointed hopes ges a poor crazy poet, called *Aprile*, appears upon the scene. *Aprile* has been as far misled by his intense love, as Paracelsus by his desire to know. Paracelsus, however, discovers in the poor dying bard the qualities which are wanted for his own perfection. Says he:

"Die not *Aprile*; we must never part:
Are we not halves of one dissevered world

Whom this strange chance unites once more ?

Part? never.

Till thou, the lover, know; and I, the knower,
Love—until both are saved."

But Aprile expires, leaving Paracelsus convinced, that knowledge is precious only in its union with love.

The third scene presents him at Basil, lecturing to admiring pupils, at the zenith of his fame and popularity. Yet the lesson which he has learned from Aprile, to use his wisdom for man's benefit, has not rooted out his old contempt of his fellows. He despises, while he teaches them, and sees little harm in playing off the tricks of a charlatan upon men, who cannot appreciate true wisdom. He seems to have learned the lesson of love, theoretically, rather than practically. Festus is all admiration of his success; but Paracelsus predicts his own downfall, and still feels, within, the unsubdued desire to attain to perfect knowledge.

In the fourth part Paracelsus again "aspires;" that is, the people of Basil, having come to the conclusion that he is an unconscionable quack, he is about to start again upon his old vagabond life, in search of knowledge. This fourth part is a wonderful talk—the old race of volubility between Festus and Paracelsus, with a new spirit superadded. We had set it down as an astonishing specimen of some new style of poetry, and given up understanding its real or dramatic significance, until we found, by consulting the notes, that, at this time, Paracelsus "scarcely ever ascended the lecture desk, unless half-drunk, and only dictated to his secretaries when in a state of intoxication." This surely explains an accumulation of incongruities, under which language reels, and reason staggers, although it may raise a question among critics as to the æsthetical propriety of such writing.

In the fifth part Paracelsus once more "attains;" that is, he dies in the faith that he has missed the aim of life, by not mingling love with his thirst for knowledge. This much, at least, we gather from his wild and incoherent rhapsody, strewn here and there, with beautiful thoughts and images, like stars that twinkle tremulously in a nebulous sea of ether. The poet states its moral in these words of Paracelsus:

"Let men

Regard me and the poet dead long ago,
Who once loved rashly; and shape forth a third
And better tempered spirit, warned by both."

In his note the author says: "the liberties I have taken with my subject are very trifling; and the reader may slip the foregoing scenes between the leaves of any memoir of Paracelsus he pleases, by way of commentary." Now, we plead guilty to but slight familiarity with the biographies of the Father of Chemistry, yet we do not hesitate to say, if they are sufficiently enigmatical to need the elucidation of such a commentary, we shall be in no more haste to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance. Meanwhile, notwithstanding its defects, the poem is full of boldness and originality, far beyond the reach of mediocre minds, which gave ample promise of ripened excellence. There are passages of which any poet might be proud; particularly those passages of description, which evince the observing eye, and personifying imagination of the true poet. And though it is, in a measure, true, as has been said, that Browning seldom expends his strength upon isolated passages, but shows his power in a subordination of the parts to the whole, we shall yet attempt to compensate for our somewhat disparaging criticism, by a few quotations.

As an instance of imaginative force in a single word, we remember few which surpass the following:

"Michal, some months hence,
Will say, 'this autumn was a pleasant time,
For some few sunny days, and overlook
Its bleak wind hankering after pining leaves."

Here is a description of an autumnal morning:

Festus. Hush!

Paracelsus. 'Tis the melancholy wind astir
Within the trees; the embers too are gray,
Morn must be near.

Fest. Best ope the casement: see!

The night, late strewn with clouds and flying
stars,
Is blank and motionless; how peaceful sleep
The tree-tops all together. Like an asp
The wind slips whispering from bough to
bough.

Par. Aye; you would doze on a wind-shaken
tree

By the hour, nor count time lost.

Fest. So you shall gaze.

Those happy times will come again,—

Par. Gone! Gone!

Those pleasant times. Does not the moaning
wind

Seem to bewail that we have gained such gains,
And bartered sleep for them.

Fest. It is our trust
That there is yet another world to mend
All error and mischance."

Here the descriptions are exquisite, and the transitions all beautifully suggested by natural associations. Yet it is curious to note how, even here, everything tends directly back to that eternal coil of doubt and faith, pride, contempt, and love, and the problems of "providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate," which he keeps unwinding from his bosom, without end. Here is a further description of morning :

"See morn at length. The heavy darkness seems
Dilated; grey and clear without the stars,
The shrubs bestir and rouse themselves, as if
Some snake, that weighed them down all night,
let go
His hold; and from the east, fuller and fuller,
Day, like a mighty river, is flowing in,
But clouded, wintry, desolate, and cold.
Yet see how that broad, prickly, star-shaped
plant,
Half down in the crevice, spreads its woolly
leaves,
All thick and glistening with diamond dew."

The following lines, though they remind us of Wordsworth's account of the origin of the Grecian gods, yet have a beauty all their own :

"Man, once descried, imprints forever
His presence on all lifeless things; the winds
Are henceforth voices in a wail or shout,
A querulous mutter, or a quick gay laugh,
Never a senseless gust now man is born;
The herded pines commune, and have deep
thoughts,
A secret they assemble to discuss
When the sun drops behind their trunks, which
glow
Like grates of Hell: the peerless cup afloat
Of the lake-lily is an urn, some nymph
Swims bearing high above her head; no bird
Whistles unseen, but through the gaps above,
That let light in upon the gloomy woods,
A shape peeps from the breezy forest-top,
Arch, with small puckered mouth, and mocking
eye;
The morn has enterprise,—deep quiet droops
With evening; triumph takes the sunset hour;
Voluptuous transport ripens with the corn,
Beneath a warm moon, like a happy face."

Thus we might proceed, would our limits permit, quoting passage after passage, shewing a bold, vigorous, and original mind, which only a too decided introversion, which time seems fast remedying, prevents

from producing a work of the very first order.

The next play, "Pippa Passes," is simple in its design, and genial in its sentiment. The author's capacity is fully equal to his conception, and, consequently, the characters are distinctly outlined, and the thoughts no longer float at large *in nubi-bus*. The poem seems intended to illustrate the influence of a good word, when spoken in critical moments. The heroine of the piece, Pippa, a poor girl from the silk-mills, who has her New Year's holiday, passes the "Happiest Tour," as she supposes, in Asolo, and, fancying herself for the moment the persons themselves, sings her song in their hearing, and, with girlish light-heartedness, trips away. She first passes Ottima, the young wife of an old man. She, with her paramour Sebald, has, the night before, murdered her husband, and, this New Year's morn, arises from the gratification of their guilty passions, to a life which their wicked deed has stripped of all its real charm. They are conversing in her bed-chamber, habituating their minds to the terrible remembrance, and devising the means of extracting pleasure from their mutual wretchedness. Peppa passes, singing her song, which concludes :

"God's in his Heaven,
All's right with the world."

The words awaken some old responsive feeling in the heart of Sebald, and he, at once, sees in his beautiful paramour a being hideous and despicable :

Sebald. Leave me !
Go, get your clothes on—dress those shoulders !
Otti. Sebald !
Seb. Wipe off that paint. I hate you.
Otti. Miserable !
Seb. My God, and she is emptied of it now,
Outright now—how miraculously gone
Of all the grace—had she not strange grace
once ?
Why, the blank cheek hangs listless as it likes
No purpose holds the features up together,
Only the cloven brow and puckered chin
Stay in their places—and the very hair,
That seemed to have a sort of life in it,
Drops a dead web.
Otti. Speak to me—speak not of me.
Seb. That round, great, full-orbed face, where
not an angle
Broke the delicious indolence—all broken !
Otti. To me—not of me ! Ungrateful, perjured
cheat.

The words italicised are an exquisite stroke of nature. Only a true dramatist would have so intensely conceived the situation of Ottima, as to have felt that the unmistakeable expression of alienation and abhorrence was in the use of the third person—as if seas and mountains had arisen between her and Sebold, or, as if she had suddenly sunk to a lower scale of being—rather than in his words of disgust and contempt.

Pippa next passes a young sculptor with his bride. His rivals, envious of his genius and hating him for some slight eccentricities, by a pretended correspondence carried on in the name of his bride, have deceived him into marrying a girl, whom his fancy has clothed with all conceivable loveliness, but who is, in reality, of very ordinary pretensions. He has just discovered the deception, and is about to discard her at the very moment that the magnetic influence of his presence and conversation have developed the germ of a new life within her; when the song of Pippa resolves him to take noble revenge upon his rivals, by devoting himself to unfolding a nature, which needs only the shining-in of affection and intellect to germinate and bloom with exquisite beauty. "Look," he says,

"Look at the woman here, with the new soul,
Like my own Psyche's—fresh upon her lips
Alit, the visionary butterfly,
Waiting my word to enter and make bright,
Or flutter off and leave all blank as first.
This body had no soul before, but slept
Or stirred, was beauteous or ungainly, free
From taint or foul with stain, as outward things
Fastened their image on its passiveness;
Now it will wake, feel, live, or die again!
Shall to produce form out of unshaped stuff
Be art—and, further, to evoke a soul
From form—be nothing? The new soul is
mine."

With like success she passes a youth, meditating the assassination of a tyrant, and a bishop, who is on the point of compromising a high duty to expediency.

We have no disposition to find fault with a poem which so far surpasses its pretensions, and will only note, *en passant*, one or two blemishes. He makes Pippa say,

"Thou art my single day. God lends to heaven
What were all earth else with a feel of heaven."

But Mr. Browning is seldom guilty of such verbal impropriety as this. The coup-

let also illustrates another fault, somewhat more common, viz. the frequent suppression of the relative pronoun, which or who—a fault that, sometimes, contributes very materially to his obscurity. The song describing the King, who lived long ago "in the morning of the world," is an admirable "modern antique;" though we have some doubts, whether it be in character with the person who sings it. Yet it is much better in this respect, than some of the metaphysics and school-divinity, mingled in the songs of this little girl, who is represented as singing, as the bird carols, from the fullness of a joyous nature. In this play, too, we note another peculiarity, which has not much decreased with experience,—a fondness for sudden and unexpected transitions—which render some of the dialogue, at the first reading, almost as enigmatical as a Greek chorus, though a more thorough study of the author's conceptions and a free use of one's own imagination in the scenical details of the play, remove this objection.

But our three favorites among these plays are, "Colombe's Birthday," "A Blot on the 'Scutecheon," and "Lusia." Of these, perhaps, Colombe's Birthday will be most generally popular. It is full of stir, incident and vivacity; its characters all speak *in propria persona*, without showing the author through them, and the dialogue, particularly in the last two acts, is managed with an exquisite grace and tact, which equal or surpass the most charming scenes in Massinger. There are no prolix speeches, no long metaphysical disquisitions, but a brisk interchange of thought and sentiment, a constant development of the plot, and a delicacy and precision of characterization, which awaken an interest in the persons for their own sakes. It is the old theme of love *versus* money or high social position, or, adopting a broader generalization, of nature *versus* artificiality, and no where do we remember to have seen it more delightfully treated—no where the claims of love and nature advocated in more manly, healthy, and truly wise and noble style. Cultivated nature speaks in every part, without mawkish sentimentality or drivelling cant, asserting, in the persons of a high-born and honest-hearted woman, and of a simple and lofty-minded man, the homage which is ever her desert.

The plot is briefly this. Colombe is

Duchess of Cleves and Juliers. At the time represented in the play, one year of her rule has passed amid the adulations of a court, and she is now to celebrate her birth-day and the anniversary of her coronation. But the Duchy descends according to Salic law, and, this very day, Berthold, the nearest heir male of her father, backed by the influence of the Pope, the Emperor, and the Kings of France and Spain, demands the throne. The arrival of this demand gives the author a fine opportunity to paint the littleness and inconstancy of men nurtured amid the artifices of courts. Each courtier tries to shift upon the other the unpleasant duty of presenting the demand to the Duchess; and each shrinks from the task, desirous of doing nothing which shall forfeit the favor of their mistress, and, at the same time, of conciliating the new claimant. At this point, Valence, a young advocate, comes with a petition from the inhabitants of Cleves for the redress of their grievances, and, unconscious of its purport, is induced, as the price of an admission, to present the demand. The Duchess is surprised, heaps reproaches on her courtiers, who apologize, shuffle, and temporize. The prince is at the city gates, and they have no counsel for the emergency. Valence, with noble manliness and chivalry, assumes the responsibilities from which they shrink, is invested by the Duchess with their offices, and by his courage and promptitude, at once relieves her from her embarrassments and wins her heart. She submits to him the claims of Berthold, and bids him decide upon their validity. Valence decides in favor of the prince, but before the decision is made known, the prince makes, through Valence, proposals of marriage with the Duchess. This dashes all the hopes of Valence, yet he manfully acquaints her with his decision and Berthold's offer. The Duchess, during the interview, obtains from him a confession of his love, and then, in the presence of the court, rejects the proposals of the prince, with his prospects of imperial rule, for the hand of the humble advocate of Cleves.

The character of Valence, for in this play the characters become valuable for what they are, as well as for what they say, is drawn with bold yet discriminating touches. Thrown into the midst of court-

iers, his large sympathies for humanity and his heart, burning with the wrongs of his townsmen, contrast finely with their intriguing selfishness. While their courtly accomplishments, their paltry shifts and evasions but sink them deeper in trouble, acting from the instincts of nature and loyal to his sovereign, because loyal to his own conscience, he inspires a confidence, which he will use only for Truth and Right. While the Duchess supposes that the fickle impotence of her courtiers has left her successorless, he reveals to her the true sources of sovereignty. When she says, "heard you not I rule no longer," he replies :

" Lady if your rule
Were based alone on such a ground as these
(*Pointing to the Courtiers*)
Could furnish you—abjure it! They have
hidden
A source of true dominion from your sight.
The Duch. You hear them—no source is left.
Val. Hear Cleves!
Whose haggard craftsmen rose to starve this
day,
Starve now, and will lie down at night to starve,
Sure of a like to-morrow—but as sure
Of a most unlike morrow—after—that,
Since end things must, end howso'er things
may.
What curbs the brute-force instinct in its
hour?
What makes, instead of rising, all as one,
And teaching fingers, so expert to yield
Their tool, the broad-sword's play, or carbine's
trick?
—What makes that there's an easier help they
think,
For you, whose name so few of them can spell,
Whose face scarce one in every hundred saw,
You simply have to understand their wrongs,
And wrong will vanish—so, still trades are
plied,
And swords lie rusting, and myself am here?
There is a vision in the heart of each,
Of justice, mercy, wisdom; tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its cure,
And these embodied in a woman's form,
That best transmits them, pure as first received,
From God above her to mankind below."

And when Berthold reiterates his demand in person, speaking of the weakness of the Duchess, he answers :

" You see our Lady; there, the old shapes
stand!
A Marshal, Chamberlain, and Chancellor,
Be helped their way, into their death put life,
And find advantage! So you counsel us.
But let strength feel alone; seek help itself,
And, as the inland hatched sea-creature hunts
The sea's breast out; as billeted 'mid the waves,
The desert brute makes for the desert's joy,
So turns our lady to her true resource,

Passing o'er hollow fictions, worn-out types,
—So, I am first her instinct fastens on!
And prompt, I say, so clear as heart can speak,
The people will not have you.
Never, in this gentle spot of earth,
Can you become our Colombe, our play-queen,
For whom, to furnish lilies for her hair,
We'd pour our veins forth to enrich the soil."

We would gladly quote the whole scene between the Duchess and Valence, where Valence makes known the Prince's proposals of marriage, and where the Duchess learns the secret of his love for her. He is hardly an eloquent advocate for the Prince, since his own love has sharpened his vision to the want of it in others. The Duchess asks why Berthold's offer does not imply love.

"*Val.* Because not one of Berthold's words and looks

Had gone with Love's presentment of a flower
To the beloved; because bold confidence,
Open superiority, free pride—
Love owns not, yet were all that Berthold owned,
Because, where reason even finds no flaw,
Unerringly a lover's instinct may."

But upon this topic we have room to extract only those beautiful lines, in which, when the Prince in person proffers his hand and the Duchess seems about to accept it, he resigns his claims, not only unrepiningly, but with a kind of triumph.

"*Val.* Who thought upon reward? And yet how much,
Comes after—oh what amplest recompense!
Is the knowledge of her, nought? the memory nought?

Lady, should such an one have looked on you,
Ne'er wrong yourself so far as quote the world
And say, Love can go unrequited here!
You will have blessed him to his whole life's end;

Low passions hindered, baser cares kept back,
All goodness cherished where you dwelt and dwell.

What would he have?

He holds you; you, both form

And mind, in his; where self-love makes such room

For love of you, he would not serve you now

The vulgar way; repulse your enemies,

Win you new realms, or best in saving you,

Die blissfully, that's past so long!

He wishes you no need, thought, care of him,

Your good, by any means, himself unseen,

Away, forgotten!"

Berthold is the counterpart of Valence. With his nature half chivalric and half epicurean, with his aristocratic tastes and worldly views of marriage, he represents

the highest class of artificial men. Valence acts always from principle and sentiment, without regard to consequences; but Berthold, even in wooing a bride, keeps in view his darling projects of self-aggrandizement. He thus makes love to the Duchess:

"You are what I, to be complete, must have,
Find, now, and may not find, another time.
While I career on all the world for stage,
There needs at home my representative.

The Duch. Such rather would some warrior woman be;

One dowered with lands and gold, or rich in friends;

One like yourself!

Berth. Lady, I am myself,
And have all these. I want what's not myself,

Nor has all these. Why give one hand two swords?

Here's one already; be a friend's next gift

A silk glove, if you will—I have a sword!

The Duch. You love me then.

Berth. Your lineage I revere;

Honor your virtue, in your truth believe,

Do homage to your intellect, and bow

Before your peerless beauty.

The Duch. But, for love;

Berth. A further love I do not understand.

Our best course is to say these hideous truths,

And see them, once said, grow considerable,

Like waters shuddering from their central bed,

Black with the midnight bowels of the earth,

That once up-spouted by an earthquake's throes

A portent and a terror—soon subside,

Freshen apace, take gold and rainbow hues

In sunshine, sleep in shade; and, at last,

Grow common to the earth as hills and trees,

Accepted by all things they came to scare.

The Duch. You cannot love then.

Berth. Charlamagne, perhaps!"

And again:

"Your will and choice are still as ever free!

Say you have known a worthier than myself

In mind and heart, of happier form and face;

Others must have their birthright! I have gifts

To balance theirs, not blot them out of sight,

Against a hundred other qualities

I lay the prize I offer. I am nothing;

Wed you the Empire!

The Duch. And my heart away?

Berth. When have I made pretension to your heart?

I give none. I shall keep your honor safe;

With mine I trust you as the sculptor trusts

You marble woman with the marble rose,

Loose on her hand, she never will let fall,

In graceful, silent, slight security."

But Colombe, like the true and noble woman that she is—and Mr. Browning is surely very successful in his delineations of female character—makes, as we have seen, the choice which her heart dictates. "A

Blot on the 'Seutcheon' surpasses, in beauty and pathos, all that Mr. Browning has written. It is a mournful comment upon a theme, so often illustrated in life, how the sweet forgiveness of heaven for human error is mocked and thwarted by the blind pride and revenge of man. A spirit of sadness and despondency, indeed, broods over it, too like the gloomy fatalism of the Grecian Drama, for the most benignant faith of Christianity. Yet there is a touching appeal from the world and its unkind decisions, to that mercy which sees, through the troubled surface of crime, "a depth of purity immovable," hidden from mortal eyes until too late, and a contrite penitence, soothed by the hope of reconciliations above, too lovely to be realized on earth—the sentiments which shed no irradiation upon the terrible doom of the House of Tantalus.

We will give a brief outline of the tragedy, quoting as we proceed such passages as our limits will permit. The house of Tresham are descended from a long, glorious, and untarnished line of ancestry. It consists of three members; Thorold, the head of the house; Austin, who is married to Guendolen; and Mildred the only sister. Orphaned in her infancy, Mildred has been reared under the care of Thorold, who, discharging towards her the office of both parent and brother, has acquired for her an affection of the purest and tenderest character. A marriage is proposed between her and Mertoun, a young Earl of illustrious parentage, and himself endowed with all the manly virtues. In the first act, Mertoun is represented as having just attained the assent of Thorold to the alliance, who, proud as he is of "brooding o'er"

"The light of his interminable line
An ancestry with men all paladans,"

Can see nothing unworthy in the connection. Says he :

Ever with best desert goes diffidence ;
I may speak plainly nor be misconceived.
That I am wholly satisfied with you,
On this occasion, when a falcon's eye,
Were dull compared with mine to search out
faults,
Is somewhat: Mildred's hand is hers to give
Or to refuse.

Mer. But you, you grant my suit ?
I have your word if hers ?

Thor. My best of words,
If her's encourage you. I trust it will.

Have you seen Lady Mildred, by the way ?

Mer. I—I—our two demesnes, remember,
touch---

I have been used to wander carelessly
After my stricken game---the heron roused
Deep in my woods, has trailed its broken wing
Thro' thickets and glades a mile in yours ; or else
Some eyas ill-reclaimed has taken flight,
And lured me after her from tree to tree,
I marked not whither. I have come upon
The Lady's wondrous beauty unaware,
And---and then---I have seen her.

Thor. What's to say
May be said briefly. She has never known
A mother's care : I stand for father too,
Her beauty is not strange to you, it seems ;
You cannot know the good and tender heart.
It's girl's trust, and it's woman's constancy.
How pure yet passionate, how calm, yet kind,
How grave, yet joyous, how reserved, yet free,
As light where friends are---how imbued with
love
The world most prizes, yet the simplest. Yet
The---one might know I talked of Mildred---
thus
We brothers talk."

But Mertoun knows far more of Mildred than he does avow. They have met, loved, and their love, through timidity and concealment, has lapsed into guilt. Night after night, he has sealed her chamber window ; and this very evening he repeats their secret interviews. The scene between them is pathetic, touching the inmost soul of pity. Regret for their irretrievable error, regret for the dissimulation, so alien to their ingenuous natures, which they are compelled to assume, love, deep as the sources of their being, and unalloyed but by dark stain, trust in the mercy of heaven, of purification through repentance, and marriage as the best atonement for their sin ; these are the subjects upon which they converse. We have room but for their parting words, Mildred says :

We'll love on---you will love me still,

Mer. Oh, to love less what one has injured ! Dove
Whose pinion I have rashly hurt, my breast---
Shall my heart's warmth not nurse thee into
strength ?

Flower I have crushed, shall I not care for thee ?
Bloom o'er my crest, my fight-mask, and de-
vice,

Mildred, I love you, and you love me.

Mil. Go!
Be that your last word. I shall sleep to-night.
Mer. One night more.

And then---think, then !

Mer. Then no sweet courtship days,
No dawning consciousness of love for us,
No strange and palpitating births of sense,
From words and looks, no innocent fears and
hopes,

Reserves and confidences ; morning's over !

Mer. How else should love's perfected noon
tide follow ?

All the dawn promised shall the day perform.

Mil. So may it be; but--

You are cautious, love?

Are sure that, unobserved, you scaled the walls?

Mer. Oh, trust me! Then our final meeting's fixed?

To-morrow night?

Mil. Farewell! Stay, Henry. Wherefore?

His foot is on the yew-trew bough--the turf
Receives him--now the moonlight, as he runs,
Embraces him--but he must go--is gone--
Ah, once again he turns--thanks, thanks, my love!

He's gone--Oh, I'll believe him, every word!
I was so young--I loved him so--I had
No mother,--God forgot me,--and I fell.
There may be pardon yet--all's doubt beyond.

Surely the bitterness of death is past!

But their meetings have not been wholly unobserved. For several nights, an old retainer has seen a muffled stranger enter his lady's chamber, and now, in view of the proposed marriage, his conscience will not permit him, any longer, to defer the discovery of the secret. Thorold is thunderstruck at the disclosure. He sends for her to meet him in the library, on the pretence that "the passage in that old Italian book we hunted for so long is found."

Enter Mildred.

Mil. What book
Is it I wanted, Thorold? Guendolen
Thought you were pale--you are not pale!
That look?

That's Latin surely?

Thor. Mildred, here's a line--
(Don't lean on me--I'll English it for you)
"Love conquers all things." What love conquers them?

What love should you esteem--best love?

Mil. True love.
Thor. I mean, and I should have said, whose love is best

Of all that love, or that profess to love?

Mil. The list's so long. There's father's, mother's, husband's--

Thor. Mildred, I do believe a brother's love
For a sole sister, must exceed them all!
For, see now; only see! there's no alloy
Of earth that creeps into the perfect'st gold
Of other loves--no gratitude to claim;
You never gave her life--nor even aught
That keeps life--never tended her--instructed,
Enriched her--so, your love can claim no right

O'er hers, save pure love's claim--that's what I call

Freedom from earthliness. You'll never hope
To be such friends, for instance, she and you,
As when you hunted cowslips in the woods,
Or played together in the meadow hay.
Oh, yes--with age, respect comes, and your worth

Is felt; there's growing sympathy of tastes,

There's ripened friendship, there's confirmed esteem,

---Much head these make against the new-comer!

The startling apparition--the strange youth--
Whom one half hour's conversing with, or, say,

Mere gazing at, shall change (beyond all change

This Ovid ever sang about) your soul

---Her soul---that is, the sister's soul! With her

'Twas winter yesterday; now, all is warmth,
The green leaf's springing, and the turtle's voice

"Arise and come away." Come whither?--far

Enough from the esteem, respect, and all
The brother's somewhat insignificant
Array of rights! all which he knows before--
Has calculated on so long ago!

I think such love (apart from yours and mine)
Contented with its little term of life,
Intending to retire betimes, aware
How soon the background must be a place for it,

I think, am sure, a brother's love exceeds

All the world's love in its unwordliness.

Mil. What is this for?

Thor. This, Mildred, is it for;

Oh, no, I cannot go to it so soon!

That's one of many points my haste left out--
Each day, each hour throws forth its silk-slight film

Between the being tied to you by birth,
And you, until those slender threads compose
A web, that shrouds her daily life of hopes,
And fears, and fancies, all her life, from yours--

So close you live, and yet so far apart!
I must rend this web, tear up, break down
The sweet and palpitating mystery
That makes her sacred? You--for you I mean,

Shall I speak--shall I not speak?

Mil. Speak!

Thor. I will.

Is there a story men could--any man
Could tell of you, you would conceal from me?
I'd never think there's falsehood on that lip!

Say "There is no such story men could tell,"
And I'll believe you, tho' I disbelieve
The world--the world of better men than I,
And women, such as I suppose you--Speak!

[After a pause.] Not speak? Explain then!
Clear it up then! Move

Some of the miserable weight away,
That presses lower than the grave! Not speak?

Some of the dead weight, Mildred! Ah, if I
Could bring myself to plainly make their charge
Against you! Must I, Mildred? Silent still?
[After a pause.] Is there a gallant that has,
night by night,

Admittance to your chamber?

[After a pause.] Then his name!

Till now, I only had a thought for you--
But now,--his name!

Mil. Thorold, do you devise

Fit expiation for my guilt, if fit
 There be! 'tis nought to say, that I'll endure
 And bless you,---that my spirit yearns to purge
 Her stains off in the fierce renewing fire---
 But do not plunge me into other guilt!
 Oh, guilt enough! I cannot tell his name.
Thor. Then judge yourself! How should I
 act? Pronounce.

Mildred persists in refusing to name her lover, but proposes to proceed in the marriage with the Earl. Thorold, shuddering at what he supposes an infamous fraud upon Mertoun, and a contamination of a holy rite, exposes her guilt to Austin and Guendolen, and, frenzied with madness, roams all day over his estates, to return at night beneath the tree, which Mertoun climbs to reach his lady's window. Here he meets Mertoun, forces him to unmask himself and draw his sword, then madly slays the unresisting youth. The dying lover reveals to him the true nature of his love, and his proposed reparation. Thorold, stricken with remorse, drinks poison, bears to Mildred the intelligence of the deed, who expires, forgiving him his rash act, and then he himself dies.

We will quote from this play one more passage, where, when Austin and Guendolen, have gathered around the corpse of the Earl, Thorold turns to them, and says:

He fell just here!

Now, answer me. Shall you, in your whole life
 ---You, that have naught to do with Mertoun's fate,
 Now, you have seen his breast upon the turf,
 Shall you ere walk this way if you can help?
 When you and Austin wander arm in arm
 Thro' our ancestral grounds, will not a shade
 Be ever on the meadow and the waste---
 Another kind of shade, than when the night
 Shuts the woodside with all its whispers up!
 But will you ever so forget his breast
 As willingly to cross the bloody turf
 Under the black yew avenue? That's well!
 You turn your head! and I then? ---

Guen. What is done
 Is done! My care is for the living. Thorold,
 Bear up against the burthen---more remains
 To set the neck to!

Thor. Dear and ancient trees
 My fathers planted, and I loved so well!
 What have I done that, like some fabled
 crime
 Of gore, lets loose a fury, leading thus
 Her miserable dance amidst you all?
 Oh, never more for me shall winds intone
 With all your tops a vast antiphony,
 Demanding and responding in God's praise!
 Hers ye are now---not mine! Farewell---
 farewell!

Of "Lusia" we have no space for a complete analysis. It represents the instinct and feeling of the orient brought into conflict with the calculating intellect of Europe, and nobly vindicating its moral superiority over the cold-hearted Machiavellianism, by which it is entailed and over-matched. It has been called Mr. Browning's greatest work; but, in our opinion, though admirable for its thought and philosophy, it is surpassed, as a drama, by either of the two preceding. Its theories are too imperfectly transfused into character. It is poem and commentary in one. The persons, instead of exhaling the philosophy of the piece, unconsciously, as their vital atmosphere, are continually philosophizing upon themselves. Even Lusia, the warm-hearted Moor, the fiery creature of feeling, is ever and anon hinting, as it were, "Now, you are going to witness a fine specimen of impulsiveness and instinctive action," and indulges in ethnological speculations upon the differences between the Asiatic and the European. Lusia and Braccio, indeed, seem very much like abstract propositions defining themselves---egotistical transactions. Now, Hamlet, or Iago, or Falstaff, is as representative of a distinct class, as Lusia the Arab, or Braccio the Florentine, but in Shakespeare the generic is so individualized, that the abstraction is forgotten in the man. Lusia and Othello, for instance, are both Moors, both credulous, generous, impulsive, unschooled in wile or craft; but while Othello imprints his character on every word and act of his, without thinking of it, Lusia is constantly reminding us, 'I do so and so, because I am the Moor, the representative of Oriental spontaneity, and am not one of your cold, cunning, artful Europeans.'

But we have not room for further remark upon this play, excellent and beautiful, as in many respects it is. Perhaps, if we should compare it with "Colombe's Birthday," or with "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon," we should say that in this play there are the nobler materials, but in the others, they are the more exquisitely wrought.

Mr. Browning's other plays are "King Victor and King Charles," "The Return of the Druses," and "A Soul's Tragedy," works of various excellence, and all mark-

ed with his peculiar intellect. We would gladly specify their merits, but must refer the reader to the volumes themselves, and recommend him, by the way, to suspend his judgment, until he has read them twice. We should, likewise, be glad to speak, somewhat in detail, of his "Dramatic Lyrics," some of which are written with great power and beauty, and some of which, in their abrupt beginning, and mysterious allusions, and sudden transitions, are as simple as a Chinese puzzle—you have only to find out their meaning in order to understand them. We open at random, and come upon "Christina."

"She should never have looked at me
If she meant I should not love her;
There are plenty---men you call such,
I suppose---she may discover
All her soul to, if she pleases,
And yet leave much as she found them;
But I'm not so, and she knew it,
When she fixed me, glancing round them."

This is the first verse. Our first exclamation is, "Who the devil is Christina." But there is nothing out of the poem, nor in it, that answers the question very satisfactorily. We are left to guess at the reply to all such suggestions of womanish curiosity. We are next struck by the slovenliness of versification, evidently showing that the poem was a mere impromptu. Indeed, the native freshness of none of these poems has been suffered to evaporate in the tedious processes of revision. But, unfortunately, such meteoric corrusions of poetic frenzy are sometimes a little bewildering to men of cooler imagination, and touchingly recall the injunctions of Horace, in regard to "*limae labor et mora*, and *nonumque prematur in annum*. Let Mr. Browning recite some of these lyrics to a crowd of listeners, and he would soon appreciate the beauty, as well as the necessity, of a more Homeric clearness and simplicity; or, let him subject one of his plays to the ordeal of the stage, and we know of nothing that would sooner teach him his defects in dramatic composition. Yet, however much they might be improved by a more finished versification, and a more simple diction, no one can read such productions as his "Garden Fancies," "The Lost Leader," "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," and "The Boy and the Angel," without a high estimate of the

range, versatility, and originality of his mind.

And here we take our leave of this delightful author, convinced that he has yet high duties to fulfil for his age. Walter Savage Landor has said of him, excepting Shakspeare:

"Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walkt along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, and tongue
So varied in discourse;"

and these endowments, he feels, were given, not merely to amuse and delight his generation, but also to subserve the higher offices of teacher and thinker. His aim is not merely to combine the actual forms of Nature, and of life, so that they may feed the sense of beauty and of mirth. He has come into a mechanical time, to find men enamoured of a material prosperity, to see wealth exacting the homage due only to goodness, to see the leaders of public opinion pandering to that low estimate of education and morals, which regards merely their pecuniary value, to see marriage, friendship, social intercourse, the judgments of mind, and the convictions of conscience, debased in vile thralldom by the despotism of gold; and while he reflects, in the mirror of poetry, all these, and the more lovely and holy characteristics of the age, he is not to forget to pour upon them a luminous effluence from his own spirit, which shall disabuse grosser minds of their false perception, by showing the sad effects of such worldliness upon the undying nature of the soul. He is sent, not merely to create a new world of Fancy, but, likewise, to re-create this old world in a higher spirit, as, indeed, the mission of genius is always rather one of regeneration, than of creation. Forgotten truths, old conceptions of duty, old ideals of excellence, are to be revived under the new aspects of present life. If men, in reliance upon the inventions of human reason, grow regardless of heavenly grace, he is to restore them to humble trust, not only by showing how illusory is that confidence, but, also, by showing how infallibly men grow into a likeness to that in which they confide. If men have set their hearts upon worldly gains, and honors, and delights, he is to open upon them the vision of unseen principles and ideal truth. If they are

dwarfing their minds by a vain admiration of the miracles of their own medianism, he must point to the consummate glories which go forth with the night, and the ineffable beneficence which returns with the rising sun. If, in their superiority of railroad and telegraphic communication, they exult over antiquity, he must sing to them of a time, when the angels of heaven bore messages of light and love between God and his crea-

tures. If affection is absorbed in intellect, and intellect is made the drudge of the senses, he must lead the mind back through the heart into the wisdom of love and the beauty of holiness. It is in the discharge of these high functions of poet and teacher, that Mr. Browning manifests his highest excellence, surpassing, we had almost said, with the exception of Wordsworth, every poet of his time.

SIDONIA, THE SORCERESS.

THIS is a novel, so totally different from all others, that it is difficult to speak of it as such, and yet the conception of the principal character can scarcely be called original. The delineation of Sidonia, in her demoniac career, is not unlike some of the creations of Maturin, Bulwer, Mrs. Shelley, and others, though far beneath them in power. The author refers to absolute evidences, and quotes seriously,—we presume, truthfully,—(though we have neither opportunity nor desire to make the research,) from various historical and biographical authorities: leaving the reader, nevertheless, to form his own opinion, as to the sources from which he has chiefly drawn; or, whether, indeed, the story, as a whole, be actually truth or fiction. The style affects an easy, natural gossip, so plain and matter of fact, that the most incredible and ridiculous averments are swallowed whole, like an oyster, slipping down before we have time to taste the quality.

In order to spare the reader any difficulties which might present themselves to the eye and ear, in consequence of the old-fashioned mode of writing, the author professes to have modernized the orthography, and amended the grammar and structure of the phrases. The effect of this "old-fashioned mode," however, is increased by the use of the Latin pronouns *Ille*, *Illa*, *Hic* and *Hæc*, to denote the different characters speaking in dialogue. The author has made the story a vehicle for the introduction of his own peculiar views of Christianity.

Sidonia Von Bork is said to have belonged to a noble and ancient family of Pomerania. The first public judicial account of her trial for witchcraft is referred to the Pomeranian Library of Dahmert, 4th volume, article 7th, July number, of the year 1756. She is represented as "the most beautiful and the richest of the maidens of Pomerania." A marriage, about to be consummated between her and Duke Ernest Louis Von Wolgast, was prevented by the timely discovery of her infamous character. After many years of a wandering and dissolute life, she entered the convent of Marienflies, became subsequently its Prioress, and was finally convicted and executed for witchcraft.

Of the numerous portraits of this remarkable woman, our author declares himself acquainted with but one, which is at Stargard, near Regenwilde, in the castle of the Count Von Bork. In this portrait, Sidonia, we are told, is represented in the prime of mature beauty. "A gold net is drawn over her almost golden hair, and her neck, arms, and hands are profusely covered with jewels. Her boddice, a bright purple, is trimmed with costly fur, and the robe is of azure velvet. In her hand she carries a pompadour of brown leather, and of the most elegant form and finish. Her eyes and mouth are not pleasing, notwithstanding their great beauty,—in the mouth, particularly, one can discern cold malignity. The painting is beautifully executed, and is evidently of the school of Louis Kranach.

Immediately behind this form, there is another looking over the shoulder of Sidonia, like a terrible spectre, (a highly poetical idea,) for this spectre is Sidonia herself, painted as a sorceress. It must have been added, after a lapse of many years, to the youthful portrait, which belongs to the school of Kranach, whereas the second figure portrays unmistakably the school of Rubens. The sorceress is arrayed in her death garments—white, with black stripes; and round her thin white locks is bound a narrow band of black velvet, spotted with gold. In her hand is a kind of work-basket of the simplest form."

In the novel its heroine is possessed of a sort of devilish grace and wit, which flashes brilliantly over the proud beauty of her youth, and throws a death-fire light on the ugliness of her old age. Among the earliest examples of Sidonia's cruel nature, is an anecdote of picking and roasting a goose, alive, which, however, unluckily for the author's assumed antiquity, is precisely after the recipe given by Dr. Kitchener in the *Cook's Oracle*.

In the bloom of her maiden beauty, Sidonia is taken to the court of Wolgast, and admitted among the Maids of Honor to the Duchess. At the table of this pious lady our heroine betrays her ungodly education, by the inability to say grace; and, on the second, (it being Sunday,) to the amazement and horror of her highness, she is incapable of finding the les-

sons for the day, and knows not the New Testament from the Old. She is accordingly placed under the instruction of her Grace's chaplain, Dr. Gerschovius, and required to learn, first, the Catechism Lutheri, and afterward the Catechism Gerschovii; in both of which she fails, and, indeed, turns the whole affair into ridicule, to the great scandal and disgust of her Grace, the Doctor, and the Ladies of Honor.

On the young nobility and gentlemen of the Court, the new inmate produces quite an opposite impression. "All the young 'squires' fall in love with her, and she takes care to throw herself in their way, and by the arts and flatteries with which she knows how to increase the power of her charms, soon wins over the whole court to her interests.

"After dinner, in place of going direct to the ladies' apartments, she would take a circuitous route, so as to go by the quarter where the men dined, and as she passed their doors, which they left open on purpose, what rejoicing there was, and such running and squeezing just to get a glimpse of her—the little putting their heads under the arms of the tall, and there they began to laugh and chat; but neither the Duchess nor the old Chamberlain knew any thing of this, for they were in a different wing of the castle, and besides, always took a sleep after dinner."

With Prince Ernest she is especially successful, and to win his affections, and, through him, to become a Princess of the Ducal House of Pomerania, is her grand object.

The 11th chapter of our novel is headed: "*How Sidonia repeated the catechism of Dr. Gerschovius, and how she whipped the young Casimir, out of pure evil-mindedness.*" How she repeated the catechism is as follows:

"The Sunday came at last, when Sidonia was to be examined publicly in the catechism of Dr. Gerschovius. Her Grace was filled with anxiety to see how all would terminate, for every one suspected (as indeed was the case) that not one word of it would she be able to repeat. So the church was crowded, and all the young men attended without exception, knowing what was to go forward, and fearing for Sidonia, because this Dr. Gerschovius was a stern, harsh man; but she herself seemed to care little about the matter, for she entered her Grace's closet as usual (which was right opposite the pulpit) and threw herself carelessly into a corner. However, when the doctor entered the pulpit, she became more grave, and finally, when his discourse was drawing near to the close, she rose up quietly and glided out of the closet, intending to descend to the gardens. Her Grace did not perceive her movement, in consequence of the hat with the heron's plume which she wore—for the feathers drooped down at the side next Sidonia, and the other ladies were too much alarmed to venture to draw her attention to the circumstance. But the priest from the pulpit

saw her well, and called out—"Maiden! maiden! Whither go you? remember ye have to repeat your catechism!"

Then Sidonia grew quite pale, for her Grace and all the congregation fixed their eyes on her. So when she felt quite conscious that she was looking pale, she said—"You see from my face that I am not well; but if I get better, doubt not but that I shall return immediately." Here all the maids of honor put up their kerchiefs to hide their laughter, and the young nobles did the same.

"So she went away, but they might wait long enough, I think, for her to come back. So they all proceeded to Sidonia's little room; for there she was, to their great surprise, seated upon a chair with a smelling-bottle in her hand. Whereupon her Grace demanded what ailed her, and why she had not staid to repeat the catechism.

"Illa.—Ah! she was so weak, she would certainly have fainted, if she had not descended to the garden to have a little fresh air."

"Then," quoth her Grace, "you shall recite the catechism here for the doctor; for, in truth, Christianity is as necessary to you as water to a fish."

"The doctor now cleared his throat to begin, but she stopped him pertly, saying—

"I do not choose to say my catechism here in my room, like a little child. Grown-up maidens are always heard in the church."

"Howbeit, her Grace motioned to him not to heed her. So to his first question she replied rather snappishly—"You have your answer already."

"No wonder the priest grew black with rage; but seeing a book lying open on a little table, beside her bed, and thinking it was the catechism of Dr. Gerschovius which she had been studying, he stepped over to look. But judge his horror, when he found it was a volume of the *Amadis de Gaul*."

The Duchess, on quitting the maiden, threatens to banish her the Court; for which Sidonia inflicts corporeal revenge upon the little Prince Casimir, who had offered to recite the catechism, instigated by his mother, to put Sidonia to shame.

"She took it angrily, and, calling him over, said: 'Yes; come—I will hear your catechism.' And as the little boy came up close beside her, she slung him across her knee, pulled down his hose, and—oh, shame!—whipped his Serene Highness upon his princely *podex*, that it would have melted the heart of a stone. How this shows her cruel and mischievous disposition—to revenge on the child what she had to bear from the mother. Fie on the maiden!"

The celebration of her Highness's birth-day affords a good picture of the barbarism and the splendor of the court. The grand ducal hall is described as of great magnificence, containing a painted window, sixty feet high, delineating the pilgrimage of Duke Bokislaff the Great to Jerusalem, all painted by Gerhard Horner, a Frieslander, and the most celebrated

painter on glass of his time. In this hall are assembled all the lords of the court, and at the sound of drums and trumpets the great doors, all wreathed with flowers, are flung open by the marshal, and the princely widow enters, with great pomp, leading the little Casimir by the hand. She is arrayed in the Pomeranian costume, a white silk under-robe, and over it a surcoat of azure velvet, brocaded with silver. A long train of white velvet, embroidered in golden laurel wreaths, is supported by twelve pages in black velvet cassocks, with Spanish ruffs. From a coif of scarlet velvet, with small plumes, the Duchess wears a white veil, spangled with silver stars, and hanging to her feet, and from her neck is depended, by a gold and scarlet chain, a balsam flask in the form of a greyhound.

"As her Serene Highness entered with fresh and blushing cheeks, all bowed low and kissed her hand, glittering with diamonds. Then each offered his congratulations as best he could.

"Among them came Johann Neander, Arch-deacon of St. Peter's, who was seeking preferment, considering that his present living was but a poor one; and so he presented her Grace with a printed *tractatum* dedicated to her Highness, in which the question was discussed whether the ten virgins mentioned Matt. xxv. were of noble or citizen rank. But Dr. Gerschovius made a mock of him for this afterward, before the whole table."

Prince Ernest having yielded to the fascinations of Sidonia, it is decided by the Duchess and her honest counsellor, Ulrich, to send the young lady away; but no sooner has she gone than the Prince is seized with convulsions, and carried fainting to his bed, where he only revives to call on Sidonia—his beloved Sidonia. We think we have known gentlemen in these modern times, affected similarly in somewhat similar cases, where the fits were pretty sure to operate on tender female sensibilities. Her Grace summons the

Court Physician, Dr. Pomius, in whom she has so much faith that she fancies a vast amount of profound knowledge to be expressed, if he only "*put his finger to the end of his nose.*"

The learned Doctor prescribes in vain, and the Duchess recalls Sidonia. The Prince recovers, and between him and Sidonia a private marriage is planned, which is prevented, however, by the accidental discovery, through Clara Von Dewitz, of Sidonia's criminality.

This good and modest Clara stands always in delicate contrast to the splendid beauty and mischievous wickedness, the mingled pride and meanness of Sidonia. Many years afterwards, when Sidonia, separated from the robber band, her associates, is carried forcibly into the Castle of Daber, by her cousin, Marcus Bork, whom she endeavors to stab, the character of Clara is brought out pleasingly:

"All this while no one had troubled himself about Sidonia. My gracious lady wept, the young lords laughed, old Ulrich swore, while the good Marcus murmured softly to his young wife—

"Be happy Clara; for thy sake I shall consent to go to Saatzig. I have decided."

"This filled her with such joy that she danced, and smiled, and flung herself into her mother's arms; nothing was wanting now to her happiness! Just then her eyes rested upon Sidonia, who was leaning against the wall as pale as a corpse. Clara grew quite calm in a moment, and asked, compassionately—

"What aileth thee, poor Sidonia?"

"I am hungry," was the answer.

"At this the gentle bride, was so shocked that the tears filled her eyes, and she exclaimed—

"Wait, thou shalt partake of my wedding-feast," and away went she.

"The attention of the others was, by this time, also directed to Sidonia. And old Ulrich said—

"What shall we now do with Sidonia?"

"Upon which my Lady of Wolgast turned to her, and asked her if she were yet wedded to her gallows-bird?

"Not yet," was the answer, "but she would soon be."

"Then my gracious Lady spat out at her; and, addressing Ulrich asked what he would advise.

"So the stout old knight said—

"If the matter were left to him he would just send for the executioner, and have her ears and nose slit, as a warning and example, for no good could ever come of her now, and then pack her off next day to her farm at Zachow; for if they let her loose, she would run to her paramour again, and come at last to gallows and wheel; but if they just slit her nose, then he would hold her in abhorrence, as well as other maiden folk."

"During this Clara had entered, and set fish, and wild-boar, and meat, and bread, before the girl; and as she heard Ulrich's last words, she bent down and whispered—

"Fear nothing, Sidonia, I hope to be able to protect thee, as I did once before; only eat, Sido-

* Over these exegetical disquisitions of a former age we smile, and with reason; but, we pedantic Germans, have carried our modern exegetical mania to such absurd lengths, that we are likely to become as much a laughing-stock to our cotemporaries, as well as to posterity, as this Johannes Neander. In fact our exegetists are mostly pitiful schoolmasters—word-anatomists—and one could as little learn the true spirit of an old classic poet from our pedantic philologists, as the true sense of Holy Scripture from our scholastic theologians. What with their grammar twistings, their various readings, their dubious punctuations, their mythical and who knows what other meanings, their hair splittings, and prosy vocable tiltings, we find at last that they are willing to teach us every thing but that which really concerns us, and like the Danaides, they let the water of life run through the sieve of their learning.

nia! Ah! hadst thou followed my advice! I always meant well by thee, and even now, if I thought thou wouldst repent truly, poor Sidonia, I would take thee to my castle of Saatzig, and never let thee want for aught through life.

"When Sidonia heard this, she wept and promised amendment. Only let Clara try her, for she could never go to Zachow, and play the peasant girl. Upon which Clara turned to her Highness, and prayed her Grace to give Sidonia up to her. See how she was weeping; misfortune truly had softened her, and she would soon be brought back to God. Only let her take her to Saatzig, and treat her as a sister. At this, however, old Ulrich shook his head—

"Clara, Clara," he exclaimed, "knowest thou not that the Moor cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots? I can not, then let the serpent go. Think on our mother, girl; it is a bad work playing with serpents."

"Her Grace, too became thoughtful, and said, at last—

"Could we not send her to the convent at Marienfließ, or somewhere else?"

"What the devil would she do in a convent?" exclaimed the old knight. "To infect the young maidens with her vices, or plague them with her pride? Now, there was nothing else for her but to be packed off to Zachow."

"Now Clara looked up once again at her husband, with her soft, tearful eyes, for he had said no word all this time, but remained quite mute; and he drew her to him, and said—

"I understand thy wish, dear Clara, but the old knight is right. It is a dangerous business, dear Clara! Let Sidonia go."

"At this Sidonia crawled forth like a serpent from her corner, and howled—

"Clara had pity on her, but he would turn her out to starve—he, who bore her own name, and was of her own blood."

"Alas! the good knight was ashamed to refuse any longer, and finally promised the evil one that she should go with them to Saatzig. So her Grace at last consented, but old Ulrich shook his gray head ten times more.

"He had lived many years in the world, but never had it come to his knowledge that a godless man was tamed by love. Fear was the only teacher for them. All their love would be thrown away on this harlot; for even if the stout Marcus kept her tight with bit and rein, and tried to bring her back by fear, yet the moment his back was turned, Clara would spoil all again by love and kindness."

"However, nobody minded the good knight, though it all came to pass just as he had prophesied."

The terrible death of this lovely creature, through the fiend-like cruelty of Sidonia, breaks the last link, as it were, of her humanity, and forbids anything like a fellow-feeling for her subsequent sufferings.

The after life of the sorceress is devoted to revenge upon all who have been obstacles in her path, and especially upon the unfortunate house of Pomerania. The sub-Prioress, Do-

rothea Stettin, is one of the most afflicted of her victims. Some passages in the life of this over-sensitive maiden are more ludicrous than pathetic.

Dorothea, repenting the confidence she had placed in Sidonia, falls sick, and the *medicus*, Dr. Schwalenberg, is called:

"This doctor was an excellent little man, rather past middle age though still unmarried, upright and honest, but rough as a bean-straw. When he stood by Dorothea's bed, and had heard all particulars of her illness, he bid her put out her hand, that he might feel her pulse.

"No, no," she answered, "that she could never do; never in her life had a male creature felt her pulse."

"At this my doctor laughed right merrily, and all the nuns who stood round, and Sidonia's old maid Wolde laughed likewise, but at last he persuaded Dorothea to stretch out her hand.

"I must bleed her," said the doctor. "This is *febris putrida*; therefore was her thirst so great: she must strip her arm till he bleed her." But no one can persuade her to this, strip her arm! no, never could she do it, she would die first: if the doctor could do nothing else he may go his ways.

"Now the doctor grew angry. Such a cured fool of a woman he had never come across in his life; if she did not strip her arm instantly, he would do it by force. But Dorothea is inflexible; say what he would, she would strip her arm for no man!

"Even the abbess and the sisterhood tried to persuade her—

"Would she not do it for her health's sake; or, at least, for the sake of peace?"

"They were all here standing round her, but all in vain. At last the doctor, half-laughing, half-cursing, said—

"He would bleed her in the foot. Would that do?"

"Yes, she would consent to that; but the doctor must leave the room while she was getting ready."

"So my doctor went out, but on entering again found her sitting on the bed, dressed in her full convent robes, her head upon Anna Apenborg's shoulder, and her foot upon a stool. As the foot, however, was covered with a stocking, the doctor began to scold—

"What was the stocking for? Let him take off the stocking. Was she making a fool of him? He advised her not to try it."

"No, Dorothea answered, 'never would she strip her foot for him. Die she would, if die she must, but that she could never do! If he could not bleed her through the stocking, he must go his ways.'

"Summa.—As neither prayers nor threatening were of any avail, the doctor, in truth, had to bleed her through the stocking."

The poor sub-Prioress becomes possessed of a devil, or, as our author would explain it, is put into a somnambulistic state, wherein she declares that health can only be restored to

her through the intervention of Diliana, the daughter of Jebit Bork—the beautiful Diliana, whose “name is borne by no second on earth,” and who “is unequalled in goodness, piety, humility, chastity, and courage.” The damsel immediately appears, and becomes thenceforward the heroine of the story. Diliana is the granddaughter of Clara Von Dewitz, and a more lovely creation has rarely graced the pages of fiction. She is the redeeming virtue of the book—amid the coarse barbarisms, vulgarity, and superstition of the times—amid witchcraft and wickedness, she passes on, a second Una.

“So pure and innocent,——
She was in life and every virtuous lore.”

In Diliana's interview with the Duke and the Magister, our author sets forth some of his peculiar tenets:

“At last Diliana exclaimed eagerly—

“Ah! can it be possible to speak with the blessed angels, as the evil women speak with the devil? In truth, I would like to see an angel.”

“At this the Duke looked significantly at the Magister, who immediately advanced, and began to explain the *opus magicum et theurgicum* to the maiden, as follows—

“You know, fair young virgin, that our Saviour saith of the innocent children: ‘Their angels always see the face of my Father, which is in heaven.’ (Matt. xviii.) Item, St. Paul, (Heb. i.): ‘Are not the angels ministering spirits, sent forth for the service of those who are heirs of salvation?’ This is no new doctrine, but one as old as the world. For you know further that Adam, Noah, the holy patriarchs, the prophets, &c., talked with angels, because their faith was great. Item, you know that, even in the New Testament, angels were stated to have appeared and talked with men; but later still, during the papal times even, the angels of God appeared to divers persons, as was well known, and of their own free will. For they did not always appear of *free will*; and therefore, from the beginning, conjurations were employed to *compel* them, and fragments of those have come down to us *ex traditione*, as we Magistri say, from the time of Shem, the son of Noah, who revealed them to his son Misraim; and so, from son to son, they have reached to our day, and are still powerful.”

“But,” spake Diliana, “is it then possible, for man to compel angels?”

“Ille.—Yes, by three different modes; first, through the word, or the intellectual vinculum; secondly, through the heavenly bodies, or the astral vinculum; lastly, through the earthly creatures, or the elementary vinculum.

“Respecting first the *word*, you know that all things were made by it, and without it was nothing made that is made. With God the Lord, therefore, *word* and *thing* are one and the same, for when he speaks it is done; he commands, and it stands there. Also, with our father Adam, was the *word* all-powerful; for he ruled over all beasts

of the field, and birds, and creeping things by the *name* which he gave unto them, that is, by the *word*. (Gen. ii.) This power, too, the word of Noah possessed, and by it he drew the beasts into the ark (Gen. vii.), for we do not read that he *drove* them, which would be necessary now, but they *went* into the ark after him, two and two, *i. e.* compelled by the power of his word.

“Next follows the *astral vinculum*, *i. e.* the sympathy between us and the heavenly bodies or stars wherein the angels dwell and rule. We must know their divers aspects, configurations, risings, settings, and the like, also the precise time, hour, and minute in which they exercise an influence over angel, man, and lower creatures, according as the ancients, and particularly the Chaldeans have taught us, for spirit can not influence spirit at every moment, but only at particular times and particular circumstances.

“Lastly comes the *elementary vinculum*, or the sympathy which binds all earthly creatures together—men, animals, plants, stones, vapors, and exhalations, &c., but above all this cementing sympathy is strongest in pure virgins, as you, much-praised Diliana—”

“Hereupon she spake, surprised—

“How can all this be? Is it not folly to suppose that the blessed angels could be compelled by influences from plants and stones?”

“It is no folly, dear maiden, but a great and profound truth, which I will demonstrate to you briefly. Every thing throughout the universe is affected by two opposing forces, *attraction* or sympathy, *repulsion* or antipathy. All things in heaven as well as upon earth act on each other by means of these two forces.

“And as all within, above, beneath, in the heaven and on the earth, are types insensibly repeated of one grand archetype, so we find that the sun himself is a magnet, and by his different poles repels or attracts the planets, and among them our earth; in winter he repels her, and she moves darkly and mournfully along; in spring, he begins to draw her toward him, and she comes joyfully, amidst songs of the holy angels, out of night and darkness, like a bride in the arms of her beloved. And though no ear upon earth can mark this song, yet the sympathies of each creature are attracted and excited thereby, and man, beast, bird, fish, tree, flower, grass, stones, all exhale forth their subtlest, most spiritual, sweetest, life to blend with the holy singers.

“O maiden, maiden, this is no folly! Truly might we say that each thing feels, for each thing loves and hates. The animate as the inanimate, the earthly as the heavenly, the visible as the invisible. For what is love but attraction, or sympathy toward some object, whereby we desire to blend with it? And what is hate but repulsion or antipathy, whereby we are forced to fly or recoil from it.

“We, silly men, tear and tatter to pieces the rude coarse *materia* of things, and think we know the nature of an object, because, like a child with a mirror, we break it to find the image. But the life of the thing—the inner hidden mystic life of *sympathies*—of this we know nothing, and yet we call ourselves wise!

"But what is the signification of this wide-spread law of love and hate which rules the universe as far as we know? Nothing else than the dark signature of faith impressed upon every creature. For what the thing loves, that is its God; and what the thing hates, that is its devil. So when the upright and perfect soul ascends to God, the source of all attraction, God descends to it in sympathy, and blends with it, as Christ says, 'Whoso loves me, and keeps my word, my Father will love him, and we will come and take up our abode with him.' But if the perverted soul descends to the source of all repulsion, which is the devil, God will turn away from him, and he will hate God and love the devil, as our blessed Saviour says (Matt. vi.), 'No man can serve two masters, he will hate one and love the other; ye can not serve God and the devil.' Such will be the law of the universe until the desire of all creatures is fulfilled, until the living word again descends from heaven, and says, 'Let there be light!' and the new light will fall upon the soul. Then will the old serpent be cast out of the new heaven and the new earth. Hate and repulsion will exist no longer, but as Esaias saith, 'The wolf and the lamb, the leopard and the kid, will lie down together, and the child may play fearlessly upon the den of the adder.' Hallelujah! Then will creation be free! then will it pass from the bondage of corruption into the lordly freedom of the children of God (Rom. viii.), and

Sun,
moon, stars,
earth, angels, men,
beasts, plants, stones,
the living as the dead,
the great as the small,
the visible as the invisible,
will find at last
the source of all attraction
which they have ever ardently desired—
round which they will ever circle
day on day, night on night,
century on century, millennium on millennium,
lost in the infinite and eternal abyss
of all love—
GOD!"*

"* Almost with the last words of this sketch, the second part of *Kosmos*, by Alexander von Humboldt, came to my hand. Evidently the great author (who so well deserves immortality for his contribution to science) views the world also as a whole; and wherever in ancient or modern times, even a glimpse of this doctrine can be found, he quotes it and brings it to light. But yet, in a most incomprehensible manner, he has passed over those very systems in which, above all others, this idea finds ample room; namely, the New-Platonism of the ancients (the Theurgic Philosophy), and the later Cabalistic, Alchymical, Mystic Philosophy (White Magic), from which system the deductions of Magister Joel are borrowed: but above all, we must name *Plotinus*, as the father of the

The invocation of the angel, is a mixture of the ridiculous and the poetical. The Duke, the Magister, and Diliانا, are in the knight's hall. Old Jobit Bork, peeping through the gimlet-hole he has made in the door. The Magister repeats the conjuration three times:

"And, behold, at the last word, a white cloud appeared at the north, that at every moment became brighter and brighter, until a red pillar of light, about an arm's thickness, shot forth from the centre of it, and the most exquisite fragrance with soft tones of music were diffused over the whole north end of the hall; then the cloud seemed to rain down radiant flowers of hues and beauty such as earth had never seen, after which a tremendous sound, as if a clap of thunder, shook not only the castle to its foundation, but seemed to shake heaven and earth itself, and the cloud, parting in twain, disclosed the sun-angel in the centre.

"Yet the knight outside never heard this sound, nor did old Kruger, the Duke's boot-cleaner, who sat in the very next room reading the Bible; he merely thought that the clock had run down in the corridor, and sent his wife out to see, and this seems to me a very strange thing, but the knight, through his gimlet-hole, saw plainly, that a chair, which they had forgotten to take out of the way of the angel at the north side, was utterly consumed by his presence, and when he had passed, lay there a heap of ashes.

"And the angel in truth appeared in the form of a beautiful boy of twelve years old, and from head to foot shone with a dazzling light. A blue mantle, sown with silver stars was flung around him, but so glittering to the eye that it seemed a portion of the milky way he had torn from heaven, as he passed along, and wrapped round his angelic form! On his feet, rosy as the first clouds of morning, were bound gold sandals, and on his yellow hair a crown; and thus surrounded by radiant flowers, odors, and the soft tones of heavenly music, he swept down in grace and glorious beauty to earth."

But enough. We cannot recommend "Sidonia" to our readers, for elevation of sentiment, or as producing a very pleasing or healthful impression upon the mind. Yet there is a good deal of lively picturing, and there is at least no fear that the supernatural views of the author will produce any worse result than to provoke a smile.

new Platonists, to whom nature is throughout but one vast unity, one divine totality, one power united with one life. In later times we find that Albertus Magnus, Cornelius Agrippa, and Theophrastus Paracelsus, held the same view. The latter uses the above word "attraction" in the sense of sympathy. And the systems of these philosophers, which are in many places full of profound truths, are based upon this idea."

THE WORKS OF J. FENIMORE COOPER.*

VON DENCKEN, the profound and ingenious philosopher, from whose great work, the "Inquiry into the sources of the *Omne Scibile*," we lately translated a few paragraphs, has some further observations in the same connection, (*vide* the chapter, "*De Vita Humana*," which may serve, like the others, in place of the usual metaphysical preface to a literary review. Having ourselves the same horror of that obscurity called "range of thought," of which reviewers in general are accused in the preface to the *Pioneers*, especially when we ourselves are called upon to exercise it, we shall be delighted if we can satisfy the expectations of readers, in this particular, with the speculations of the learned Dutchman. Still, we would not venture to make use of him, had not much observation long ago assured us that his labors are but little known in this quarter, and may interest, therefore, as much by their novelty as their truth.

"Not only," continues the philosopher, "does this constant equalization of vital power, of which I have treated, take place between the dead and the living, but it is constantly going on, from day to day and hour to hour, among all souls which come in contact. Certain constituent elements, of every one's life have affinities which attract similar elements in others—and *vice versa*. | There is no individual with whom another can become acquainted without imparting or receiving, or both imparting and receiving, some peculiar vigor. Thus we often see the strongest friendships among opposites; a rash temper derives prudence from contact with a timid one, while the timid acquires a measure of resolution from the over-boldness of the other. How beautifully the reflective and the active harmonize and blend together! The first gains the needed

repose of spirit, while the latter is supplied with new motives. Thus might be instanced numberless combinations which would at once be acknowledged as common and universal; indeed, were it possible, there is probably no development of soul-vigor in one individual without its counterpart somewhere in others.

"This constant influence or interchange of vitality which goes on among all mankind who come in contact, belongs to us as members of a great family. In this aspect, so far, that is, as regards vitality, we have a common soul; we are so far gregarious—a many headed monster—having one life running through us all.

"If there be any to whom this view is new and strange, let him consider his own life and see how imperceptibly the product of the common vitality—LAW—in all its forms, municipal and social, winds its arms around him, as he advances in years. Struggle and murmur as he may, and as most of us do, in one respect or another, there is no escaping this inexorable, all-pervading shaper of destinies. In whatever regard, and from whatever cause, we have disobeyed it, there is no escaping the penalty. If we have yielded to envy, hatred, or uncharitableness, the lurking self-reproach will hang about us forever. If we have been criminal against others, however fortunate in concealing it, we feel a difference between us and honest men. If against ourselves, what would we not do to avoid the laws of habit—misery of constrained intemperance, for example, or that most awful consequence of a disregard for the laws of life, a licentious old age.

"On the other hand, what a source of health and peace to the spirit it is to find ourselves going on in harmony with law, feeling ourselves co-workers with the general vitality of the race! Even where by reason of ignorance or constitution, we have failed in a thousand respects, it is a consolation to have remained steadfast in one. Thus the hypocrite in religion hugs himself upon integrity in

*The Works of J. FENIMORE COOPER Revised, Corrected, and Illustrated, with a new Introduction, Notes, &c. G. P. Putnam.

COOPER'S NOVELS. A New Uniform Edition, in 32 Volumes. Stringer & Townsend.

business; the mature gamester prides himself upon having done his duty to his family; the self-destroyer sustains his ruined body with the thought that he has never tempted others, and thus all of us find something to lean upon till the body fails to come up to the requirements of the lowest law of life, and death comes to bear us away."

After thus enlarging the limits of his theory of vitality, the subtle Dutchman proceeds to apply it to several conditions of life, and as the vital changes are observed more clearly among individuals brought in contact with large numbers of others, he takes his examples from regal, military, civil, and other prominent departments. Among others, he considers, in one chapter, the artist life, including all vocations in which men address the world, through the sense of beauty. We translate the few paragraphs applicable to our purpose:

"We have seen how, in the civil departments, though there may be unjust magistrates, and those who, through error, give erroneous decisions, yet the silent influences of life, which go to keep up the great vital equilibrium, gradually shake off the false, and retain only that which is true—that which was discovered to be true by the strong perceptions of vigorous and truth-loving spirits. So it is in the Fine Arts, and in the pursuits of literature and science. All that is mortal falls off and dies; but the truly vital lives forever. And this happens as well in individual instances, and during short periods, as universally during the lapse of centuries. There are no regular periods to its operation; if the soul of the universe has its throbs, they are too slow for our poor faculties of discernment. Sometimes the vigor of one man shall be so overwhelming that he will awe the hearts of nations through his life; and it will be not till long after he has gone off the stage that his true strength can be estimated—and then it may be seen that though he made a great noise in his time, and brought much to pass, yet there was little of him beyond the name that will return to the general stream of life. He did much, but he saw, heard, or felt no more,—less, perhaps, while here,—than many others, who would have left a stronger *residuum*, had their career been as public as his. Such instances have been cited in the chapter on military heroes.

"Sometimes the vital *aura* diffuses itself more quickly, and the world feels it like an electric touch. Poets and musicians have ere now wakened the common life to a new sense of gladness and beauty, by a single song. And so, in their several ways, have

painters, and sculptors, and story-tellers. In deed, it is in all these arts that the true vigor, brought to bear, soonest recombines and returns to repose in the general breast of humanity. Hence, in all of them, how rarely does any one achieve great distinction! How hard, also, it is to sustain, for any length of time, a position once gained! For, to do it, one must labor, so soon does the virtue go out from him, against his very self, in order to preserve the relation that was between him and other men at the outset. Yet there are those who are able to accomplish this; who can go on from day to day, and year to year, imparting their power of vision, kindling their glow of spirit, their fire of emotion, and fancy's ardor, in the hearts of the world at large.

"That which they would have done at first they still sometimes desire to do, though their success in what was incidental might have taught them to expend their energies upon that. They may see the sparks flying in one direction, while they will continue to hammer in another; such may be their weakness. They may deem it less desirable to impart than to carry out a cherished plan; or they may be so constituted, so incongruously put together, that the crystal is only perfect on one side. How seldom do men see themselves as others see them! How often they go on, priding themselves on doing what they do ill, or not at all, and neglecting that which they do well—like a good violinist in one of our village bands, who should persist in playing the trombone, though it gave his hearers the headache to hear him, and himself the consumption to blow it!

"It is a wonder often to see artists and writers who have been successful, who cannot but feel that the peculiar vitality of their spirits has been taken up by its numerous affinities into the general bosom of life—who may see their works translated, or copied and spread among all civilized nations, and imitated by thousands, forming a new school of excellence in their department, whatever it may be—who may thus perceive the reflection, as it were, of their own image upon the world's mirror—it is a wonder that they do not feel a secret law impelling them to be true to their organization. But, then, habit makes us all powerless. We daily unlearn ourselves too late to avail us anything. Law, the law of life, overhangs us; it surrounds and environs us; but we can never stop. Once fairly in the current, we are dashed onward; we may founder these frail barks any moment we please, but we cannot control them; with our best efforts we can only keep keep them in the channel, and have others to follow, if they will,—whither, oh whither?"

"Whither, indeed," some readers will be

ready to exclaim, as they reach the philosopher's concluding sentence, "out of his depth we fear." But it is fortunately not necessary to follow him any further at present. The particular relevance of what we have already quoted may not be very obvious. But that does not much signify. It is customary for reviews to have metaphysical beginnings, for what reason we know not, unless it be to put the reader into a fitting frame of mind to attend to criticism; or it may be to serve for a base line to the survey of an author; or as a large introduction to a principal movement in music—which sometimes appears to be used to weary the ear and make it glad to listen to anything rather than that to which it has been compelled to hear. We have, at all events, complied with the form in giving an extract from Von Dencken.

If his theory respecting vitality be admitted, as applied to writers, Cooper may felicitate himself on having imparted life to as wide a circle of his cotemporaries as almost any author living. The best of his novels have been long popular in both hemispheres, and as a writer of sea-tales, he has been the father of a numerous progeny of imitators. We confess to have anticipated and enjoyed, so far as one can enjoy anything, under the miserable apprehension of having to write about it, the opportunity of renewing our early acquaintance with many of his well-known personages. We have derived no little mental refreshment from breathing again the salt breezes of the German Ocean, and the fine snowy atmosphere of Otsego; we have been glad to meet again our old friend Leatherstocking, to see his silent laugh, and hear the sharp crack of his rifle; all his adventures as Hawkeye, Natty Bumppo, and the Trapper, we have skimmed over again, with, for aught we can see, undiminished enjoyment. There are also many others of these personages, in another walk of life, Long Tom Coffin and his descendants, some of whom we have followed through their perils once more with the same anxiety and the same admiration of their heroism we had in days past weeping for. With many of these people we first became familiar under peculiar circumstances—by stealth, and as we are taught to believe, at peril of our soul's salvation; we have persisted in knowing them, and others like

them, thus far in life, and, sinner that we are, yet trust we are not utterly cast away. When we consider how much we owe to them, what we might possibly have become had we never known them, we are almost a convert to Von Dencken, and feel under a personal obligation to their author, for enabling us to keep our eyes open to the beauty of nature and nature's heroes, in spite of ignorance and superstition.

None of our writers has given more vivid pictures of American scenery than Cooper. Whether the scene be winter or summer, in forest or clearing, his landscapes are unmistakably drawings from nature. The opening of the *Pioneers*, and several scenes from the same novel, are well known examples. We will quote one of them:

A WINTER MORNING.

The side of the mountain, on which our travellers were journeying, though not absolutely perpendicular, was yet so steep as to render great care necessary in descending the rude and narrow path, which, in that early day, wound along the precipices. The negro reined in his impatient steeds, and time was given to Elizabeth to dwell on a scene which was so rapidly altering under the hands of man, that it only resembled, in its outlines, the picture she had often studied, with delight, in her childhood. On the right, and stretching for several miles to the north, lay a narrow plain buried among mountains, which, falling occasionally, jutted in long low points, that were covered with tall trees, into the valley; and then again for miles, stretched their lofty brows perpendicularly along its margin, nourishing in the crags that formed their sides, pines and hemlocks thinly interspersed with chestnut and beech, which grew in lines nearly parallel to the mountains themselves. The dark foliage of the evergreens was brilliantly contrasted by the glittering whiteness of the plain, which exhibited, over the tops of the trees, and through the vistas formed by the advancing points of the hills, a single sheet of unspotted snow, relieved occasionally by a few small dark objects that were discovered, as they were passing directly beneath the feet of the travellers, to be sleighs moving in various directions. On the western border of the plain, the mountains, though equally high, were less precipitous, and as they receded, opened into irregular valleys and glens, and were formed into terraces, and hollows that admitted of cultivation. Although the evergreens still held dominion over many of the hills that rose on this side of the valley, yet the undulating outlines of the distant mountains covered with forests of beech and maple,

gave a relief to the eye, and the promise of a kinder soil. Occasionally spots of white were discoverable amidst the forests of the opposite hills, that announced, by the smoke which curled over the tops of the trees, the habitations of man, and the commencement of agriculture. These spots were sometimes, by the aid of united labor, enlarged into what were called settlements; but more frequently were small and insulated, though so rapid were the changes, and so persevering the labors of those who had cast their fortunes on the success of the enterprise, that it was not difficult for the imagination of Elizabeth to conceive they were enlarging under her eye, while she was gazing in mute wonder, at the alterations that a few short years had made in the aspect of the country. The points on the western side of the plain were both larger and more numerous than those on its eastern, and one in particular thrust itself forward in such a manner as to form beautifully curved bays of snow on either side. On its extreme end a mighty oak stretched forward, as if to overshadow, with its branches, a spot which its roots were forbidden to enter. It had released itself from the thralldom, that a growth of centuries had imposed on the branches of the surrounding forest-trees, and threw its gnarled and fantastic arms abroad, in all the wildness of unrestrained liberty. A dark spot of a few acres in extent at the southern extremity of this beautiful flat, and immediately under the feet of our travellers, alone showed, by its rippling surface, and the vapors which exhaled from it, that what at first might seem a plain, was one of the mountain lakes, locked in the frosts of winter. A narrow current rushed impetuously from its bosom at the open place we have mentioned, and might be traced for a few miles as it wound its way towards the south, through the real valley, by its borders of hemlock and pine, and by the vapor which arose from its warmer surface into the chill atmosphere of the hills."

The language is diffuse, and the sentences cold and artificial in construction; but the flow of them is sustained, and the images chosen to present the landscape are beautifully picturesque. The scene is not flashed upon the apprehension in a poetic manner, by exciting a corresponding tone of feeling; it is elaborately drawn *from the eye*, as a painter would sketch it.

In his descriptions of the changes of the ocean, Cooper has more emotion, and his language seems to rise and swell with the grandeur of his subjects. The Pilot has many fine examples of this, and they abound in all his later sea stories. The following is from *Homeward Bound*:

"The awaking of the winds on the ocean is frequently attended with signs and portents as sublime as any the fancy can conceive. On the present occasion, the breeze that had prevailed so steadily for a week was succeeded by light baffling puffs, as if, conscious of the mighty powers of the air that were assembling in their strength, the inferior blasts were hurrying to and fro for a refuge. The clouds, too, were whirling about in uncertain eddies, many of the heaviest and darkest descending so low along the horizon, that they had an appearance of settling on the waters in quest of repose. But the waters themselves were unnaturally agitated. The billows, no longer following each other in regular waves, were careering upwards, like fiery coursers suddenly checked in their mad career. The usual order of the eternally unquiet ocean was lost in a species of chaotic tossings of the elements, the seas heaving themselves upward, without order, and frequently without visible cause. This was the re-action of the currents, and of the influence of breezes still older than the last. Not the least fearful symptom of the hour was the terrific calmness of the air and such a scene of menacing wildness. Even the ship came into the picture to aid the impression of intense expectation; for with her canvas reduced, she, too, seemed to have lost that instinct which had so lately guided her along the trackless waste, and was "wallowing," nearly helpless, among the confused waters. Still she was a beautiful and a grand object, perhaps more so at that moment than at any other; for her vast and naked spars, her well supported masts, and all the ingenious and complicated hamper of the machine, gave her a resemblance to some sinewy and gigantic gladiator, pacing the arena, in waiting for the conflict that was at hand."

It appears that Cooper's style, in his later novels has much improved in fluency; and even in these brief extracts, one may trace a difference. He was never a graceful or an elegant writer; no style can be imagined more unsuited to the purposes of entertaining narrative than that of some of his earlier novels. The opening of the *Red Rover*, if our memory serve, is particularly forced and crude in language as well as in conception. It is by the power of vision, the collected energy of his fancy, acting in spite of his style, that his descriptions are so clear and fascinating.

What is true of his style, will to a great extent, apply to the construction of his novels. His earlier plots are mostly elaborately improbable, and the scenes are not shifted with ease, yet the minor effects and

episodes are arranged with singular power. Take for examples, Mr. Gray's piloting the ship through the reefs, and all those scenes where Leatherstocking displays his skill with the rifle, such as the shooting of the turkey or panther. The latter incident in particular is finely wrought, and the sudden revulsion the reader experiences from extreme anxiety to perfect confidence in the skill of the old hunter, where the narrative is interrupted—

"Hist! Hist!" said a low voice—"stoop lower, gal, your bonnet hides the creater's head."

—has probably produced its effect upon nearly as many pairs of eyes as the story has had readers. Yet the Pioneers cannot be considered to be constructed or carried through in such a manner that the reader's interest is much interested in the main story. Leatherstocking is the true story; we are more interested in him and saddened by his departure, than gratified by the marriage of the lovers. The like is true of all the tales where he is introduced, and also of the sea stories, where we have him in his essentials, with only a "sea change."

He appears, in all the novels of Cooper in one shape or another, the simple-hearted, old (or sometimes young) man, with a preternatural skill, either as a huntsman or sailor, and a luck that brings him scot free out of every danger. It would only occupy space to enumerate his different phases; sufficient that we all know and esteem—almost reverence him. Could he be found in real life he would be a safer guide than twenty Kit Carsons in an overland journey to San Francisco; or, if we might have him in his salt phase, he should be shipped for the expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. He is Cooper's great original character.

Besides him, and his variations, we get very little of real character-drawing. There are points of difference insisted on, it is true, among Cooper's gentlemen, but we fail to distinguish clearly. There are old and young, Irish, French, negro, and the like, the usual stock-in-trade of novelists; these we separate as we read, by their names, and because we have a desire to see how they will get out of their difficulties; but the gentlemen are so crudely put together

that the memory scarcely retains their individual traits.

What there is of individuality among them is so singularly as well as stiffly drawn, as to make them a race by themselves. They often exhibit extraordinary combinations of qualities, are at once chivalrous and calculating, cool and impatient, generous and close. Always on their good behaviour, they are yet very bad mannered. Their dialogue is constrained and unlike nature, and their intercourse generally, leaves an impression with the reader of having been in the society of would-be-gentle people.

The ladies also, in Cooper, or "females," as he delicately calls them, are less satisfactory even, than the gentlemen. They do not express the thoughts or use the language of ladies. Often their dialogue is ludicrously incongruous with the character and situation. For example:

"Elizabeth and her friend had not yet lost their senses in sleep, when the howlings of the north-west wind were heard around the buildings, and brought with them that exquisite sense of comfort, that is ever excited under such circumstances, in an apartment where the fire has not yet ceased to glimmer; and curtains, and shutters, and feathers, unite to preserve the desired temperature in the air. Once, just as her eyes had opened, apparently in the last stage of drowsiness, the roaring winds brought with them a long and plaintive howl, that seemed too wild for a dog, and yet strongly resembled the cries of that faithful animal when night awakens his vigilance, and gives sweetness and solemnity to his alarms. The form of Louisa Grant instinctively pressed nearer to that of the young heiress, who, finding her companion was yet awake, said, in a low tone, as if afraid to break a charm with her voice—

"Those distant cries are plaintive, and even beautiful. Can they be hounds from the hut of Leather-stockings?"

"They are wolves, who have ventured from the mountain, on the lake," whispered Louisa, "and who are only kept from the village by the lights. One night since we have been here, hunger drove them to our very doors. Oh! what a dreadful night it was! But the riches of Judge Temple have given him too many safeguards, to leave room for fear in this house."

"The enterprise of Judge Temple is taming the very forests!" exclaimed Elizabeth, proudly, throwing off the covering and partly rising in the bed. "How rapidly is civilization treading on the footsteps of nature!"

The general level of the dialogue among the principal characters in Cooper is in what, in our school days, was denominated the "high-flown" style. They seem to be trying how fine they can talk. We have heard something like it in real life. We have heard boys and girls who had been educated to such a degree that their common conversation was of this rarefied description; we have heard some such form of speech even from the lips of men and women—in remote villages, whose society is, notwithstanding all that is said of the world of fashion, the most artificial of any. But nothing like it was ever used in the intercourse of well-bred people.

It is another evidence, how easily our understandings are pacified when the fancy is interested, that we can read stories with pleasure where the dialogue is so undramatic. But it is only where the interest is independent of the characters that we can do it. Wherever it is attempted to be excited through them, Cooper always fails. His novels of society, such as "Home as Found," are unreadable, not on account of their satire, but because they have neither dramatic interest nor *vrai-semblance*. The characters are so coarsely done as to be mere caricatures, and they converse not to carry on the story but to bring out opinions.

The first principle in elaborating a dramatic construction, of whatever description, whether re-related in narrative or represented in a dialogue, or both, is *action*. The dramatist or novelist must keep ever in his mind, if he would have readers, the stereotyped order of the London Policemen "Move on!" The stage must never wait. Hence, there must, in plays, be always an underplot to occupy it while the main scene has time to be changed; and this must have a separate and subordinate interest. In the novel a similar construction, though not indispensable, prolongs and gives variety. It is worth while to observe how, in Shakspeare, the characters are brought out by the necessity, as it were, of the piece; all their reflections and perplexities grow out of, or have an immediate relation to that. The soliloquies in Hamlet have an immediate bearing upon the story. On the stage a mere neat plot, unravelled in the fewest possible words, will make an after-piece popular; while in writing, all those novels which are written with an obvious side pur-

pose never please. The public do not like doctrine, either religious, politic, economic, or social, administered in the form of sugar-coated pills. Even Sue and Sands, and their kindred demoralizers, are obliged to do something more than make their characters discuss vice with one another.

With regard to the satire attempted in some of Cooper's novels of society, it is too extravagant and indiscriminate to be effective. The author endeavors to hit every where; nothing is too small game for him, and he never graduates his blows by the magnitude of the object, so that he affects the reader like a man out of temper, who is merely airing his opinions, without coherence or consistency. That any individuals or any classes should ever have been aggrieved by such writing, supposes an insensibility to the ludicrous as well as a weak irritability. To us, it is, in general, purely heavy reading. Here and there are passages which excite a smile, but we remember no instance at which we can fancy any one to take serious offence. Although it has been our fortune to be more or less connected for many years with the daily press, we do not think it a very strong proof of equanimity that we can relish the following as one of Cooper's good things:—

"Fortunately, there was yet no newspaper, a species of luxury, which, like the gallows, comes in only as society advances to the corrupt condition; or which, if it happen to precede it a little, is very certain soon to conduct it there.) If every institution became no more than what it was designed to be, by those who originally framed it, the state of man on earth would be very different from what it is. The unchecked means of publicity, out of all question, are indispensable to the circulation of truths; and it is equally certain that the unrestrained means of publicity are equally favorable to the circulation of lies. If we cannot get along safely without the possession of one of these advantages, neither can we get along very safely while existing under the daily, hourly, increasing influence of the other—call it what you will. If truth is all important, in one sense, falsehood is all-important too, in a contrary sense.

"Had there been a newspaper at the Crater, under the control of some philosopher, who had neither native talent, nor its substitute education, but who had been struck out of a printer's devil by the rap of a composing-stick, as Minerva is reported to have been

struck, full-grown, out of Jupiter's head by the hammer of Vulcan, it is probable that the wiseacre might have discovered that it was an inexcusable interference with the rights of the colonists, to enact that no one should carry letters for hire, but those connected with the regular post-office."—*Crater*, vol. II.

There is a heartiness about this, which would have pleased Dr. Johnson, who liked "a good hater."

The savage pleasantry of the following is hardly less excellent:—

"These exercises commenced with instrumental music, certainly the weakest side of American civilization. That of the occasion of which we write, had three essential faults, all of which are sufficiently general to be termed characteristic, in a national point of view. In the first place, the instruments themselves were bad; in the next place, they were assorted without any regard to harmony; and, in the last place, their owners did not know how to use them. As in certain American cities—the word is well applied here—she is esteemed the greatest belle who can contrive to utter her nursery sentiments in the loudest voice, so in Templeton, was he considered the ablest musician who could give the greatest *eclat* to a false note. In a word, clamor was the one thing needful, and as regards time, that great regulator of all harmonies, Paul Powis whispered to the captain that the air they had just been listening to, resembled what the sailors call a 'round robin;' or a particular mode of singing complaints practised by seamen, in which the nicest observer cannot tell which is the beginning, or which the end.

"Of the oration it is scarcely necessary to say much, for if human nature is the same in all ages, and under all circumstances, so is a fourth of July oration. There were the usual allusions to Greece and Rome, between the republics of which and that of this country there exists some such affinity as is to be found between a horse-chestnut and a chestnut-horse; or that of mere words; and a long catalogue of national glories that might very well have sufficed for all the republics, both of antiquity and of our own time. But when the orator came to speak of the American character, and particularly of the intelligence of the nation, he was most felicitous, and made the largest investments in popularity. According to his account of the matter, no other people possessed a tithe of the knowledge, or a hundredth part of the honesty and virtue of the very community he was addressing; and after labouring for ten minutes to convince his hearers that they already knew every thing, he wasted several more in trying to persuade

them to undertake further acquisitions of the same nature."

"American civilization" can bear this, one would suppose, without outlawing Mr. Cooper. But, not content with ridiculing our country music and oratory, the shocking man thus permits one of his characters to misrepresent our architecture. The reader will observe the characteristic ease of the dialogue:

"I do not mean that the public has a legal right to control the tastes of the citizen," he said, "but in a *republican* government, you undoubtedly understand, Miss Eve, it will rule in all things."

"I can understand that one would wish to see his neighbour use good taste, as it helps to embellish a country; but the man who should consult the whole neighborhood before he built, would be very apt to cause a complicated house to be erected, if he paid much respect to the different opinions he received; or, what is quite as likely, apt to have no house at all."

"I think you are mistaken, Miss Effingham, for the public sentiment, just now, runs almost exclusively and popularly into the Grecian school. We build little besides temples for our churches, our banks, our taverns, our court-houses, and our dwellings. A friend of mine has just built a brewery on the model of the Temple of the Winds."

"Had it been a mill, one might understand the conceit," said Eve, who now began to perceive that her visiter had some latent humor, though he produced it in a manner to induce one to think him any thing but a droll. "The mountains must be doubly beautiful, if they are decorated in the way you mention. I sincerely hope, Grace, that I shall find the hills as pleasant as they now exist in my recollection!"

However true Mr. Bragg's statement might have been when "Home as Found" was written, it is certain that now there seems to be a decided preference for the Gothic.

In the following, the identity of meaning in the name of the street of which mention is made, with that of 'Broadway' leads us to infer that something is intended which ought to excite our ire as New Yorkers. But it does'nt. We have actually heard something very like it:

"Here the wailings of Mr. Wriggle were interrupted by the wailings of Count Poke de Stunnin'tun. The latter, by gazing in admiration at the speaker, had inadvertently struck

his toe against one of the forty-three thousand seven hundred and sixty inequalities of the pavement, (for everything in Leaplow is exactly equal, except the streets and highways,) and fallen forward on his nose. I have already had occasion to allude to the sealer's readiness in using opprobrious epithets. This *contretemps* happened in the principal street of Bivouac, or in what is called the Wide-path, an avenue of more than a league in extent; but, notwithstanding its great length, Noah took it up at one end and abused it all the way to the other, with a precision, fidelity, rapidity and point, that excited general admiration. 'It was the dirtiest, worst paved, meanest, vile street he had ever seen, and if they had it at Stunni'tun, instead of using it as a street at all, they would fence it up at each end, and turn it into a hog-lot.' Here Brigadier Downright betrayed unequivocal signs of alarm. Drawing us aside, he vehemently demanded of the Captain, if he were mad, to berate in this unheard-of manner, the touchstone of Bivouac sentiment, nationality, taste and elegance! This street was never spoken of except by the use of superlatives; a usage, by the way, that Noah himself had by no means neglected. It was commonly thought to be the longest and the shortest, the widest and the narrowest, the best built and the worst built avenue in the universe. 'Whatever you say or do,' he continued, 'whatever you think or believe, never deny the superlatives of the Wide-path. If asked if you ever saw a street so crowded, although there be room to wheel a regiment, swear it is stifling; if required to name another promenade so free from interruption, protest by your soul, that the place is a desert!'

It has long been a desideratum with a portion of the city press to ascertain where there can be found a person who has read the volume from which the above is taken. The questions respecting the explosion of nitre, who committed the assault on Mr. William Patterson, where is the individual so regardless of conventional propriety, as to use a cigar in an omnibus, have hardly been more frequently asked than, "who has read the *Monikins*?" We confess that before beginning this present writing we *did* intend to set this question at rest forever by reading the work ourselves, and publishing the fact to the world. But there are limits to human resolution; we can only say with truth that we have skimmed it, or better, perhaps, we have *looked into it*.

That the book has never been read, is not surprising. The author, apparently,

finding his original purpose extremely dull in execution, abandons it for one which, even if wrought out in his most picturesque manner, would be uninviting, and which, as it is, is positively offensive. The idea of taking us to a nation of monkeys, with all that it involves, is of necessity coarse. But here it is carried out with a coarseness exceeding Swift's *Honnyhymns*, since monkeys, are not imaginary creatures, and the fancy refuses to consider them such; and it is not redeemed by Gulliver's wit, eloquence, and point. It has, in fact, no point; one knows not what is intended to be satirized, or where the satire is to stop; it has no substratum of sense, like *Rabelais*, nor does it, like him, atone for extravagance and absurdity, by carrying them to such an extreme, as to make us laugh. Yet there is no reason why Americans should be any more offended with it than Englishmen; the author bestows his tediousness equally on both. Except a few descriptive passages, the work, on the whole, is only a deplorable evidence what may be produced by a powerful fancy, acting under the influences of ill-temper, misjudgment, and unrefined taste.

Of the other later novels, for which Cooper has been so much berated, *Home-ward Bound* is very readable, notwithstanding its dull discussions, as a sea story. In writing it, the author states in his preface, he so far yielded to the advice of his friends, who wished for "more ship," that he ended nearly where he meant to have began. It were to be wished for his own fame, that he had continued to follow the same advice in *Home as Found*, or never written the book at all. For it is a little less dull than the *Monikins*. Of the two together it may be predicted that any reader who could get through one, might accomplish the other; *but not otherwise*. After the success we have had, we cannot recommend any of our readers to attempt either.

At the same time, these works are the offspring of no common vigor of intellect, and they, of course, contain, scattered through them, much that is suggestive, and strangely expressed. There is nothing in them, except their dullness, that need frighten the nerves of readers. Mr. Cooper has been accused of being un-American in them—aristocratic—and per-

sonally vain, giving what he intended to be a portrait of himself in the hero. But we perceive nothing of this. To us the peculiar acerbity he manifests is amusing. Very often his sharp sayings have a spice of truth in them; and, surely, since California has come in, the country is extensive enough to bear a few quips—especially when they come from one who has done so much for her literature! As to his aristocratic tendencies, one cannot perceive clearly that Cooper has a distinct bias that way. He appears a strange compound of opinions—a piece of conglomerate containing rocks of several eras, igneous and other, united by a tenacious *Cooper* cement, harder than any of them. His querulousness and roughness of speech exhibit anything but the quiet reserve of a man, who feels himself assured of his title to a high social position; and if any reader would collate him carefully, we suspect as much might be found which would tend to make him “one of the people,” as an “aristocrat.” He evidently bears in mind that he writes for an English as well as an American audience; yet, for aught we can discern, his fellow-citizens fare no worse at his hands than Her Majesty’s subjects. Nor can we fancy that in either of the *Effinghams*, in these volumes, he intended to give a portrait of himself. The *Travelling Bachelor*, however, and one or two others, we have not read.

In his more recent novels, while he has not abandoned the idea of making his writings the vehicle of opinions, he has learned the necessity of first rendering them interesting. He has been more careful to adhere to his true department of picturesque narrative. His opinions, also, are more woven into the texture of the story, and more clearly digested. Occasionally we have touches of his peculiar acidity; but, generally, his satire is more just, and his views more broad and temperate.

As a fluent narrative of *Crusoe*-like adventures, exhibiting a fertility of invention almost equal to *De Foe*’s, and containing some of the most beautiful sea-scenes we have ever read, with some notions about popular government, which it will do no one any harm to skip, if they do not choose to read them, and now and then a tart sentence, (like the one we have quoted about the newspapers,) which they may

smile at, or assent to, as they please—the “*Crater; or, Vulcan’s Peak—a Tale of the Pacific*,” will be found not unworthy to stand beside its author’s most popular works. For a similar picturesqueness, fertility of invention, and some marvellous plays of seamanship, along with a little religious conversation, which novel-readers generally skip of course, “*The Sea Lions; or, the Lost Sealers*,” is another of his best stories.

Either of these will be found capital tales for young readers. They breathe the heartiness of a strong, cheerful, active temperament, are full of ingenious modes of getting over difficulties, by application, have that fresh, old-fashioned, unsentimental downrightness, which we call “plain, practical good sense”—in short, if we may recur to the theory of the great *Von Deneken*, they impart largely of the true, manly vitality.

Did our limits permit, we should be glad to prove the justness of our appreciation of them by copious extracts from each; it is not possible to judge of the merit of full, easy narrative writing from a few short paragraphs. The following scenes from the *Sea Lions* may give some idea of the general excellence of the descriptive passages:

CAPE HORN.

“Taking *Stimson* with him, to carry a glass, and armed with an old lance as a pike-pole, to aid his efforts, *Roswell Gardiner* now commenced the ascent of the pyramid already mentioned. It was ragged, and offered a thousand obstacles, but none that vigor and resolution could not overcome. After a few minutes of violent exertion, and by helping each other in difficult places, both *Roswell* and *Stimson* succeeded in placing themselves on the summit of the elevation, which was an irregular peak. The height was considerable, and gave an extended view of the adjacent islands, as well as of the gloomy and menacing ocean to the southward. The earth, probably, does not contain a more remarkable sentinel than this pyramid on which our hero had now taken his station. There it stood, actually, the *Ultima Thule* of this vast continent, or, what was much the same, so closely united to it as to seem a part of our own moiety of the globe, looking out on the broad expanse of waters. The eye saw, to the right, the Pacific; in front was the Southern, or Antarctic Ocean; and to the left was the great Atlantic. For several minutes, both *Roswell* and *Stephen* sat mute, gazing on this grand spectacle. By

turning their faces north, they beheld the high lands of Terra del Fuego, of which many of the highest peaks were covered with snow. The pyramid on which they were, was no longer white with the congealed rain, but stern and imposing, in its native brown. The outlines of all the rocks, and the shores of the different islands had an appearance of volcanic origin, though the rocks themselves told a somewhat different story. The last was principally of trap formation. Cape pigeons, gulls, petrels, and albatross were wheeling about in the air, while the rollers that still came in on this noble sea-wall were really terrific. Distant thunder wants the hollow, bellowing sound that these waves made when brought in contact with the shores. Roswell fancied that it was like a groan of the mighty Pacific, at finding its progress suddenly checked. The spray continued to fly, and, much of the time, the air below his elevated seat was filled with vapor."

ENTERING THE ANTARCTIC.

"The third day out, the wind hauled, and it blew heavily from the north-east. This gave the adventurers a great run. The blink of ice was shortly seen, and soon after ice itself, drifting about in bergs. The floating hills were grand objects to the eye, rolling and wallowing in the seas; but they were much worn and melted by the wash of the ocean and comparatively of greatly diminished size. It was now absolutely necessary to lose most of the hours of darkness it being much too dangerous to run in the night. The great barrier of ice was known to be close at hand; and Cook's "*Ne Plus Ultra*," at that time the great boundary of antarctic navigation, was near the parallel of latitude to which the schooner had reached. The weather, however, continued very favorable, and after the blow from the north, the wind came from the south, chill and attended with flurries of snow, but sufficiently steady and not so fresh as to compel our adventurers to carry very short sail. The smoothness of the water would of itself have announced the vicinity of ice: not only did Gardiner's calculations tell him as much as this, but his eyes confirmed their results. In the course of the fifth day out, on several occasions when the weather cleared a little, glimpses were had of the ice in long mountainous walls, resembling many of the ridges of the Alps, though moving heavily under the heaving and setting of the restless waters. Dense fogs, from time to time clouded the whole view, and the schooner was compelled more than once that day, to heave-to, in order to avoid running on the sunken masses of ice, or fields, of which many of vast size began to make their appearance.

Notwithstanding the dangers that surrounded our adventurers, they were none of them

so insensible to the sublime powers of nature as to withhold their admiration from the many glorious objects which that lone and wild scene presented. The ice-bergs were of all the hues of the rainbow, as the sunlight gilded their summits or sides, or they were left shaded by the interposition of dark and murky clouds. There were instances when certain of the huge frozen masses even appeared to be quite black in particular positions and under peculiar lights; while others, at the same instant, were gorgeous in their gleams of emerald and gold!

The aquatic birds, had now become numerous again. Penguins were swimming about, filling the air with their discordant cries, while there was literally no end of the cape-pigeons and petrels. Albatrosses, too, helped to make up the picture of animated nature, while whales were often heard blowing in the adjacent waters."

SEAMANSHIP AMONG THE ICE.

"About ten, the moon was well above the horizon; the fog had been precipitated in dew upon the ice, where it congealed, and helped to arrest the progress of dissolution; while the ocean became luminous for the hour, and objects comparatively distinct. Then it was that the seamen first got a clear insight into the awkwardness of their situation. The bold are apt to be reckless in the dark; but when danger is visible, their movements become more wary and better calculated than those of the timid. When Daggett got this first good look at the enormous masses of the field-ice, that, stirred by the unquiet ocean, were grinding each other, and raising an unceasing rushing sound like that the surf produces on a beach, though far louder, and with a harshness in it that denoted the collision of substances harder than water, he almost instinctively ordered every sheet to be flattened down, and the schooner's head brought as near the wind as her construction permitted. Roswell observed the change in his consort's line of sailing, slight as it was, and imitated the manœuvre. The sea was too heavy to dream of tacking, and there was not room to ware. So close, indeed, were some of the cakes, those that might be called the stragglers of the grand array, that repeatedly each vessel brushed along so near them as actually to receive slight shocks from collisions with projecting portions. It was obvious that the vessels were setting down upon the ice, and that Daggett did not haul his wind a moment too soon.

The half-hour that succeeded was one of engrossing interest. It settled the point whether the schooners could or could not eat their way into the wind sufficiently to weather the danger. Fragment after fragment was passed; blow after blow was received;

until suddenly the field-ice appeared directly in front. It was in vast quantities, extending to the southward far as the eye could reach. There remained no alternative but to attempt to ware. Without waiting longer than to assure himself of the facts, Daggett ordered his helm put up and the main gaff lowered. At that moment both the schooners were under their jibs and foresails, each without its bonnet, and double-reefed mainsails. This was not canvass very favorable for waring, there being too much after-sail; but the sheets were attended to, and both vessels were driving dead to leeward, amid the foam of a large wave; the next instant, ice was heard grinding along their sides.

It was not possible to haul up on the other tack ere the schooners would be surrounded by the flocs; and seeing a comparatively open passage a short distance ahead, Daggett stood in boldly, followed closely by Roswell. In ten minutes they were fully a mile within the field, rendering all attempts to get out of it to windward so hopeless as to be almost desperate. The manœuvre of Daggett was begun under circumstances that scarcely admitted of any alternative, though it might be questioned if it were not the best expedient that offered. Now that the schooners were so far within the field-ice, the water was much less broken, though the undulations of the restless ocean were still considerable, and the grinding of ice occasioned by them was really terrific. So loud was the noise produced by these constant and violent collisions, indeed, that the roaring of the wind was barely audible, and that only at intervals. The sound was rushing like that of an incessant avalanche, attended by cracking noises that resembled the grinding of a glacier.

The schooners now took in their foresails, for the double purpose of diminishing their velocity and of being in a better condition to change their course, in order to avoid dangers ahead. These changes, of course, were necessarily frequent; but, by dint of boldness, perseverance and skill, Daggett worked his way into the comparatively open passage already mentioned. It was a sort of river amid the flocs, caused doubtless by some of the inexplicable currents, and was fully a quarter of a mile in width, straight as an air-line, and of considerable length; though how long could not be seen by moonlight. It led, moreover, directly down towards the bergs, then distant less than a mile. Without stopping to ascertain more, Daggett stood on, Roswell keeping close on his quarter. In ten minutes they drew quite near to that wild and magnificent ruined city of alabaster that was floating about in the antarctic sea!

Notwithstanding the imminent peril that now most seriously menaced the two schoo-

ers, it was not possible to approach that scene of natural grandeur without feelings of awe, that were allied quite as much to admiration as to dread. Apprehension certainly weighed on every heart; but curiosity, wonder, even delight, were all mingled in the breasts of the crew. As the vessels came driving down into the midst of the bergs, everything contributed to render the movements imposing in all senses, appalling in one. There lay the vast maze of floating mountains, generally of a spectral white at that hour, though many of the masses emitted hues more pleasing, while some were black as night. The passages between the bergs, or what might be termed the streets and lanes of this mysterious-looking, fantastical, yet sublime city of the ocean, were numerous, and of every variety. Some were broad, straight avenues, a league in length; others winding and narrow; while a good many were little more than fissures, that might be fancied lanes.

The schooners had not run a league within the bergs before they felt much less of the gale, and the heaving and setting of the seas were sensibly diminished. What was, perhaps, not to be expected, the field-ice had disappeared entirely within the passages of the bergs, and the only difficulty in navigating was to keep in such channels as had outlets, and which did not appear to be closing. The rate of sailing of the two schooners was now greatly lessened, the mountains usually intercepting the wind, though it was occasionally heard howling and scuffling in the ravines, as if in a hurry to escape, and pass on to the more open seas. The grinding of the ice, too, came down in currents of air, furnishing fearful evidence of dangers that were not yet distant. As the water was now sufficiently smooth, and the wind, except at the mouths of particular ravines, was light, there was nothing to prevent the schooners from approaching each other. This was done, and the two masters held a discourse together on the subject of their present situation."

If there were any limit to the productiveness of modern novelists, one would think Cooper had written enough. He has earned his fame, and might repose. But the habit of invention, probably, grows into a second nature, and our Jameses and Coopers, when they have once gotten fairly upon the wheel, are obliged to keep advancing, until destiny compels them to stop. We see already another story from Cooper, commenced by Mr. Putnam—"The Ways of the Hour." It will appear before this notice, and, it is to be hoped, will resemble, in exhibiting a return to its author's early manner, the two just com-

mended. His *forte* is his power of fancy, exercised on remote scenes and objects; there it moves freely, unimpeded by the actual; but it is too exuberant to meddle with every day life, and, like a telescope, turned to objects near at hand, paints only distortions. He is at home, not in the parlor, or the street, but on the ocean, or in the wilderness. There thousands of his young countrymen and women will be glad to accompany him through many more hazardous voyages and journeys.

It is a proof of Cooper's great popularity, after all his newspaper warfare, that republications of his novels should be in progress at the same time—one from Putnam, of which the *Spy*, *Pilot*, and *Red Rover* have already appeared, each in the modern convenient fashion of two volumes in one, the other from Stringer & Townsend, whose cheap editions are well known.

We hope our brief and imperfect critique may assist in extending their sale.

G. W. P.

THE DUEL WITHOUT SECONDS:

A DAGUERREOTYPE FROM THE STATE HOUSE OF ARKANSAS.

BY A MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE.

PROLOGUE.

THE Western desperado offers for analysis a new type of human character peculiar to the American frontier. He has no exemplar, either among the fiercest forms of savage life, or in any the wildest regions of the old world. Like the fresh forest embowering the rude log-cabin of his home—like the novel medium of circumstances, that environs his political, social, and moral being, coloring all his fancies, and inspiring all his feelings, he is a sheer original, as thoroughly *unique*, as he is terribly interesting.

It does not enter into our present purpose to discuss the tangled *rationale* of causes concurring to yield such a singular specimen of humanity. We intend, not to explain *why* he is, but simply to describe him *as* he is. In doing this, however, it may become necessary to show, first of all, what he is not, so as to contra-distinguish him from certain analogue, with whom he has been frequently confounded, by reason of some common attributes and affinities, though, in other respects, he is *toto calo* an opposite.

1. The desperado is not an assassin. As his very name implies, he is too *desperate*, too fearlessly and blindly brave for that. He never lurks in ambush; never stabs in the dark; never assaults his enemy when the latter is unarmed; never seeks to take him by surprise, and never manœuvres for the vantage ground. Doth he chance to meet his mortal foe—the man who has slain his father, or violated his sister, or profaned his own person with the stinging touch of the horse-whip? Before

he cocks his pistol, or draws the big bowie knife from its scabbard beside his heart, he asks the invariable and formal question: "Are you prepared?" If the other answer, "No, I have not got my *tools*," the desperado says: "Go and get them; arm yourself well; for one of us must die." Thus, it is evident he is not an Assassin.

2. Neither is he a bravo. He never slays for hire. He would slay the wretch outright who should dare propose a bloody bribe; and so great is his loathing and horror for all sorts of dishonesty, that he even deems immediate death, without any formalities of law or trial the just punishment of a detected thief or swindler: and he stands ever ready to execute such penalty himself. And thus also it is plain he is not a bravo.

3. Again, he is not either in disposition, or demeanor, an over-bearing tyrant, prone to bully the weak, and cringe to the powerful. On the contrary, he makes a theoretical division of mankind, into two grand classes—"fighting men," and "peaceable men." He never attacks individuals who fall under the second category,—such cannot insult him by any indignity short of personal violence. But a sneering word or supercilious look from a "fighting man," sets him on fire as with lightning.

4. The desperado differs widely, too, from the professed duelist. It is true they are both mentally sworn to avenge insult; but there the similarity ceases. The duelist fights for etiquette, and from a sense of honor: the desperado, from passion, and for the pure love of danger. The

one obeys an organized code, burdened with multitudinary statutes as to times, places, formulas, weapons, and the personal equality of antagonists; the other recognizes but one law—on the proper provocation, and at the precise moment of its reception, to wage deadly combat, at any time, in any place, and with any and every kind of weapon. The one must needs have his second to arrange preliminaries and see fair play: the other can have no preliminaries, for he does battle on the insult, ere the thought gets cold,—he himself, will *make* fair play, and Death always is his second. The one calls for pistols, or the gentleman's sword, or perhaps in a strong case, will *risque* the surer rifle, especially if attended by the surgeon and his instruments; the other will combat, if ye prefer it, with knives, hatchets, short guns, or cannon,—nay, he would even handle red-hot "thunder-stones," had he power to command the artillery of storms: and there may be business for the grave-digger, for the doctor never, when he is done!

It is worthy of remark, that the desperado has a characteristic division of insults and injuries, denoted by the terms "pardonable" and "unpardonable." The number of "pardonables" is large and rather indefinite; but a spit in the face, the stroke of a horse-whip, the imputation of a lie, the denial of courage, the murder of a relation, and the seduction of a female friend, are fixed, inexpiable "unpardonables"—sins that must be answered by blood.

The man is not necessarily, in other respects, a dangerous or disagreeable member of society. He may be an affectionate husband, a fond parent, a pleasant neighbor. He is commonly courteous, often humane, and seldom inhospitable.

In fine, two, and only two essential elements may be assigned as constituting the logical *differentia* of the desperado's character—perfect freedom from fear, and unconquerable determination to punish every insult from one of his class.

This much may suffice as a general description of the strange species. We now proceed to exemplify, by detailing a dreadful instance, where the writer had the misfortune to be an unwilling eye-witness of the tragedy.

THE DUEL.

The Legislature of Arkansas held a session shortly after the organization of the State Government. Every thing, of course, was in a condition of half-chaotic transition. The "loaves and fishes" of office had not yet been fully divided, and monopoly was knocking noisily at the door of the "public crib," clamorous to be admitted. Intense was the fury of partizans within the House, and as fierce the excitement raging in the community without. The members mostly went to their places armed to the teeth, and, besides the choice weapons, worn in their bosoms, or protruding from their pockets, each kept an ample supply of revolving pistols in the writing-desk before him. There were munitions of war enough in the hall to have answered the purposes of a small army.

Every evening after adjournment, there was a general firing off and reloading in order to have their "tools" of death in prime condition for the emergencies of the morrow. I was frequently startled from sleep at the hour of midnight, by the roar of incessant explosions, heard at different points in the city. Many legislators also during the day would be out practising to learn the difficult art of cutting a tape string at ten paces, or of driving the centre out of a silver quarter, at twelve. They used as their pistol-gallery a little grove of pine trees, immediately on the south bank of the Arkansas river, and not more than fifty yards from the State-House, where every report was fearfully audible; and admonished certain independent members of the doom they might expect, provided their votes were not cast in favor of the banks! The Deringer pistol and bowie-knife governed. Power resided in gunpowder; and popularity hovered round the points of naked daggers.

Among the most agitating measures, calling into exercise the wisdom of the Western *sages*, was the institution of the Real Estate Bank. Its establishment was strongly and steadily, but ineffectually opposed by a slender minority. All the wealthiest men in the State, all the leading legislators took shares of its capital stock; and John Wilson, speaker of the lower House, was elected President. As this person was one of the chief actors in the tragedy

soon to be recorded, a brief designation of his appearance and character becomes necessary.

Every public man in the backwoods has a *sobriquet*, bestowed on account of some real or fancied peculiarity, by the whimsical humors of his constituents. Speaker Wilson was called "Horse Ears," from his possessing an accident never before heard of in the natural history of the species. When excited by any violent emotion, his ears worked up and down flexibly, like those of a horse. A man of ordinary looks, nothing in his features or countenance denoted the desperado, save a strange, wild, twinkling expression of his infantile grey eyes, always in motion with cold, keen glances, as if watching out for some secret enemy. He had fought half-a-dozen duels with uniform success, and had been engaged in several more off-hand affrays, in none of which he had received even the honor of a scar. Hence, as may well be supposed, his prowess inspired almost universal fear; and few were the *dead shots* to be found in Arkansas, who would voluntarily seek a quarrel with "old Horse-Ears." As to the rest, he was the owner of a large cotton farm, rich and influential, honest, liberal, and courteous in his manners; exceedingly amiable in his domestic relations, beloved by his family and adored by his slaves. Such are often the inconsistencies of human nature, which seems utterly incapable of producing unalloyed types of either good or evil—angels or devils!

During the session, previously specified, there was a member of the lower House, by the name of Abel Anthony, in no way remarkable except for his opposition to the banks and his sly, quiet wit, addicted to practical jokes. In the parlance of frontier technics, he belonged to the category of "peaceable men," having never in all his life before had a mortal rencounter. He was even deemed a coward, for he had been known to pocket open insults without so much as showing a sign of resentment.

One day the bill to provide for the more effectual rewarding of wolf-slayers, denominated, in short, "the wolf-scalp bill," came up for discussion. This had been a standing reform measure from the earliest settlement of Arkansas, and will probably continue to be so long as the Ozark mountains shall rear their black, bristling crests

in the western division of the State, or the Mississippi swamps shall occupy so large an area in the east. Accordingly, whenever the wolf-scalp bill is taken up, a tremendous debate ensues. The contest then is no longer between the *ins* and *outs* of power. Whigs and Democrats alike overleap the iron lines of party demarkation, and begin a general massacre of chance-medley. It is a battle—war to the knife, and the knife to the handle—of every member against every other; the object being, as to who shall urge the most annihilating statutes against their common foes, the wolves, because that is the great pivot-question on which hinges the popularity of each and all.

The present occasion was the more arousing, as there had happened lately a laughable, but most annoying, instance in fraud of the previous territorial law. It seems that a cunning Yankee, fresh from the land growing "wooden nutmegs," had conceived a notable scheme of rearing wolves of his *own*; so that by butchering a hairy whelp, at his option, and taking its ears to a Justice of the Peace, he could obtain a certificate of "wolf-scalp," entitling him to ten dollars out of the county treasury. It was said that this enterprising genius had already in his pens a number of fine looking breeders, and expressed sanguine hopes of soon realizing a handsome fortune!

Numerous were the provisions advocated to prevent such scandalous evasions in future. Among others, Brown C. Roberts of Marion, moved "that each certificate of a genuine wolf-scalp be based on not less than four affidavits, and be signed by at least four Justices, and one Judge of the Circuit Court."

Abel Anthony moved to amend by adding, "and by the President of the Real Estate Bank."

This was intended by the mover merely as a jest, to throw ridicule on the complicated machinery of Roberts' bill, and accordingly it excited a general smile. But very different was the effect on Mr. Speaker Wilson, President of the Real Estate Bank. He saw fit to interpret the amendment as the deadliest insult!

I glanced towards the honorable Chairman, expecting to see him enjoying the joke; but the moment I beheld his counte-

nance, I was absolutely horrified at its savage expression. His face was of ashy paleness; and there, on those thin, white lips, as if in devilish mockery of malice, sat that grim, snake-like, writhing smile, which merely moved the curled mouth, spreading no further, nor affecting any other feature—that significant smile of murder, so peculiar to almost the whole class of desperadoes, when about to do some deed of death. There was, however, brief space for speculation as to physiognomic signs; for hardly had the offensive words left Anthony's lips, when Wilson sprang to his feet and imperiously ordered the other to sit down.

Anthony, manifesting no token of either surprise or alarm, replied mildly, that he was entitled to the floor.

"Sit down!" Wilson repeated, and this time in a shout like thunder.

"I am entitled to the floor, and will not resign it," said Anthony, apparently without anger, but giving back a look of calm, immovable resolution.

Speaker Wilson then left the chair, drew his bowie knife, descended the steps of the platform, and slowly and deliberately advanced through the hall some forty feet, in the direction of his foe—all the while that ghastly horrid smile, coiling up his pallid lips, and his ears moving backwards and forwards, with those strange, short, sharp vibrations which had won for him long before the nick-name of "Horse-Ears."

As Anthony was commonly considered a coward, when the spectators beheld the far-famed and all-dreaded duelist advancing upon him with uplifted blade, glancing aloft in the air, as ready for the fatal blow, all supposed that the reputed craven would flee in terror from his place. No one believed that he was armed, or that he would fight under any circumstances, or with any odds of position or weapons. But in this opinion every body was mistaken, and no one, perhaps, more so than his infuriate adversary. While that ferocious man was coming towards him, he stood calm and motionless as a pillar of marble. His color did not change one shade. All his limbs were rigid as iron. His only evidence of unusual emotion was a copious efflux of tears! At the sight of this we all shuddered, for then we knew the weep-

er would conquer or perish. In the backwoods experience has demonstrated two unmistakable tokens of thorough *desperation*—frozen smiles and hot-gushing tears: and tears may always be regarded as far the most dangerous. Such a conclusion was verified fully in the present instance; for as soon as the Speaker approached within ten feet of his weeping enemy, the latter suddenly unsheathed a bowie-knife from his bosom, and stepped boldly forward to the proffered battle. And then commenced a struggle for life and death, the most obstinate, bloody, and frightfully protracted, ever witnessed in the Southwest.

Wilson's knife was long, keen, and so highly polished that you might see yourself in the reflection of its smooth, bright surface, as in the most perfect looking-glass. The image being an extremely small miniature, so symmetrical was the rounding of the fine glittering steel. On each side of the flashing blade was a picture, the *fac-simile* of the other, wrought in exquisite gold enamel, of two Indians in their wild, native costume engaged in mortal combat with bowie knives.

The weapon of Anthony was of the largest size of the class called in that country "Arkansas tooth-picks," the most murderous implement of destruction, before which a human eye ever quailed. On one side of its broad gleaming blade was the picture of a fight betwixt a hunter and black bear. The bear seemed to be squeezing the man to death in its iron hug, while he was fiercely digging at the shaggy monster's heart with the point of his knife.

Such devices are common on the arms of the most notorious desperadoes on the frontiers, and are the objects of as intense a pride to their owners, as were the *insignia* of the most exalted chivalry to the knights of the heroic ages. For all men are poets; and the idea seeks for ever more to render itself incarnate in the material form—to speak in knowing signs to the senses. Destructiveness will have its images as well as Devotion!

Wilson made the first pass—a determined thrust aimed at the pit of his antagonist's stomach, which the other dexterously parried. For a time both parties fought with admirable coolness, and with such consummate skill, that only slight wounds were

inflicted, and those on the head and face, whence blood began to trickle freely. And still—ominous and awful vision—while the contest raged, the opposite and characteristic signs of *desperation* remained fixed, sculptured by the hand of horrible vengeance in either countenance. The cold smile, now converted into a fiendish grin of immeasurable malice, still lingered on Wilson's livid lips: and the tears still flowed, mingling now with warm blood from Anthony's black blazing eyes! The clatter of the knives, thrusting and fending off, and sharply ringing against each other, was hideous to hear, and alone broke the appalling silence that reigned throughout the hall.

At length, both foes, maddened at the prolonged obstinacy of the struggle, and blinded by the gore from the red gashes about their eyes, lost all caution, coolness, and equanimity, and battled wildly, more like devils than living men. Each one, more intent on taking the life of his enemy than in guarding his own, exerted every nerve and muscle with a truculent fury that struck the very beholders with icy fear. Both were soon very severely wounded in different parts of the body; but still there came no pause in the combat, till Anthony, striking a heavy, over-handed blow, cut his adversary's arm half off at the wrist! Wilson changed his bowie-knife into his left hand, and, for an instant, ran several steps backwards, as if to decline any further contest. He then stopped, and, smiling more frightfully than ever,—a fearless, infernal look,—again rushed forwards. Previously, at this crisis, when certain victory was within his grasp, Anthony committed the folly of flinging his knife at the other's bosom, which, missing its aim, fell with a loud, ringing noise on the floor, more than thirty feet distant. This error decided the tremendous combat. Anthony was entirely disarmed, at the mercy of the tiger-man. Wilson darted upon him with a hoarse cry of an-

ger and hellish joy—there, where he stood, motionless as a rock, powerless to resist, and yet too brave to fly. One sharp thrust ripped open the victim's bowels, and he caught them, as they were falling, in his hands! Another stroke, directed at the neck, severed the main artery, and the blood, spouting out with a gurgling noise, sprinkled the robes, and even the faces, of some members who sat nearest to the horrid scene!

The last act of the tragedy was closed, and the curtain of death dropped on the gory stage. Anthony, without a groan or sigh, fell in his place a corpse, and Wilson, fainting from loss of blood, sunk down beside him.

Up to this moment, although sixty Legislators were in their seats, and more than a hundred lookers-on in the lobby, and jewelled bevvies of bright-eyed ladies in the gallery, still no one, save those raging madmen, had moved; no sound had disturbed the whisperless silence, but the clangors of their concussive steel. But then, as both tumbled on the floor, like lumps of lead, a single wild, wailing, heart-shivering shriek, as if some other soul were parting with its mortal clay, arose in the crowd of females, and all was again still; but whether that deep cry of an orphaned spirit was uttered by the maiden of poor Anthony's bosom, who had hoped to-morrow to be his bride, or by the beautiful little daughter of Wilson, or by some pitying stranger, could never be ascertained.

Wilson recovered, and is yet alive; and there is scarcely an inch square on his face that does not show its deep scar, as a memento of the matchless combat. He was expelled the House, bailed by a *merciful* judge, brought to trial, and acquitted. There was never a jury yet in the back-woods that would convict a person for slaying another in fair fight! For the desperado is the back-woods' hero, whom all men worship.

MISS BREMER AT HOME.

A STRAY LEAF FROM MY DIARY.

* * Stages there are none in Sweden, and yet they dare speak already of railroads! Travellers find nothing but horses, eight or ten hands high, a two-wheeled cart without top or springs, and a driver of ten or sixty years—rarely between—of either sex, to convey them from station to station. Foreigners who do not suffer of dyspepsia, hire or buy carriages with the safe prospect of selling them again at the end of their journey. Mine, a light but strong vehicle, stood at eight in the morning before my door. A rare sight it was, even for the good people of Stockholm. The horses, perfect grasshoppers, were almost buried in the stout, heavy harness which belongs to the carriage, and is carelessly thrown upon giants and dwarfs, adapting itself with truly wonderful elasticity to all sizes and forms. Their shaggy, uncombed manes concealed head and neck, not however a most cunning, bright eye, full of courage and devilry. The coachman's seat rose high above them, and on it throned Gustaf in the full glory of his light gray Macintosh, a hat from the Abruzzi, and a most formidable whip, the terror of all horses, and cursed by every peasant in Sweden and Norway. At his side the Skjutsbonde, the postillion of the station, in his rough but picturesque costume, looking askant at the "wild American," and evidently regretting to have risked his life in such company for a few copper coins.

Off we started, round one corner and another, over the floating bridge, full of fishermen and their customers. How beautiful this Northern city is! Here another lake opens before us, and always a perfect picture, full of life and action, with clear soft lights and a glorious background. What costumes come crowding round us! not the less pleasing because worn by a

noble race and a happy people. Up the hill we dash in full gallop, and down to another lake, until the long, endless Queen-street opens before us. The small wooden houses look cheerful in spite of the dark red with which they are covered to the very roof; the bright large window panes show every where white curtains and well kept flowers. Now the houses become smaller and smaller, but what is that stately building there at the corner, with its curious carvings and mysterious signboard? Gustaf knows it well and tells the story not without effect, because he feels what he says. There is the last halt made when criminals are carried out to the gallows; there the youngest maid in the house comes out with a cup full of foaming beer, and hands it to the poor fellow in his cart. How she trembles and blushes! And he, the wretch, laughs and drinks, and will have his vulgar jokes even there and then. But Gustaf knows more—has he not been the late minister's own man? And was not Count T——K——, who poisoned his own sweet child, his master's grand uncle? The proud Count, too, had to pass by there, and the cart stopped and the maid came, the cup in her hand. But a strange maid she was. She trembled not, nor did she blush, but with a firm step did she come up to the pale, shaking prisoner, and with a firm voice did she bid him drink. He drank and his eyes were on her eyes, and when he had said, I thank you! he sank back on the straw and was dead! She was his wife, and the executioner hung a corpse.

Ten minutes more and the gallows appeared. It was a pleasant spot to hang a man: a beautiful forest surrounded the green, luxuriant meadow, on which the three stone pillars rose with their cross-

bars and rusty chains. Pleasant, too, looked the hangman's little yellow house, covered with ivy and gay beans, with the urchins playing before it and the mother in the porch, an infant on her bosom, and politely courtesying! How far are life and death asunder? I forgot an important feature in the scene—the man who hung on one of the pillars and could not be taken down before night. The children played all the more joyously, the mother smiled all the more happily on her babe and the father—why, the father never came home before night on such days. So says Gustaf.

Now we are in the country. See, how that glorious lake breaks upon us! What is the secret of these landscapes? They have but three elements, always the same, and yet are never monotonous. There are the barren, stern, gray granite rocks with their crown of noble firs; there is the clear blue sky, not a cloud, not a vapor sailing in its lofty vault; and there is the dark, quiet lake, looking at you, like one of those deep, deep eyes that no thought can fathom and no heart ever forget. Now and then only the rocks recede and shelter a meadow with its thick, short, fragrant grass and its thousand sweet flowers. On the water's edge stands the little red house with its balsamines and honeysuckle under the open window; mother and daughter busily at work strewing the floor with green fir-twigs and twisting them into garlands for looking-glass and sideboard. The road turns round one of those gigantic rocks with which the country is filled, and another lake spreads its still dark waters before our eye. Huge granite masses hem it in on all sides; tall, graceful firs bend over its margin and cool their thirsting branches in its limpid waters; other lakes are seen at a distance, and high over rocks and trees rises the steeple with its bright copper roof and its proud weather-cock.

The country looks wilder and wilder. At intervals a house appears on a smiling plain, half hidden in the forest; ever and anon a church bell is heard far off, but the air is so still and nature so quiet that you fancy you hear every vibration, and the sound lingers among the rocks and under the broad branching trees. Not a singing bird is heard; the chirping of an insect

startles you from your dreams; the falling of a leaf attracts your attention.

A gate opens. There stand the little white-haired children, their deep blue eyes eagerly watching for the small coin that the generous traveller is expected to give them. They speak not; not even their hands plead for them, and when the farthing falls, the elder takes it and kisses the three years old, and they laugh full of joy, and hasten through the forest home, to tell of their good luck and to show their treasure. On the right stands a small, hewn stone, and on it the word "Arsta." We are on Miss Bremer's estate. The wood forms a large park—deer is not to be found in Sweden—and nicely cut fences, well carved gates, and here and there a parterre of flowers betray the owner's taste. An avenue of beautiful, venerable trees begins at a second gate and through the tops the noble old buildings appear at a distance. It is a plain but lofty pile, white, with a dark, sombre roof; a small, not ungraceful tower rises on one side, and the dark, bold background of rocks and pine-clad hills gives an imposing though stern air to the scene, whilst the breakers of the Baltic, heard but not seen, add to the general effect. The road turns a sharp angle and you enter the vast, paved yard, a row of truly magnificent elms, centuries old, shelters the garden on your left; a grand staircase of white stone leads you, on the right, up to the noble entrance, with its pillars and well-carved coat of arms. An old Dalkulla—peasant woman from Dalecarlia—very picturesque and very ugly, looked rather astonished at us, and ascended the large flight of stone steps. She soon returned, followed by a small, thin lady of more than forty, with a very sweet smile on every one of her features. A loose black silk dress, high up on the neck; a small white cap; no ornament, no jewelry, except the silver in her hair, which, smoothly plaited down on both sides, formed a pleasant and appropriate frame to the fine, good face within. And how the whole lighted up when she stood before me and so kindly bade me welcome! Kind and warm was her reception, but yet she took good care twice to repeat my name and title, and to make herself quite *au fait* about her unexpected visitor. While we

were yet standing there, her sisters joined her—very much like Fredrika, almost as pleasant and good, but much less handsome. We were requested to follow her up stairs; driver and horses were placed under the special care of another female servant, and certain mysterious signs and words exchanged with a grim old cook in the background.

In the upper story we found a spacious hall, leading into a fine large room without paper or carpet: a couple of books on a centre table, some nodding mandarins on the huge porcelain stove, and a few vases between the windows were the only ornaments. Miss Bremer spoke in excellent English, and with much feeling of our own beloved country, for which she entertains a high respect, founded upon an uncommon familiarity with both the spirit and the working of our institutions.

Such gentle modesty, and such information I have seldom found together. Her recent excursion to Germany, where she had been using the water-cure on the banks of old father Rhine, led her to speak of German politics and German authors. She spoke German, as well as her mother-tongue, and French quite fluently. When will our own fair women do as much? My trip to Finland found favor in her eyes, and when I spoke of those wonderfully sweet songs with which that distant, unknown land abounds, she grew warmer and warmer, until at last she sat down to an old, old harpsichord, and played, and sang, her heart in her voice, and tears in her eyes. I looked, and I listened, and Jenny Lind, with all her indescribable charms, could not have enchanted more. But this was not all. A rustling of silk, a mysterious noise made us turn round, and there was the younger sister attempting to make us distinguish the Dalman's Polska from the English trip! There was so much true heart's kindness, such sweet *naivete* in the whole scene, that I felt nothing but honest, genuine admiration for the good old sisters. And Fredrika sang another, and still another of those beautiful Swedish songs, with which her young countrywoman charms the world. What sweet melancholy there is in all of them! A melancholy, not wild and despairing, not painful and irritating, but a grief so resigned, so gentle—you cannot, for your life, help

thinking ever afterwards of those notes, full of humble sorrow, and low complaint, with a cheerful accord here and there, like the golden ray of the noonday's sun, that breaks through the thick canopy of Norway's dark pine forests, and sheds for a moment a brilliant light on the gloomy night beneath.

The next room, glowing with the golden light of the setting sun, contained a rare work of statuary. It was the Goddess Jauna, modelled by a talented young sculptor of Stockholm, after Miss Bremer's own idea and instructions. In form and dress a simple Swedish peasant girl, she had still such dignity in her carriage, such a clear, lofty expression in her features, that Goddess and woman appeared most happily blended. No classic outlines, no slavish adherence to rules respected only because of their antiquity. But what a beautiful, earnest eye, full of love and compassion, looking far into the future, and yet not unconscious of the present. How thoughtfully, and yet how gracefully, that small, well-rounded hand encloses the chin, whilst the left holds the golden apples, the glorious reward of the brave warrior, giving him the life eternal, and never-tiring joy! I do not wonder at Miss Bremer's predilection for Jauna; there are few sweeter creations of man's fancy in the mythology of nations, modern or ancient. She had the gift of seeing into the future, but when the Gods asked her how and when the world was to come to an end, she raised those deep, loving eyes of hers to heaven, and hot tears pearly down—the only answer she gave. The Gods loved her—all; but some too much, and one of her wicked admirers ravished her from heaven. The other Gods were sad in their hearts, and grew old, and their faces were covered with wrinkles and furrows. But Jauna came back, and there was joy in heaven, and the Gods grew young again, and were merry. Yet Jauna never laughed. Did she not know the future!

There was a little mystery evidently between our kind hostess and her servants. Gentle tapplings at the door; solemn, though short conversations outside, a great bustling from room to room, all were symptoms that we were either most unexpected guests, or to be magnificently entertained. Our appetite told us the hour of the day

with wonderful precision. At last Miss Bremer came boldly out with it. Her mother had gone to Stockholm, and taken the only male servant with her; so, we must have patience, take pot-luck, and, especially, walk an hour or so in the garden, before dinner is ready.

Well, a walk in such a garden, and with such a mind at one's side, is almost as good as a dinner. And what a glorious garden it is! Stiff and regular, to be sure, as the German founder of the house, Count Thum, loved to have it in his old days. But the parterres are filled with gay, fragrant flowers, and the old trees, which enclose the open square, rise high into the air until their branches meet and form gothic arches of surprising boldness and beauty. Here Fredrika wanders, she told us, many an hour, day after day, a book in her hand, or a book in her mind; here her pure, truthful creations take form and shape, and here we now wandered for hours up and down the long, shady avenues, and French, and English, Swedish and German, even Italian, had to furnish their contingent to carry on our little war. So, she stoutly defended the necessity of an aristocracy; it was necessary and natural, she said, for, cream *will* form on the surface of milk.

I dare not betray the secrets of our dinner. A right good one it was, although a genuine Swedish dinner, with its thin, hard bread, baked once for the whole year, and its soup, after the roast meat. Soup, I said, but Swedish soup—that is, fish-soup, with dried pears and plums in it, and the inevitable Tilbunka—our bonnyclabber. When the latter was handed round, our hostess told us a pleasant story about it, and told it so well, that it cannot fail to lose much in the translation:

Long years ago, when people were yet pious, and believed in God and the Pope, a good Swede pilgrimed to the Holy Grave. The heat of Italy and its sweet figs, however, threw him on the sick-bed, and kind monks took him into their convent, there better to nurse the poor, suffering stranger, and his fever grew high, and his mind wandered, but one thought remained uppermost, and for hours he would call out and pray for his beloved dish, until the walls of the old monastery rang with the mysterious sound of—Tilbunka! But what was Tilbunka? one monk asked ano-

ther, and at last they appealed to the abbot. He knew it. The chapel was opened; the choir was called together, gorgeous robes were put on, and sweet incense was burned. In long, solemn procession the holy brethren entered, and down they knelt in silent prayer. At last a voice was heard, and the organ pealed forth its richest harmonies, and in loud, solemn tones rose the anthem up to heaven, that "Santa Tilbunka," the Patron Saint of the foreign pilgrim, would hear their prayer, and save her pious worshipper.

A sweet voice, that rarest gift of all, Miss Bremer certainly has, and there is harmony in her thoughts, as there is melody in her words. With what beautiful subdued enthusiasm she spoke of her excursion to Haparanda, high up in the north of Sweden, where she ascended the famous mountain of Haparanda, to see the sun remaining all night above the horizon! How vividly she painted that lovely, still landscape lying at her feet, when towards midnight a silent, solemn struggle began, when drowsy nature was anxious to sleep, and night would not come and cover it with its warm mantle; and when at last light whitish vapors rose to hide the mysteries of night from the curious eye of man. The sun sank, but when he touched the horizon, he sank no more; his brilliancy, however, was gone, and no rays gilded the tops of the hazy mountains. There she stood alone in the still night, not a sound to be heard far or near, the gray mist hovering over lake and river: the fearful, mysterious struggle between night and day still going on; a strange, unnatural light, reflected from heaven upon earth, and *no shadow visible!*

We staid long, and time passed rapidly. Albums were brought out, books consulted and criticised, her own excellent sketches kindly shown, and even a look at some as yet unpublished works most indulgently granted. An incident, as pleasing as characteristic, concluded our visit. We had expressed a wish to take some little keepsake home with us. Before we took leave, Miss Bremer left us for a moment, and soon re-appeared with a rose in her hand, which the good, kind old lady had gone herself to get in her garden! "Tell my friends in your happy country that I shall be with them next Spring," were her parting words. * * *

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

WE present, as a summary of this month's proceedings in Congress, the speeches of Messrs. CALHOUN, WEBSTER, and SEWARD. These, with the speech of Mr. CLAY, given in our last number, are a complete exposition of the present great social, moral, and political question before the nation. Avoiding, with the exception of Mr. SEWARD's speech, the wide range of abstract discussion the subject presents, they are comprehensive statements of the various phases of public opinion.

On Tuesday, March 5th, the Senate, having proceeded to the consideration of the resolutions submitted by Mr. CLAY, Mr. CALHOUN, having the floor, spoke as follows:

From the very first, he commenced, it had been his belief that the agitation of this question of slavery would ultimately lead to disunion. Agitation has been suffered to proceed, and the anticipated result is at last before us; and the great and grave question is now forced on this body—by what means can disunion be avoided?

To find the cure, we must learn the causes that have bred disease in the once healthful frame of our Federal system. To save the Union, we must first know what has endangered the Union. To this question there is but one answer—the all-pervading *discontent* of the Southern section of States.

Whence, then, springs this discontent? Is it from the arts of demagogues? he asks. Is it the working of faction and party spirit? Not so; here, as elsewhere, all regular political influences have been arrayed against exciting local questions, as weakening the strength of party ties; and that spirit, with all its immense weight, has, in reality, held in check the course of public opinion. The real source of this discontent, the Senator continued, lies deeper. It is found in the settled belief of the people of the South that they can no longer, with *honor* and *safety*, remain in the Union.

Again; what has caused this belief? It has sprung from the continued agitation of the slave-question by the North; from their aggressions on the rights of the South, and from the fact, which gives to these aggressions their practical significance, that the original equilibrium between the two sections no longer ex-

ists. Mr. CALHOUN went on to show, from statistics, that the balance between these elementary divisions of the body politic, existing at the census of 1790, was entirely destroyed at the time of the last census of 1840. This inequality will be increased by the approaching census of the present decade. Two new territories are in progress to strengthen the Northern faction in the Senate, and strenuous efforts are making to bring in three additional free States from the territory recently acquired from Mexico.

This destruction of an equilibrium, which, he argued, was the fundamental basis of the confederacy, and of the Constitution, was not the result of time or natural causes. In that case, the South had no reason of complaint. It was brought about by the partial legislation of a Government that should have been the impartial trustee of the interests and security of all. This legislation, territorial, financial, political, will, first and last, have given to the North, if New Mexico and California be suffered to pass into her hands, full three-fourths of all the territory the United States ever possessed. Added to this, systems of revenue collected by duties on imports, and falling heavily on those, who, by their exports, paid for these imports; unequal disbursements; stringent tariffs, drawing direct contribution from the producing States, have all aided, in swelling to their present height, the wealth and prosperity, and consequent inducements to emigration, of the North.

"These causes," the Senator proceeded, "amply explain why the North has acquired a preponderance over every department of the Government, by its disproportionate increase of population and States. The former has increased, in fifty years, 2,400,000 over that of the South. This increase of population, during so long a period, is satisfactorily accounted for by the number of emigrants, and the increase of their descendants, which have been attracted to the Northern section from Europe and the South, in consequence of the advantages derived from the causes assigned. If they had not existed; if the South had retained all the capital which has been extracted from her by the fiscal action of the Government; and if it had not been excluded by the

ordinance of '87, and the Missouri compromise, from the region lying between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, north of 37°, 39'; it scarcely admits of a doubt that it would have divided the emigration with the North, and, by retaining her own people, would have, at least, equalled the North in population, under the census of 1840, and, probably, under that about to be taken. She would also, if she had retained her equal rights in those territories, have maintained equality in the number of States with the North, and have preserved the equilibrium between the two sections that existed at the commencement of the Government. The loss, then, of the equilibrium is to be attributed to the action of this Government.

This territory, Mr. CALHOUN continued, thus wrested from the hands of the South, thus enriched and peopled at the expense of the South, is now, by the political tendency of the day, to be used to overwhelm them. Centralization has converted this confederacy of independent powers into a consolidated democracy, and sectional interests, and political rights, are now mere questions of majorities. The whole State at last rests in the lap of the North; and wherever rival interests clash, the South falls a helpless minority at the feet of the powerful majority of the North. This might be well acquiesced in, he thought, for the great good of union, so long as ordinary interests only were at stake. But the greatest of all interests, to a people, are those of social life and social institutions; and these the South see now attacked. Diametrically opposite are the views of these sections on this subject. In the North slavery is looked on as a crime and an evil, and the only question that there divides the fanatic and the man of moderate views is the how and when of its extinctions. In the South, the relation is regarded as one which cannot be destroyed without subjecting the two races to calamity, and the section to poverty and desolation; and they, in consequence, feel bound, by every consideration of interest and safety, to uphold it.

The Senator then alluded to the rise and progress of the anti-slavery sentiment. Originating, he said, in the small and almost contemptible beginning of Abolitionism, it has, through the strife of party, become firmly rooted in the public opinion of the whole North. In its infancy, slight exertion would have stifled it, had there been in the breasts of the people of those States a genuine love of the Union. But it was founded on opinions and feelings that found more or less sympathy in the heart of every Northern man. By toleration it gained strength. Its assistance was courted by rival factions. These

factions have become tainted with its doctrines, and now, he feared, the only choice left the South was abolition or secession.

The Union, Mr. CALHOUN continued, was not to be severed at a single blow. But had it not trembled under many blows? Had not many a stroke been aimed at the cords that bound us together? These cords were not merely political. They are spiritual, social, and economical. The ties of religious feeling, the stoutest far of all, were already rent in twain, by the severance of the churches that once covered the Union, with a common interest and a common aim. When these have parted, embittered sectional feeling will soon do its worst on the rest.

Nothing, then, he says, will be left to hold the Union together, except force. But, surely, that can, with no propriety of language, be called a Union, when the only means by which the weaker is held connected with the stronger portion is force. It may, indeed, keep them connected, but the connection will partake much more of the character of subjugation, on the part of the stronger, than the union of free, independent sovereign States in one confederation, as they stood in the early stages of the Government, and which only is worthy of the sacred name of Union.

Mr. CALHOUN, having now traced the dangers that threaten the Union to the universal discontent of the South; having found the source of that discontent in their feeling of insecurity and political weakness; having traced that sense of insecurity to the aggressions and interferences of the North; and having seen the secret of these aggressions in the destruction of political equilibrium, and the conscious strength of the North, then asked how were those dangers to be averted? Clearly in the renewal of the balance of power between the two sections. He intimated that for this purpose, an amendment of the Constitution might be necessary. To the plan proposed by the administration, he utterly objected. Incompetent to effect its object, the salvation of the Union, he thought it, in fact, more exceptionable as regards the rights of the South, than even the Wilmot Proviso. That what the latter would effect by direct action of Congress, the former leaves to time and natural causes to bring about; while its measures and propositions respecting the admission of California, he looked upon as subversive of the Constitution. He cited precedents of former incipient States, as shewing the direct and previous action of Congress to be necessary even where the applicant for admission had more than the required number of inhabitants. How much more necessary, then, where the applying territory had less than that number, and its

present population not even bona fide settlers, but bands of roving adventurers.

Nothing that has as yet been offered, said Mr. CALHOUN, no plans of compromise, can save the Union. Nothing could save it but justice; simple justice to the South. She had no concessions to make. She had already surrendered so much, that she had little left to surrender; and, in conclusion, he asked for this justice at the hands of the North, since from their action it alone could come. The South, politically weak, were necessarily passive, and in case of refusal of justice, or indirect action involving a refusal, the South would plainly feel, that before them was submission or resistance. California, then, would become the test question. He declared emphatically, that her admission, under the attendant difficulties, would prove beyond doubt that the real object of the North was power; and the South would be infatuated not to act accordingly.

On the following day, the Senator from Mississippi, Mr. FOOTE, on the part of the South, protested against the ultra views of Mr. CALHOUN. He disclaimed, energetically, the position assumed by that gentleman, that the South demanded, as a *sine qua non*, amendment of the Constitution. "I am quite satisfied," he said, "with the existing provisions of the Constitution, if we can but secure their faithful enforcement. I am for the Constitution and its guarantees. It is not a new Constitution, nor an amended Constitution, for which I have been all along contending. The strong ground of the South has been that we seek only what the Constitution entitles us to command; we ask but justice under the Constitution, and that protection and safety which its provisions were intended to secure. And, Sir, I am not quite prepared to quit this strong ground, by asserting that we of the South will have no settlement of existing difficulties, unless we can effect a modification of the federal compact." He protested against this requisition of a change in the Constitution, as at present impossible, and the demand for which would be almost equivalent to pronouncing the Union at an end.

With regard to Mr. CALHOUN's sweeping denunciations of the whole North as hostile to Southern institutions, he considered such censure as highly unjust to large portions of the free States. "Abolitionists," he said, "are numerous in most of the States, where slavery does not exist. Free-soilers, as a political faction, are still more numerous. There are thousands of bawling demagogues scattered through the North, some of whose monstrous voices are heard in the halls of Congress, who are constantly avowing the bitterest enmity to the South, and to Southern institutions. Yet still, Sir, there are many—yea, I doubt not, much the larger part of the Democratic por-

tion of the North, and many Whigs besides—who, though they are not the zealous advocates of slavery, and are unable to appreciate the manifold advantages, which we hold to belong to our system of domestic labor, are, notwithstanding, not hostile to it, in the sense in which the term has been obviously employed by the Senator from South Carolina. What, Sir! shall we say that those who have constantly signalized themselves by defending our domestic institutions against all unjust assailing; who are zealous upholders of the Constitution and all its guarantees; who have denounced the Abolitionists from the first, and who still denounce them; who have never affiliated with the free-soilers, and whose sturdy blows have consigned Wilmot provisionism, and all its ill-fated advocates to defeat and to disgrace;—are these the enemies to our constitutional rights? Are these the persons justly accused of being hostile to the institution which they have thus defended? No, Sir, no. There are statesmen in the North, to whom the South is as much indebted for the defence of our rights, as to any of her own sons." Mr. FOOTE then alluded to the recent Union meetings at New York and Philadelphia, and the resolutions there adopted, which would have done no discredit, he said, to any city of the South, and which he, with the exception of a single one, should have voted for most enthusiastically. The letters, too, of the Senators of New York and Michigan, (Messrs. CASS and DICKENSON,) read at those meetings, he predicted, would be received with enthusiasm and gratitude throughout the whole South.

On the following Thursday, Mr. WEBSTER addressed the Senate as follows:

He spoke to-day, he said, not as a Massachusetts man, nor as a Northern man, but as a member of the Senate of the United States; of a body whose value was shewn in periods like the present, and to which the nation looks with confidence for wisdom, moderation, and stability. The times were troubled. He did not affect to be fit to hold the helm in the political storm; but he had a duty before him, which he should perform truthfully, fearfully and hopefully.

I speak to-day, he said, for the preservation of the Union.

Mr. WEBSTER then alluded to the sudden and extraordinary events that led to the present crisis; to the war declared against Mexico; to the piercing of that country, and occupation of her capital by our troops, and of her sea-ports by our marine; to the treaty thereupon negotiated, and the cession to the United States of a vast territory, reaching from the Pacific and the mountains of California to the frontiers of Texas. The opening of the sea-board of the Pacific to our citizens, he continued, created a

rush of emigration. The California mines were then discovered, and adventurers poured forth in thousands. In a few short years this wilderness has received a population that makes it a subject of legislative consideration to provide for California a proper territorial government. This was not done, and the colonists found it necessary to form a local government for themselves. They have sent Senators and representatives who present the Constitution of the infant State of California, and desire its immediate recognition by the United States. This Constitution contains an express prohibition of slavery; and it is this prohibition which has chiefly raised the present dispute as to the propriety of her admission.

No one will deny, the Senator continued, that whatever were the reasons for the war with Mexico, its *purpose* was the acquisition of territory; and no one will deny, that such territory was fully expected from its geographical position, to be the acquisition of the slaveholding interest of this country. Events have turned out otherwise, and hence the agitation of the vexed question which has so frequently divided our councils.

Mr. WEBSTER then reviewed historically the question of slavery, from its rise in the earliest ages, to the present day. We find it, he said, among the earliest oriental nations. It existed among the Jews; their theocratic government made at least no injunction against it. It existed among Greeks; and the ingenious philosophy of that people justified it on precisely the same grounds assumed at this day, viz. the original inferiority of the black race to the white. The Senator thought the *Greek logic* faulty. The Romans, also, owned 'his institution, but by a higher philosophy, argued its justification, and rightly too, from the conventional law of that day, which placed the life and labor of captives of war at the absolute disposal of the captor. Christianity found slavery in full vigor, and no word of reprobation is met in its teachings.

It is, then, upon the general tendencies and abstract lawfulness of slavery, the Senator continued, that arises the wide difference of opinion between the two sections of our country. The North consider that, if not under the direct injunction of Christianity, it is, nevertheless, against its spirit; that it is the offspring of might, not right, and conduces to oppression and selfishness. The South, accustomed to this relation from birth, see in it a development of the finest feelings of our nation. And thus, thousands of men of tender consciences, fully as sensitive in the South as in the North, are led to the most opposite conclusions.

In this way the question of slavery has at last laid hold of the religious sentiments of

mankind; and wherever discussion arises on such sentiments, all history shews that undue warmth must be expected. In disputes of this kind, men are always to be found who believe that right and wrong can be demonstrated with mathematical clearness; men who think what is plain to themselves, must be equally so to the moral perception of their neighbors; men, too, who in the pursuit of one duty, will trample on every other duty in its way; men who will not wait for the slow progress of moral causes in the cure of moral disease. In this class, with its want of charity and narrowness of mind, do we find the leaven that is now fermenting the Union.

Partly, then, from the spread of this Pharisaical spirit in the North, and partly in the South from the uprising of a new element, namely, that of *interest*, public opinion has undergone a complete change; changed North and changed South. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution, there was little invective against slavery as a crime; but all deplored it as an evil. None more so than the men of the South. With truth and with bitterness, they ascribed it to the selfish policy of the mother country, who, to favor the navigator, entailed this blight on the colony. They that dwelt in its midst, were strongest in its execration. A blight they called it, a curse, a mildew. In efforts to prevent its spread, none were more active than the statesmen of the South. The objection to the use of the term slave in the written Constitution, was urged by a Southern man. Southern men objected to the great length of time (twenty years) to which the importation of slaves was limited by law; and all, North and South, united in the hope, that with such limitation, slavery would at last die out, and the Constitution in reality, as well as in name, know no slave.

Mr. WEBSTER then alluded to the position taken by Mr. CALHOUN, that the ordinance of 1787, prohibiting slavery from all the territory then owned by the United States, was the first of a series of acts calculated to enfeeble the South. If to enfeeble the South, how, then, was it passed with the entire concurrence of the South? There it stands—the hand and seal of every Southern member of Congress, prohibiting slavery north-west of the Ohio! the vote of every Southern member of Congress, limiting the importation of slaves in the expressed hope that slavery would thereby become extinct! What, then, has produced this mighty change? What has made the blight a blessing, the blast a wholesome dew? Mr. WEBSTER attributed it all to the magic influence of *cotton*. When the Constitution was adopted, this great staple was hardly known. The first ship-load sent to Great Britain was refused admission into her ports, under the treaty, because the United States, it

was said, *raised no cotton*. And now that the South, from raising only ordinary agricultural products, has become the great producer of this staple, she naturally wishes to extend the area of production. Mr. WEBSTER attributed nothing dishonorable to his fellow-citizens of the South. Their motives were mixed.

He then spoke of the charge of Mr. CALHOUN, that not time and natural causes, but the act of man had increased, and at the expense of the South, the prosperity and rapid growth of the North. If this even were so, he asked, was it time, or the act of man that opened to that sectional interest, Alabama and Florida, the States of Louisiana, Arkansas and Missouri? The North may have acted weakly: they may have been out-generalled; it is possible, also, that they were generous and fraternal; but from whatever cause it arose, the direction of our government has from first to last been under Southern auspices. The event bears out what no one acquainted with the history of our legislation will deny, and as the last of these acts of men, not time, we have illimitable Texas added as a great slave-territory, pledged as such by the most ample guaranties of law—and now, he continued, this final act of Northern Legislation for Southern interests, has closed the whole chapter, and settled the whole account, for at this moment there is not a foot of territory belonging to the United States, that is not stamped as slave or free territory by the law of the land, or by a law higher than that of the land. Texas, to her farthest boundary, has been, by the resolutions of annexation, admitted as a slave State, and her territory as slave territory. The faith of the Government has been pledged thereto, and that faith, he, for one, meant to uphold.

"Those resolutions," said Mr. WEBSTER, "stipulate and enact that all Texas south 36° 30',—nearly all of it—shall be admitted into the Union as a slave State, and that new States shall be made out of it, and that such States as are formed out of that portion of Texas lying south of 36° 30', may come in as slave States to the number of four, in addition to the States then in existence, and admitted at that time by these resolutions. I know no mode of legislation which can strengthen that. I know no mode of recognition that can add a tittle of weight to it. I listened respectfully to the resolutions of my honorable friend from Tennessee, (Mr. BELL.) He proposed to recognize that stipulation with Texas. But any additional recognition would weaken the force of it; because it stands here on the ground of a contract for consideration. It is a law founded on a contract with Texas, and destined to carry that contract into effect. A recognition founded on any consideration and any contract would not be so strong as it now stands on the face of the resolution. And, therefore,

I say again that, so far as Texas was concerned—the whole of Texas south of 36° 30' which I suppose embraces all the slave territory—there is no land, not an acre, the character of which is not established by law, a law which cannot be repealed without the violation of a contract."

But how came the faith of the Government to be thus pledged? How came it that within this body, in spite of its preponderance of Northern votes, this Southern measure was carried? By the aid, by the votes of that very Northern Democracy that now are raising the hue and cry of free soil. The very men that fastened slavery on new and boundless regions are now agitating the country with the wrongs of the slave. The very faction that was hand-and-glove with the slaveholder, are now taking to themselves the title of the free-soil party. They have saddled upon us this unfortunate compact with slavery, and now leave to us the odium of carrying out its provisions; and carried out they must be; for I know, he said, of no way, by which this Government acting in good faith, can relieve itself of a stipulation and a pledge, by any honest course of legislation whatever.

Texas then, he continued, being marked out by the law of the land, for the forced labor of the black man, a higher law, that of nature, destines California and New Mexico for the free labor of the white. Of Asiatic formation and character, the barren mountains and deserts of these countries possess no attractions for the slaveholder who seeks rich soil, and well-watered plains.

If, then, all legislation to entail slavery on New Mexico would be useless, equally useless and ill-judged would be any legislation or Wilmot Proviso, for its prevention. Useless, for it cannot strengthen the fiat of God; ill-judged, for it would be felt by the South as a taunt, as an evidence of the conscious power of the North. He wished to inflict no gratuitous insult on Southern feelings; and in that spirit should vote against the Wilmot Proviso.

Mr. WEBSTER then spoke of the growing exasperation between the free and slave States; of their mutual reproaches and grievances, real and imaginary. One grievance the South complained of, and with justice: the unwillingness of individuals and legislatures at the North to perform their Constitutional duties in regard to the return of fugitive slaves. And he put to all the sober and sound minds of the North, as a question of morals and conscience, what right have they to embarrass the free exercise of rights secured by the Constitution to the slave owner? He referred also to the frequent instructions of Northern Legislatures to members of Congress, on the means of abolishing slavery in the States. He thought State Legislatures had

nothing to do with that question, neither did he believe in the principle of instructions. Wherever the interests of his own State were not adverse to the general interests of the country, he should obey her instructions with gladness as a duty; but wherever the question affected the interests of other parts of the Union, he should feel called upon to act, not as a citizen of any particular State, but as a member of the General Government.

Another grievance complained of by the South, was the abolition societies of the North. He did not deny to these societies conscientious motives. He thought them composed of good and honest men, but with excited feelings and perverted views. Their philanthropy did harm to its objects. Their well-intentioned efforts drew tighter the bonds of the slave.

The North, too, was not without its list of injuries, and sources of unkind feeling. The change of Southern sentiment and action since the adoption of the constitution; the violent tirades against Northern character and institutions; the scornful comparisons of slave labor, with all its abject ignorance, with the educated and independent white laborer.

"Why, who are the laborers of the North?" he asked. "They are the North. They are the people who cultivate their own farms with their own hands; freeholders, educated men, independent men. Let me say, sir, that five-sixths of the whole property of the North is in the hands of the laborers of the North; they cultivate their farms, they educate their children, they provide the means of independence; if they are not freeholders, they earn wages, these wages accumulate, are turned into capital, into new freeholds, and small capitalists are created. That is the case. And what can these people think, when even Senators undertake to prove that the absolute ignorance and abject slavery of the South is more in conformity with the high purposes of immortal, rational, human beings, than the educated, the independent free laborers of the North?"

So far as these mutual grievances are matters of law, they should and can be redressed. So far as they are matters of opinion, a more charitable and fraternal feeling is their only cure.

Mr. WEBSTER then alluded to the project of disunion. He scouted the idea of peaceable secession. Secession there might be, but it would be violent. It would be revolution. The foundations of order and society would be overturned. And how was it to be done? Where was the line to be drawn? The States planted along the banks of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and made one nation by that great stream,—how were they to be forced asunder?

"What has the wildest enthusiast to say on the possibility of cutting off that river, and

leaving free States at its source and its branches, and slave States down near its mouth? Pray, sir; pray, sir, let me say to the country that these things are worthy of their pondering and of their consideration. Here, sir, are five millions of freemen in the free States north of the river Ohio; can any body suppose that this population can be severed by a line that divides them from the territory of a foreign and an alien government, down somewhere, the Lord knows where, upon the lower banks of the Mississippi? What would become of Missouri? Will she join the arondissement of the slave States? Shall the man from the Yellowstone and the Mad River be connected in the new republic with the man who lives on the southern extremity of the Cape of Florida? Sir, I am ashamed to peruse this line of remark. I dislike it; I have an utter disgust for it. I would rather hear of natural blasts and mildews, war, pestilence and famine, than to hear gentlemen talk of secession. To break up? to break up this great government; to dismember this great country; to astonish Europe by an act of folly, such as Europe for two centuries has never beheld in any government? No, sir; no sir! there will be no secession. Gentlemen are not serious when they talk of secession."

In conclusion, Mr. WEBSTER stated, that any scheme proposed by Southern gentlemen for the mitigation of the admitted evils of slavery, would meet with his full consent and hearty concurrence. The territory ceded by Virginia to the United States, has yielded to its treasury eighty millions of dollars. Should the residue be sold at the same rate, the aggregate sum would exceed two hundred millions of dollars. Out of this sum of money could be defrayed the expenses of a large scheme of colonization, to be carried on by the Government, by which means the South could relieve itself of their free colored population. Any proposal of this sort would meet with his full co-operation.

"And now," said, he, "instead of speaking of the possibility or utility of secession, let us rather cherish those hopes that belong to us; let us devote ourselves to those great objects that are fit for our consideration and our action; let us raise our conceptions to the magnitude and the importance of the duties that devolve upon us; let our comprehension be as broad as the country for which we act, our aspirations as high as its certain destiny; let us not be pigmies in a case that calls for men. Never did there devolve on any generation of men, higher trusts than now devolve upon us for the preservation of this Constitution, and the harmony and peace of all who are destined to live under it. It is a great, popular Constitutional Government, guarded by legislation, by law, by judicature, and defended by the

whole affections of the people. No monarchical throne presses these States together; no iron chain of despotic power encircles them. They live and stand upon a Government popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and calculated, we hope, to last forever. In all its history it has been beneficent; it has trodden down no man's liberty; it has crushed no State. It has been in all its influences, benevolent, beneficent; promoting the general glory, the general renown, and, at last, it has received a vast addition of territory. Large before, it has now, by recent events, become vastly larger. This republic now extends with a vast breadth, across the whole continent. The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore.

On Monday, March 11, Mr. SEWARD having the floor, addressed the Senate. He commenced his remarks by reviewing the objections raised to the admission of California.

First, California comes among us without previous consent of Congress, and, therefore, by usurpation. This allegation he thought not strictly true, for we tore her from among her sister Mexican States, and stipulated to admit her with due speed among the States of the Union. But still, by the letter, she *does* come without previous consent of Congress. So did Michigan; and Congress waived the irregularity and sanctioned the precedent. This precedent is strengthened by the greater hardships in the case of California. With Michigan, Congress had merely neglected to take the census. With California, she neglected to act up to the treaty. Michigan had a civil government. California was under military rule; and military governments are against the genius of our institutions, oppressive to the governed, and full of danger to the parent State. Would those, he asked, who cite this objection, be better pleased with a territorial charter, which could in no ways be granted without an inhibition of Slavery?

The second objection, pursued the Senator, is that California had marked her own boundaries. But none had been marked for her either by previous law or prescription. She was obliged to assume them, since without boundaries she must have remained unorganized.

A third objection is raised to the great size of this new State. But there is already one State in the Union of greater magnitude than California. She may be divided, too, with her own consent; and this is all the security we have against the preponderance of Texas. Her only neighbor, Oregon, makes no complaint of encroachment, and the advantage, if any, proceeding from her vast area, will be with the rest of the Union; for the larger the Pacific States, the less will be their relative

power in the Senate. Her boundaries, too, are in accordance with the natural features of the country; and the territory circumscribed, contiguous and compact.

The fourth objection to her admission is, that no previous census had been taken, and no laws existed prescribing the suffrage and apportionment of representatives in convention. But she was left without a census, and without such laws. She was left to act *ab initio*. Some of the electors, too, it is said, may have been aliens. The Pilgrim Fathers commenced in like manner on board the May Flower; and when they landed on Plymouth Rock were in like manner aliens. But this objection will surely fall, if her Constitution is satisfactory to herself and to the United States. Not a murmur of discontent has followed it from California; and as regards ourselves, we find that her boundaries have been assigned with discretion, that the public domain has been secured to the General Government, that the representation is just and equal, and that the Constitution is thoroughly republican. In fact, it is this very republicanism, untainted by the aristocratic element of slavery, that is the real objection with her opponents.

The fifth objection is, that California comes in under executive influences; first in her coming in as a free State; and second, in her coming in at all. The first charge is unsupported by proofs, and is peremptorily denied. The second is true, and a venial fault it is for the Executive to wish to resign power and influence into the hands of regular legislative authority.

These objections, the Senator continued are all, it will be seen, technical; not founded in the law of nature or of nations, surely not in the Constitution; for the Constitution prescribes no form of proceeding in the admission of new States, but leaves the whole to the discretion of Congress. "Congress may admit new States." But it is said we should now establish new precedents for the future. This caution comes too late. It should have been exercised when we annexed Texas, when we hurried into the war with Mexico, when we ratified the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. We may establish precedents at pleasure, but our successors will use their pleasure in following them. States and nations certainly follow not precedent, either in the time or the circumstances of their birth. California sprang from the head of the nation, full-armed and full-grown, and ripe for affiliation.

Having now reviewed the objections, the Senator proceeded to give his reasons for the admission of California. Well-established calculations prove that, one hundred years hence, the aggregate population of this nation will be two hundred millions, or one-fourth of

the present population of the globe. This is based upon the present rate of increase. But the mountains of California contain gold and silver, and those of New England granite; and we are safe in affirming, that long before that maximum of numbers shall be reached, our possessions on the Pacific, from their swifter advance of population, will be peopled, and politically and socially matured. Shall, then, this great people, one in origin, religion, interests, sympathies and hopes, be one also politically, or broken into two conflicting and hostile republics? Shall this new world, containing all the elements of wealth and of empire, marked out by Providence for the development of man's self-control and self-government, renovating Europe on the one hand, and the decrepitude of Asia on the other, shall it desert its duties, and cast away its magnificent destinies in the dissensions of divided sway?

On the decision of the present day, the present hour, hangs the perpetual unity of this empire.

California is already a State, complete and fully appointed. She never can be less. She never can shrink back into a federal dependency. Shall she then be taken into the bosom of the Union, or shall she be driven from among us? Reject her now, and she will never return. Forced apart by our policy, would independence have no charms for her? Are not power and aggrandizement before her on the coast of the Pacific? Your armies cannot pass the desert, nor over the remote and narrow isthmus, nor around the Cape of Storms. Your navies might reach her, but her mines would turn them to her own defence. Oregon would go with her, and thus the entire Pacific coast would drop from your grasp. And where the long line should be drawn, dividing the empires of the West and the East, would depend neither on California nor on ourselves. The interests and convenience of the agricultural masses, filling up this vast area, would decide that question. Trade is now the God of boundaries; his decrees no man can foretell.

But, it is said, let California be admitted, but attended by a compromise of questions arising out of slavery. All compromise, the Senator argued, was wrong and inconsistent with real virtue and sincerity of purpose—and what, too, are the equivalents such compromise offers? Power, freedom, wealth on the Pacific; bondage in the rest of the new territory, and in the District of Columbia; and stringent laws for the arrest of fugitive slaves in the free States. Human freedom and rights for gold.

But he should object, Mr. SEWARD pursued, to the compromise, on the score of the incongruity of the interests to be compromised.

California should be admitted, being a free State; she also should be received, had she been a slave State. This, the circumstances of her rise, and the inevitable dismemberment resulting from refusal, would render just and necessary. The questions connected with slavery, thus interposed, are consequently collateral, and present false issues.

MOREOVER, said Mr. SEWARD, I cannot consent to the compromise, because this compromise fails to meet the whole claims of the South. They demand the restoration of an equilibrium between the slave and free sections. Such equilibrium, he insisted, never did, and never can exist. Every political balance of power requires a physical basis. The basis, in the present case, must be an equality of territory, and a proximate equality in the number of slaves and freemen. These the South have irrecoverably lost. Were it even practicable, without this equality, it would change our national democracy into a simple confederacy, in which the minority have a veto on the majority.

Nor would success attend the details of this compromise. Mr. SEWARD went on to speak of the proposed alteration of the law concerning fugitives from labor.

"I shall speak on this," he said, "as on all subjects, with due respect, but yet frankly and without reservation. The Constitution contains only a compact which rests for its execution on the States. Not content with this, the slave States induced legislation by Congress; and the Supreme Court of the United States have virtually decided that the whole subject is within the province of Congress, and exclusive of State authority. Nay, they have decided that slaves are to be regarded not merely as persons to be claimed, but as property and chattels to be seized without any legal authority or claim whatever. The compact is thus subverted by the procurement of the slave States. With what reason, then, can they expect the States, *ex gracia*, to re-assume the obligations from which they caused those States to be discharged. I say, then, to the slave States, you are entitled to no more stringent laws; and such laws would be useless. The inefficiency of the present statute, he said, lay not in its leniency, but in its violation of the primary laws of God. It made hospitality a crime, and the human being a chattel; and it denied the citizen all the safeguards of personal freedom, to impede the escape of the bondsman. With respect to the other concession, proposed for the purchase of freedom in California, the bill of peace for slavery in the District of Columbia, Mr. SEWARD avowed himself uncompromisingly opposed to such peace. Congress had absolute power in the matter, and he could not see that any implied obligation ex-

isted not to use that power. He saw no reason to hope for such emancipation, but he should vote for the measure whenever proposed, and was willing to appropriate any means necessary to carry it into execution.

Mr. SEWARD then cautioned Senators against ultra measures, either for the recovery of the fugitive, or against the inhibition of slavery in territorial charters. The temper of the people might be tried too far. The spring, if pressed too hard, would give a recoil that would not leave here one servant who knew his master's will and did it not.

He then spoke of the suggested compromise of boundary between Texas and New Mexico. This was a question of legal right and title, and it was due to national dignity and justice that it be kept separate from compromises of mere expediency, and should be settled by itself alone. In connexion with this question, he stated, he could not agree with the Senator from Massachusetts with regard to the obligation of Congress to admit four new slave States from Texas territory. When once formed, these States can come in as free or slave States at their own choice; but such formation depends entirely on the will of Congress. He denied the Constitutionality of the annexation of Texas. He found no authority in the Constitution of the United States for the annexation of foreign territory by a resolution of Congress, and no power adequate to the purpose, but the treaty-making power of the President and Senate.

Another objection to compromise, he continued, arises out of the principle on which the demand for compromise rests. That principle assumes the classification of the States as Northern and Southern, as slave and free States. Severally equal, the classes must be equal. To each of these classes, the new territory, being a common acquisition, falls in equal proportions.

On what, then, does this argument for the equality of the States rest? On the syllogism that all men are by the law of nature and nations equal; and States are aggregations of individual men, and thereby equal. But if all men are equal, slavery with its claims, falls to the ground. You answer, the Constitution recognizes property in slaves. But this Constitutional recognition must be void, for it is repugnant to the laws of nature and of nations, on which the Constitution is itself founded. He denied, too, that the Constitution recognized slaves. It never mentions slaves as slaves, much less as chattels, but as persons. That this recognition of them as persons, was designed, is a historical fact.

But granting the original equality of the States, and granting the recognition of slavery, still the argument fails. The Constitution

is not the Constitution of the States, but of the people of the United States.

There is another aspect, he then said, in which this principle of compromise must be examined. These boundless Western domains are ours; but ours only in trust for our fellow men. They are the birthright of mankind. Shall we who are founding institutions for future generations, shall we who know by experience the wise and just, and are free to choose them, and to reject the erroneous and unjust, shall we fasten bondage on countless millions, or permit it by our sufferance to be established?

Mr. SEWARD then commented on arguments founded on extraneous considerations. The first of these is, that Congress has no power to legislate on the subject of slavery within the territories. But Congress, he argued, may admit new States. It follows that Congress may reject new States. The greater includes the less; and, therefore, Congress may impose conditions of admission. The right, too, to legislate and administer justice in regard to property is assumed in every territorial charter; and if to legislate concerning property, why not concerning personal rights? and freedom is a personal right.

But granting, it is said, the right, still legislation is unnecessary, for climate and sterility, the physical laws of God, lay a stronger injunction on slavery than any laws of man. Have climate and sterility, he asked, barred out slavery from arctic Russia? Did it not once brood over the length and breadth of Europe? and was not the enslaved race our own, and such as our own, the vigorous Anglo-Saxon, instead of the docile African? The laws of God may be transgressed.

"Sir," said he, "there is no climate uncongenial to slavery. It is true, it is less productive than free labor in many Northern countries. But so it is less productive than free white labor in even tropical climates. Labor is quick in demand in all new countries. Slave labor is cheaper than free labor, and will go first into new regions; and wherever it goes, it brings labor into dishonor, and, therefore, free white labor avoids competition with it. Sir, I might rely on climate if I had not been born in a land where slavery existed; and this land was all of it North of the fortieth parallel of latitude; and, if I did not know the struggle it has cost, and which is yet going on to get complete relief from the institution and its baleful consequences. I desire to propound this question to those who are now in favor of dispensing with the Wilmot Proviso—was the ordinance of 1787 necessary or not? Necessary, we all agree. It has received too many eulogiums to be now decried as an idle and unnecessary thing, and yet that ordinance

extended the inhibition of slavery from the 37th to the 40th parallel of north latitude, and now we are told that the inhibition named is unnecessary anywhere north of 36° 30'." We are told that we may rely upon the laws of God, which prohibit slavery north of that line, and that it is absurd to re-enact the laws of God. Sir, there is no human enactment, which is just, that is not a re-enactment of the law of God. The Constitution of the United States, and the Constitution of every State are full of such re-enactments. Wherever I find a law of God, or a law of nature disregarded, or in danger of being disregarded, then I shall vote to reaffirm it with all the sanction of the civil authority. But I find no authority for the position that climate prevents slavery anywhere. It is to the indolence of mankind, and not the natural necessity, that introduces slavery in any climate."

Finally, Mr. SEWARD thought too much weight might be attached to the solemn admonitions of the South concerning the dissolution of the Union. Their violence, he said, was natural in a losing party who saw their side of the scales kick the beam. But there was a love of his country in the breast of every American citizen, which sectional feelings might dim, but never destroy. He knows no other country and no other sovereign. He has life, liberty, and property, precious affections and hopes for himself treasured up in the ark of the Union. Let those, then, he concluded, who distrust the Union, make compromises to save it. He had no such fears himself, and consequently should vote for the admission of California, directly, without conditions, without qualifications, and without compromise.

As a commentary on the above speeches, we give the following abstract of a letter published in a Mississippi paper. It shews that even peaceable secession will have its attendant dangers to the South; and that forces are now at work to lead a Southern confederacy to subsequent disunion and farther secession. The writer asks if their State laws are ample for the proper protection of property? Are their individual interests sufficiently guarded, in case that direst of calamities, a separation of these United States, should occur in the pending contest on the Wilmot Proviso? Is the farther introduction of slaves from other States, politic or safe, and is not the prohibition of such farther introduction demanded both on the score of individual and of State interest, and as concerns the permanent legitimate weal of the Southern domestic institution? The stability of property depends on its uniform value and proper protection by law. Slave property above all others, is considered the most delicate and most in need of

such protection. To unsettle its stability, would be to destroy or depreciate its value. Any rash measure tending to destroy its domestic feature is to be deprecated; and this can only be preserved by maintaining its value. On these depend its permanence. On its permanence, the destiny of the Southern States.

Out of the fifteen slaveholding States, two, Delaware and Maryland, are, in any material sense, useless to the rest; and, from the course taken by the Senators of Missouri and Kentucky, we are led to infer, that these States are distracted, and emancipation not distant. A proof and a consequence of this is found in the fact, that droves of slaves, by hundreds and thousands, are now on their way from the latter State, to this and others of the cotton and sugar growing States. Now, is it, this writer proceeds to say, the interest of Mississippians to encourage this state of things? Shall the domestic character of the institution be degraded, and its intrinsic value be suffered to depreciate by the sudden introduction of surplus slaves from other States? Shall our present effective and happy municipal regulations for the treatment and management of slaves be uprooted, and Mississippi converted into a camp, paraded daily by Provost guards and patrols to prevent insurrection? Thousands of wretched, despairing human creatures, torn rudely from home, from family, and from cherished local associations, will be driven in upon us in manacled gangs, and will soon infect those now living here with their rancorous and seditious spirit. We cannot at this day throw aside all considerations of humanity in the vain attempt to display an overwrought zeal in behalf of our cherished institution. Its worst enemies are they who abuse it. Its real friends are not dead to all sensations of sympathy as regards the family attachments and social condition of our negroes.

And what will be the result? The picture here contemplated, the writer continues, brings before the mind the frightful scenes of the British and French West India Islands. Daily apprehensions, hourly vigilance, jealous suspicions, groups of white men, shrinking with fear, hordes of sullen and desperate blacks—these are the ground-work of that wretched scenery. And shall such things be seen in Mississippi? Shall the horizon be darkened with a cloud charged with such pernicious elements? Shall her property be cut down to one-half its value, that speculators and traders only shall flourish? To this one fact, the writer attributed the apparent mystery of the impoverishment and unimproved face of a State, exporting, annually, nigh twenty millions worth of products. It is notorious, he says, that in Mississippi there is

less to captivate the eye of a visitor, less to ensure permanent local attachments, fewer proud associations, less to offer by way of emulous comparison, and less to invite available investments, than in any other Southern State. Nothing but the character of the people sustains her position, and commands respect. Nor must this state of things be attributed alone to financial derangement, or mismanagement. The cause is found in the source above suggested. Of the aggregate returns from the sale of her products, one-half is disbursed on New Orleans, or Mobile, and the other half is carried off by negro traders from Tennessee, Virginia, or North Carolina. This is destructive beyond compensation, and will, in the end, beggar the State and its citizens. But, apart from pecuniary considerations, the writer urges, is it *politic, or safe*, under present circumstances, to allow the farther introduction of slaves within this State? We are threatened with dissolution of the Union. Congress is convulsed, and a kind of demi-revolution seems preparing. Should not the aggrieved States, then, contemplating the possibility of secession, be ready, at all points, for the result? Should not Mississippi pause in her deceptive and profitless policy, to husband her resources, and expend her wealth at home? In revolutionary times, a sudden accession of inflammable materials is dangerous in the extreme. No material is so inflammable as a horde of slaves, fresh from the trader's manacles, torn recently from family, and home, and early associations, discontented, corruptible, unreliable,—thrust suddenly into our midst, ere yet system and familiarity have reconciled them to their new homes. These very domestic ties and feelings form the real value of our institution. The blacks have them, and every intelligent planter sedulously cultivates them. In times like this, then, harshly and rudely to sever them, is there no danger in such a course?

Finally, the writer asks if it is not the interest, politically, of his own State, to hold those States, which now so strongly manifest a desire to emancipate, to the slave interest, by refusing them opportunities of sale and profit. They will certainly hesitate, before they resort to colonization or manumission, and he urges the enforcement of the laws against the importation of slaves, which have been suffered to become a dead letter.

Disunion received the following severe rebuke at the hands of Governor Brown of Florida. That gentleman had been invited by the Florida delegation in Congress, to use his official authority in organizing a plan of representation for that State in the proposed Nashville convention.

Governor Brown in reply, disclaimed all

authority for that purpose. He considered such a convention as revolutionary in its tendency, and directly against the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, and if the object of this convention be redress of grievances, would not, he asks, the expression of an opinion, or a *determination* by the States in their sovereign capacity, be calculated to carry more weight, and command more respect than the proceedings of an irresponsible convention of delegates? But, it is answered, the States have already acted by reports and resolutions and addresses; and the North remains unmoved. What more then can this convention effect, unless it is to be considered, and considers itself a revolutionary body? "If called for this end," he says, "I most solemnly protest against it. The time has not arrived for such measures, and I pray God the time may never arrive. There are, however, restless spirits among us, who have calculated the value of the Union, and would sell it for a *mess of pottage*. Since the Southern convention has been projected, a Southern confederation has been *more than dreamed of*." He questioned the expediency of getting up this convention, before any overt act of aggression had been committed on Southern rights. He saw, as yet, nothing new or startling in the relation of the slave and free States; at least nothing calling for such extraordinary and revolutionary measures. For more than fifty years have abolition petitions been presented in Congress. Thirty years ago, this identical Wilmot Proviso question convulsed the Government to its centre. From the time, he writes, that the slave question first made its appearance in the North, when it was a "little cloud like a man's hand," until the present moment, when it casts a deep gloom over the future, it has been one continual conflict of words between the abolitionists and agitators and politicians of the North, and the politicians of the South. Time has brought forth no wisdom—experience no knowledge. But in spite of mutual bluster and threats, he believed the Union would safely weather the storm. He found one assurance of safety in the fact, that the present chief magistrate of the Union, was from and of the South; and he was confident that every encroachment on the bulwarks of the Constitution, would be by him met with native energy and resolution.

In conclusion, Governor Brown exhorted the people of the Southern States, to look to the "energetic action of their State Governments to guard and protect their rights and interests; and the members in both halls of Congress, to meet and resist with prudence and firmness, every attempt to break down the guards and compromises of the Constitution, from whatever source it may come; and when driven to the last trench, and beat down by brute

force, regardless of right and justice, and when the executive can, or will not apply an enduring check, when all the barriers of the Constitution are beaten down, and the South deprived of her equal right under the Confed-

eration—then will those who have brought about this state of things have incurred the guilt and shame of the wanton destruction of this beautiful form of Government; and upon their heads will rest the curse.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Maury's Sailing Directions. Notice to Mariners: By Lieut. W. F. MAURY, U. S. N., National Observatory, Washington. Approved by the Hon. William Ballard Preston, Secretary of the Navy; and published, by authority of Commodore Lewis Warrington, chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography. Washington: 1850.

The peculiar benefits of a National Observatory are beginning already to be felt. The attention of the nation is directed toward it, as toward a centre, from which nothing crude or unscientific can emanate. A spirit of exactness and of research is cultivated in the official mind at Washington, and in the army and navy; and a respectability and importance is given to the Exact Sciences, by the knowledge that they are the indispensable auxiliaries of the government. Upon this consideration, every reader can enlarge for himself.

Lieut. Maury states, in this quarto pamphlet, that "every navigator, with the assistance rendered by the Observatory, and here published, may now calculate and project for the path of his ship, on an intended voyage, very much in the same way that the astronomer determines the path of a comet through the heavens. There is this difference, however; the 'Pilot Chart,' with its data, shows the navigator that, in pursuing his path on the ocean, head-winds and calms are to be encountered, and that therefore he cannot, with certainty, predict the place of his ship on a given day. He, therefore, in calculating his path through the ocean, has to go into the doctrine of chances, and to determine thereby the degree of probability as to the frequency and extent with which he may anticipate adverse winds and calms by the way."

James Montjoy; or, I've been Thinking: By A. S. ROE. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

When a new author takes his place upon the stage of literature, his first attempt deserves something more at the hands of the critic than a general expression of commendation or blame—it deserves discrimination. And yet we hardly know how to give, within the limits of a mere notice, an adequate idea of the work before us. We will begin with its faults, however, if only to have an opportunity to make its merits the final object of our remarks.

The author has unwisely deprived his book of the advantage of unity of interest. He has too many leading personages, whose separate adventures engross too much of the reader's attention.

Jim Montjoy, the nominal hero, is not so in fact. He plays a very conspicuous part in the first scenes; but as the drama develops itself, he becomes a secondary character. Nor does any one personage take his place. And this is the vital defect of the book. Although the author has, with considerable art, taken up afterwards the separate threads of his narrative, and combined them for the catastrophe, yet, for want of a centre of interest to keep them connected throughout the work, they divide and fatigue the attention. Some of the characters, indeed, have the appearance of copies from living originals. There is an old lame sailor, whose oddities produce a really Corporal Trim-like effect. But generally, Mr. Roe's painting of characters belongs to a school that looks but little to nature for models. The good are too good; the bad, too entirely bad. The blemishes we have noticed are of a serious character in a work of fiction; for they are of that class which mars effect, that main object of art. Yet there are beauties enough in James Montjoy to redeem defects even more fatal. The opening chapters, which relate the adventures of young James with his brother Ned and his friend Sam Oakum, are delightful to read. The simplicity of the action invests the details with an absorbing interest, which reminds one of Robinson Crusoe on his island, and is only attainable in works, which relate the struggles of unassisted man against natural obstacles. The style too of this part of the work is greatly superior to the remainder. It seems to have been cared for as a labor of love. It is plain, almost faultless, and well in keeping with the events of the narrative. As soon as, by the success of the boys, and the introduction of new characters, the plot becomes more intricate, much of the attraction of the tale disappears, together with much of the author's happiness of manner. Mr. Roe's style, in the better parts, is of that kind of which we deemed the secret lost. It has that quiet, calm beauty, which is felt, rather than seen, and wins, without striking, leaving upon the mind a sensation of pleasure, which has stolen in unperceived. To give an idea of this style of writing, definition will not answer—since its merits are of that very character which baffles definition. Nor will quotation answer the purpose. A bucket of water would give a poor idea of the magnificent effect of the Hudson river in a landscape. So, of any single passage in this work, whose beauty consists of a succession of beauties, constantly following each other, and gaining strength by accumulation. Unexpected touches of gentle humor, or gentler pathos, minute,

yet unpretending descriptions of charming scenes, a patient, yet never wearisome attention to details—these are some of the qualities which enchant us in this new author. We cannot refrain from quoting the apologue, which he has introduced in guise of preface to this book :

"I was once present at a conversation between a goodly couple, in the old New England time, touching the fate of one of their sons, just sent abroad ; he was a pet boy, at least with the old lady.

"I wish, my dear, that you would write to the firm of 'What do you call 'em a very particular letter about our Bill, and let them know just what he is ; for going so among strangers, the poor child may have rough treatment, merely because they don't know his ways."

"I don't think it will do any good."

"Why not, Mr. Blossom ? Surely if the folks knew how many good things he has about him, they would be a little tender of him, and not treat him as though he were a common boy."

"He must take his kicks and cuffs with the rest of the boys."

"Now, Mr. Blossom !"

"It is just so, wife ; and all the letters in the world won't alter the matter. He's got to go through the mill, and his good and his bad will be known, without our meddling."

"Well, I most wish we had kept him to home."

"He would become rusty here. No, no ; let him take his chance ; he has gone where he must sink or swim by his own merits."

"Oh, dear ! what a world it is."

"Yes it is, wife ; but we can't help it."

"In sending abroad my first begotten, I was almost tempted to endeavor to smooth its way with the public, by explaining its peculiarities, and asking indulgence for its failings ; but I called to mind what Mr. Blossom said about his Bill, and so quietly submit to the decree, that it must 'sink or swim by its own merits.'"

Moralism and Christianity ; or, Man's Experience and Destiny : In three Lectures : By HENRY JAMES. New York : J. S. Redfield. 1850.

Three Lectures, of which the first was delivered in New-York, and published in the Massachusetts Quarterly. The second was read in Nov. 1849, in Boston. The third was read and repeated in New-York, in December of the same year. The title of the first lecture is "A Scientific statement of the Christian Doctrine of the Lord, or Divine Man." The second is entitled "Socialism and Civilization, in relation to the Development of the Individual Life." The title of the third is "Morality and the Perfect Life."

Our author calls the Divine Man, or God's Image in Creation, by the name of "Artist." His effort, a very great one, is to show that the Artist is he who acts wholly from within ; from a pure and divine ideal of the universe, subjectively, as the Germans say, or as we say, after them. The actions of men in civilized society are merely relative : they are shaped, for the most part, under the stress of religious and moral obligation. The actions of the individual are the result of two forces ; nature, impelling from within,—that is to say "the

free nature of the Artist," which always seeks to represent in action its own ideal and its own desire—and society and religion, that is to say, usage and sacred tradition repressing and guiding from without. The latter forces, for the most part, triumphing over the individual nature. This triumph is the triumph of the three kinds of government by which society is regulated ; the religious, or traditional, the civil or political, and the social or moral, morals being, of course, *customary*, and their tone given by society. The complete action of these three powers, or modes of power, on the individual life, is what is called civilization, more or less perfect. Our author is an intellectual rebel against all the three ; he wishes to rise above them by substituting something better in their stead. He wishes to perform that gradual work of creation which has been going on since the first appearance of the human race, for many thousand years, and of which the final fruit and consequence thus far, is the educated society of Europe and America. He wishes the individual, by a single effort, to master every spiritual law of that progress ; to raise above it, to tread it under foot ; to substitute a new and peculiar creation of his own, placing him in a divine and unimpeded relationship with the entire future of God's providence, and making him no longer subject to, but a master and reformer of everything that is established by the voice of Milleniums, and held in highest veneration by the Heroes and the Sages of all past time.

A citizen of Boston wishes to do all this.

Posthumous Works of Chalmers. Vol. 9th. New-York : Harper & Brothers. 1850.

This volume consists of prelections, notes and commentaries on Paley's 'Evidences of Christianity,' Butler's 'Analogy,' and Hill's 'Lectures in Divinity.'

That God is the author of the first and faintest motions toward what is good, was the expressed belief of this truly religious Theologian. He was not betrayed by his scientific and mathematical pursuits, into that cold and fruitless faith which refers everything to a law or creature of the Divine will instead of the Divine will itself. See page 115 of this volume.

Atlas : Designed to Illustrate Mitchell's Edition of the Geography of the Heavens : comprising 24 Star charts, exhibiting the relative magnitudes, distances, &c., of all the stars, to the 6th magnitude inclusive. Also Nebulae, Clusters, Nebulous stars, Double and Multiple stars. Together with the Telescopic appearance of the Planets and other remarkable objects in the Heavens. Compiled by O. M. Mitchell, A.M. Director of the Cincinnati Observatory. New-York : Huntington and Savage, 216 Pearl-st.

The publishers have sent us a copy of this most admirable Atlas, for general purposes the best and the simplest we have ever seen. The Heavens are represented in 24 maps ; the stars indicated by bright white spots on a black ground ; with a scale of magnitudes, and everything necessary for the use of the Student or the observer who wishes to obtain a knowledge of the Heavens. Professor Mitchell is well known in this country as our

most eloquent lecturer on Astronomy; and in Europe and America, both, as an enterprising and most persevering observer in a science which requires more enthusiasm and self-devotion in its votaries, than any other. We have never seen anything of the kind so attractive as these maps of stars.

Huntington and Savage have sent us a number of valuable school books of which they are the publishers. Among them we find room to name only the following:

The Pupils Guide: by John Russel Webb;
Webb's Second Reader.

John's First Book; Webb's First Reader.

Woodbury's Youth's Song Book: for Schools, Classes, and the Social Circle.

Mattison's Elementary Astronomy; for Academics and School. Illustrated Edition.

Schmitz and Zumpt's Classical Series. Cicero's Select Orations. Philadelphia: Lee and Blanchard. 1850.

A small, convenient school-edition of Cicero's Orations; with plenty of notes.

A Discourse on the Soul and Instinct Physiologically distinguished from Materialism. Introductory to a Course of Lectures on the Institutes of Medicine. New York University. By Martyn Paine, A. M., M. D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Materia Medica in the University of New York. New York: Edwin H. Fletcher. 1849.

We have had no leisure for the examination of Dr. Paine's work, but conclude from a rapid survey of its pages that it will well repay the enquirer in the profound and difficult subject of which it treats:

Uses and Abuses of Air. By JOHN H. GRISCOM, M. D., Physician of the New York Hospital. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1850.

This is a treatise by an experienced Physician, on the influence of air in sustaining life, and producing disease; with remarks on the ventilation of houses and the best methods of securing a pure and wholesome atmosphere in dwellings, churches, court rooms, work shops and buildings of all kinds.

A more important topic than the one treated of in this volume cannot be suggested in the entire range of regimen and diatetics. Every professional man, every master of a Hospital, and indeed every householder, will find instruction of the most important character in this treatise of Dr. Griscom. The author shows that a very large proportion of the diseases of civilization are produced by the respiration of an impure atmosphere.

Modern Literature and Literary Men. Being a second Gallery of Literary Portraits. By GEO. GILFILLAN. D. Appleton & Co. 1850.

This volume contains sketches by this very popular author, of twenty-four distinguished authors,

taken from various periodicals. Mr. Gilfillan has undertaken to be the trumpet blower of the modern literary world; he blows a very sweet and pleasant note; but, for the most part, always in the same key. His eulogy sickens by excess.

Cosmos: A Description of the Universe. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Translated from the German by E. C. Otte. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

As we have published, at different times, two reviews of this celebrated author, it is unnecessary to do more than call the attention of the reader to this new and excellent edition, in two small and convenient volumes.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ. Boston, Phillips, Samson & Co. 1850.

This is a small octavo, six volume, library edition, of Gibbon's Decline and Fall, edited by the Rev. H. H. Milman. A complete index of the whole work is added, and the first volume has an excellent engraved likeness of Gibbon. It is the most convenient edition which has been published in America.

The Life of John Calvin. Compiled from authentic sources, and, particularly, from his correspondence. By THOMAS H. DYER, with a portrait. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850. One volume, small octavo.

This volume is cheaply printed for circulating libraries and popular use.

A Handbook of Modern European Literature. For the use of Schools and Private Families. By MRS. FOSTER. Philadelphia: Lee & Blanchard. 1850.

This is a brief sketch—a kind of skeleton history—to guide the reader in his choice of authors, giving the names of the most celebrated of all modern languages.

Hume's History of England.

The Publishers, Phillips, Samson & Co., Boston, have sent us the sixth and concluding volume of their excellent unabridged edition of Hume's History of England.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The present volume is the concluding one of Hume's History of England, *unabridged*. It embraces a very carefully prepared index to the whole work, which, for purposes of historical reference, was deemed indispensable.

The above, in conjunction with the "Boston Library Edition" of Macaulay's continuation of Hume, is now the *only uniform* edition of the two authors published in this country. They are sold together, or separately, at 62 cents per volume.

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. In six parts. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

The price of this entire work, an elegant octavo edition, at twenty-five cents a number, is but one

dollar and a half. It is edited by his son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, M. A. It is composed, in great part, of the letters of Robert Southey; a literary and social correspondence of extraordinary interest.

Memoirs from Beyond the Tomb. By the celebrated M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND. Translated by an able and conscientious translator, Thomas Williams, Esq. For sale by Williams & Brothers, Office of the Morning Star.

We have before us a number of school books and class books, sent by the civility of publishers of which we can only give the names and object. Among these we notice

Historical and Miscellaneous Questions. By RICHMAL MANGNALL. The first American, from the 84th London Edition. Embracing the elements of Mythology, Astronomy, Architecture, Heraldry, &c., &c., adapted to Schools in the United States. By Mrs. JULIA LAWRENCE. With numerous Engravings on wood. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Pinney's Progressive French Reader. Adapted to the new method, with Notes and a Lexicon. New York: Huntington & Savage. 1850.

Companion to Ollendorff's New Method of Learning the French Language. Dialogues, and a Vocabulary. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1850.

White Jacket; or, Life in a Man-of-War: by HERMAN MELVILLE. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This book we have received too late for perusal. The chapters we have read, however, decidedly whet the appetite for more; and incline us to think that it will be one of the most popular books of this world-renowned *sea author*. The reader

is taken "on board ship," and introduced into its most minute economy. He is made acquainted with the real sea-dogs, and, whatever turns up, we feel assured, is portrayed with all the graphic skill for which the author is famous.

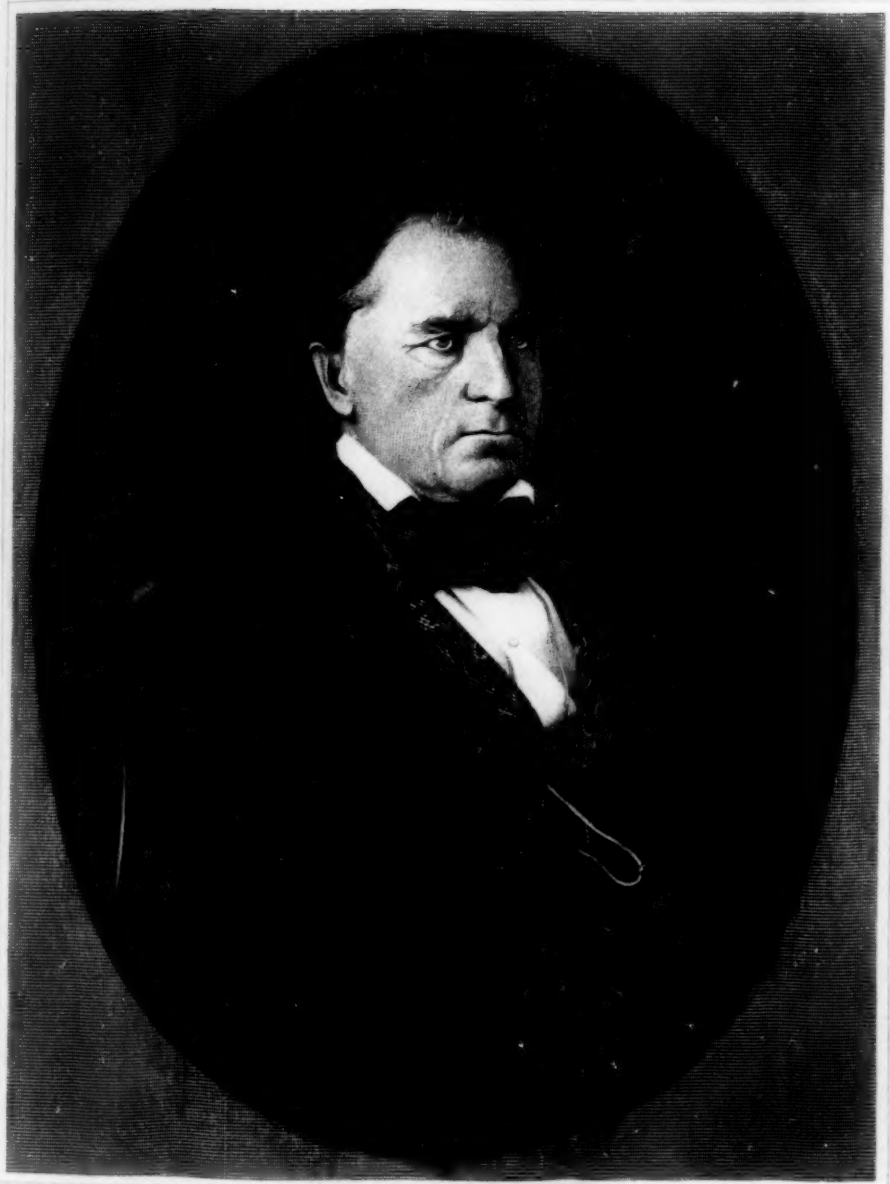
The Optimist: by HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1850.

Mr. Tuckerman as a writer of the quiet and meditative class always pleases and profits us. He is one of the genuine essayists, of whom this country has produced but few.

The book before us consists of a series of essays on subjects of every day life and literature, and will, we think, become a favorite volume with the reading public. It is a beautifully printed book—as it deserves to be.

The East—Sketches of Travel in Egypt and the Holy Land: by the Rev. J. A. SPENCER. New York: Geo. P. Putnam.

This enterprising publisher seems determined, at whatever cost, to do his part towards gratifying the insatiable curiosity of the public, in the lands of antique and sacred lore. This is the third book on the subject we have had to notice, in a very short period of time, from his pen. The book before us we can commend as most pleasant, and instructive family reading, being in the form of familiar letters, elegantly illustrated, from original drawings. The author is a well known scholar, and, very happily, uses his learning, without pedantry, to illustrate the objects of interest which he describes in his easy and flowing narrative of his journeyings in the East. He cannot be said to have added anything to the discoveries or theories of the many able writers on the subject, who have preceded him; but he carries the reader along with him, and will enable many to realize the scenes, reflections, and impressions which crowd upon the oriental traveller, better than many writers on the subject, of more pretensions.



P. M. Whipple, Mezz.

Richard Yeaton

OF CHARLESTON, S. C.